

LONDON
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New-Street-Square

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H'O O D'S
M A G A Z I N E

AND

COMIC MISCELLANY.

VOL. I

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HOOD'S MAGAZINE

AND

Comic Miscellany.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A Romance.

BY THE EDITOR.

“A jolly place, said he, said he, in days of old,
But something ails it now: the spot is curst.”

HARTLEAP WELL, BY WORDSWORTH.

PART I.

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural, and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground;
It might be merely by a thought's expansion;
But in the spirit, or the flesh, I found
An old deserted Mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,
A dwelling place,—and yet no habitation;
A House,—but under some prodigious ban
Of excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,
 Jarr'd by the gusty gales of many winters,
 That from its crumbled pedestal had flung
 One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small ;
 No pigeon on the roof—no household creature—
 No cat demurely dozing on the wall—
 Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirr'd, to go or come,
 No face look'd forth from shut or open casement ;
 No chimney smoked—there was no sign of Home
 From parapet to basement.

With shatter'd panes the grassy court was starr'd ;
 The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after ;
 And thro' the ragged roof the sky shone, barr'd
 With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
 The place is Haunted !

The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed,
 Roses with thistles struggled for espial,
 And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
 Had overgrown the Dial.

But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
 No heart was there to heed the hour's duration ;
 All times and tides were lost in one long term
 Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the Porch, she found
 Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough ;
 And on the lawn,—within its turfy mound,—
 The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted thro'
 The shrubby clumps, and frisk'd, and sat, and vanish'd,
 But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
 His enemy was banish'd.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The wary crow,—the pheasant from the woods—
Lull'd by the still and everlasting sameness,
Close to the Mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a “shocking tameness.”

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond;
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard except, from far away,
The ringing of the Whitwall's shrilly laughter,
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmur'd after.

But Echo never mock'd the human tongue;
Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,
A secret curse on that old Building hung,
And its deserted Garden.

The beds were all untouch'd by hand or tool;
No footstep marked the damp and mossy gravel,
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,
For want of human travel.

The vine unprun'd, and the neglected peach,
Droop'd from the wall with which they used to grapple;
And on the canker'd tree, in easy reach,
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shun'd the ground,
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring Poacher;
In spite of gaps that thro' the fences round
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!

'The pear and quince lay squander'd on the grass ;
 The mould was purple with unheeded showers
 Of bloomy plumbs—a Wilderness it was
 Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers !

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,
 The gourd embraced the rose bush in its ramble,
 The thistle and the stock together grew,
 The holly-hock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlac'd,
 The sturdy bur-dock choked its slender neighbour,
 The spicy pink. All tokens were effac'd
 Of human care and labour.

The very yew Formality had train'd
 To such a rigid pyramidal stature,
 For want of trimming had almost regain'd
 The raggedness of nature.

The Fountain was a-dry—neglect and time
 Had marr'd the work of artisan and mason,
 And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,
 Sprawl'd in the ruin'd bason.

The Statue, fallen from its marble base,
 Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,
 Lay like the Idol of some by-gone race,
 Its name and rites forgotten.

On ev'ry side the aspect was the same,
 All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn, and savage :
 No hand or foot within the precinct came
 To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
 The place is Haunted !

PART II.

O, VERY gloomy is the House of Woe,
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,
With all the dark solemnities which show
That Death is in the dwelling!

O very, very dreary is the room
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,
But smitten by the common stroke of doom,
The Corpse lies on the trestles!

But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable pall,
The narrow home of the departed mortal,
Ne'er look'd so gloomy as that Ghostly Hall,
With its deserted portal!

The centipede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodg'd the earwig and her brood,
The emmets of the steps had old possession,
And march'd in search of their diurnal food
In undisturb'd procession.

As undisturbed as the prehensile cell
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,
For never foot upon that threshold fell,
To enter or to issue.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted.

Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dream'd—
Which slowly, slowly gaped,—the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seem'd
That Time himself was speaking.

• But Time was dumb within that Mansion old,
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners
That hung from the corroded walls, and told
Of former men and manners.

Those tatter'd flags, that with the open'd door,
• Seem'd the old wave of battle to remember,
While fallen fragments danc'd upon the floor
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out—bird after bird—
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!

• A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,
And up the stair, and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murder!

Meanwhile the rusty armour rattled round,
The banner shudder'd, and the ragged streamer;
All things the horrid tenor of the sound
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung and belt,
• Stirr'd as the tempest stirs the forest branches,
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt
The blood-hound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,
And thro' its many gaps of destitution
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,
Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,
Touch'd by some impulse occult or mechanic;
And nameless beetles ran along the wall
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turn'd, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall
Assuming features solemn and terrific,
Hinted some Tragedy of that old Hall,
Lock'd up in hieroglyphic..

Some tale that might, perchance, have solv'd the doubt,
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,
The banner of the BLOODY HAND shone out
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver ;
And ev'ry thrilling nerve and fibre feel
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted ;
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

If but a rat had lingered in the house,
To lure the thought into a social channel !
But not a rat remain'd, or tiny mouse,
To squeak behind the pannel.

Huge drops roll'd down the walls, as if they wept ;
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly,
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept
On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,
Or glanc'd on coat of buff or knightly metal ;
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,—
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,
The fungus in the rotten seams had quickened ;
While on the oaken table coats of dust
Perennially had thicken'd.

No mark of leathern jack or metal cann,
No cup—no horn—no hospitable token,—
All social ties between that board and Man
Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumour in the air,
 The shadow of a Presence so atrocious ;
 No human creature could have feasted there,
 Even the most ferocious.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
 The place is Haunted !

PART III.

'Tis hard for human actions to account,
 Whether from reason or from impulse only—
 But some internal prompting bade me mount
 The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
 With odours as from bones and relics carnal,
 Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,
 The chapel vault, or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress
 Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,
 The mind, with dark misgivings, fear'd to guess
 How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,
 Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,
 As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,
 With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick—and in the upper gloom
 The bat—or something in its shape—was winging ;
 And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,
 The Death's-Head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound
 Of all unholy presence, augurs truly ;
 And with a grim significance flits round
 The taper burning bluely.

Such omens in the place there seem'd to be,
At ev'ry crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepar'd to see
Some Apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

Yet no portentous Shape the sight amaz'd ;
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid ;
But from their tarnish'd frames dark Figures gaz'd,
And Faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies
Within the compass of Art's simulation ;
Their souls were looking thro' their painted eyes
With awful speculation.

On ev'ry lip a speechless horror dwelt ;
On ev'ry brow the burthen of affliction ;
The old Ancestral Spirits knew and felt
The House's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirr'd, or sigh'd, or wept, or spoken ;
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,
Except my steps in solitary clamber,
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnish'd
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,
And carvings gilt and burnish'd.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,
With scripture history, or classic fable,
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth
 Had marr'd the tissue with a partial ravage ;
 But undecaying frown'd upon the cloth
 Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale ; the cloud a thing of doubt ;
 Some hues were fresh, and some decay'd and duller ;
 But still the BLOODY HAND shone strangely out
 With vehemence of colour !

The BLOODY HAND that with a lurid stain
 Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,
 Projected from the casement's painted pane,
 Where all beside was broken.

The BLOODY HAND significant of crime,
 That glaring on the old heraldic banner,
 Had kept its crimson unimpair'd by time,
 In such a wondrous manner !

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
 The place is Haunted !

The Death Watch ticked behind the pannel'd oak,
 Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
 And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
 The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
 But thro' one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,
 The while some secret inspiration said,
 That Chamber is the Ghostly !

Across the door no gossamer festoon
 Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty fringes,
 No silky chrysalis or white cocoon
 About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunn'd the interdicted room,
 The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banish'd,
 And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
 The very midge had vanish'd.

One lonely ray that glanc'd upon a Bed,
As if with awful aim direct and certain,
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red
Embroider'd on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted ;
The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—
Oh what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement !

What human creature in the dead of night
Had cours'd like hunted hare that cruel distance ?
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,
Striving for dear existence ?

What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted ?—
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghostly Shadow flitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,
But painted on the air so very dimly,
It hardly veil'd the tapestry at all,
Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted !

REMINISCENCES OF BAYONNE.

(From the *Note-Book of a Traveller*.)

WE have often thought that should ever wayward fate compel us to transfer our Penates from our own "tight little island" to the continent of Europe, we would elect as a domicile some frontier town where we might enjoy the advantages and study the character and peculiarities of two countries at one and the same time. We were confirmed in this idea by a sojourn of three months at Bayonne, in the summer of 1839, when we had ample opportunity of marking the superiority of a frontier residence over the less distant but also far less agreeable French towns, which the migratory *penchants* of our countrymen have caused to assume the appearance of English colonies.

Spaniards excepted, we venture to say that not one in a hundred of the numerous foreigners who since 1815 have passed through Bayonne, has made more than a few hours' stay in that town. No wonder then that out of France it is little known, except as a *dépôt* of excellent hams and superlative chocolate, and as the scene of some pretty hard fighting in the year of grace 1814. Its delightful situation and picturesque environs, its interesting antiquities and striking local superstitions, are however well worthy of attention, and of a more detailed notice than the limits of this paper will permit.

Very pleasant are our recollections of Bayonne and of its beautiful rivers, the Nive and the Adour, teeming with luscious salmon and delicate trout and mullet, and along the banks of which we have so often rambled, cheered by the voices of the Basque women, who sing as they glide down the stream in their flat-bottomed *couralin*, or canoe-like *chalan*; or perchance seated ourselves in one of the aforesaid *couralins*, with an old weather-beaten sailor for a guide, well provided with fisher's traps, and with a basket containing the day's provisions, we would ascend the river at early dawn, and return at night, our boat laden with the finny creatures that old Izaak delighted to ensnare.

At other times, with girded loins and staff in hand, and Don Carlos at our heels (not he of Bourges, but a splendid Pyrenean dog that we obtained from a Spanish *contrabandista* at the cost of a certain number of *pesos fuertes*) we would pass through gate or postern and depart upon a pedestrian ramble. Sauntering through the smiling little village of Anglette, with its clematis-covered porches and vine-clad slopes, we pursue our way in the direction of the lighthouse, whose lofty tower serves as our landmark. As we approach the sea, the soil becomes loose and sandy, and vegetation diminishes. Here and there arise clumps of a sort of bamboo with long narrow leaves, which attains a great height and gives almost an Indian character to the scenery. The sand becomes

deeper, the heat intense, and our canine comrade shows an unusual allowance of tongue. "Patience! thou namesake of a mighty king; the haven is near." And true enough we turn a corner, and opposite to us, on a bed of sand, where one would have thought it difficult to find a foundation, stands a country inn of cleanly aspect, and rejoicing in the appropriate name of "*Auberge du Sable*." A high sandy bank behind the house separates it from the beach, and from the scene of a romantic incident which every stranger, who stops to refresh himself with a glass of the *vin du pays*, is sure to hear recounted, but the authenticity of which he must not call in question, unless he be prepared to pass for something worse than a pagan. In the elbow of the high chalky cliff on which the Biarritz lighthouse is built, may be discerned the outline of a cavern, now nearly filled up with sand and shingle. In this cave—so runs the legend—two lovers, tender and true, were in the habit of meeting. Like Dido and Æneas, a summer storm had first caused them to discover and take refuge in this natural excavation, and for some time their interviews were frequently in the same place. One sultry evening, however, a sudden and tremendous tempest came sweeping over the Bay of Biscay. Whether sleep had overtaken the lovers, or the sea rose too suddenly for them to escape, was never known; but when the tide receded, they were found, clasped in each other's arms, lying dead on the sandy floor of the cave, which since that day has borne the name of *La Chambre d'Amour*.

Keeping to our right along the sea-shore, we turn an angle of the coast and arrive at the Pinadar, the local name given to a large pine plantation which covers the tract of sand right and left of the mouth of the river. After passing through the wood, to the great discomposure of a colony of rabbits, who scud in every direction, we proceed along the bank of the stream, and soon reach the Allée Marine, a charming avenue of trees extending nearly a mile by the side of the water, and a favourite promenade with the Bayonnais. Again we pass the fortifications and enter Bayonne. But shall we remain there? Surely our ramble is not to terminate with the paltry dozen miles that we have as yet gone over. "How sayst thou, Carlos? Shall we not up and onward?" Carlos, who is seated on a certain unnameable part of his corpus, brushes the ground with his tail, which seems to have at least ten-dog power, and laughs consent with his eyes. Nothing so contagious, to us at least, as the laughter of a dog, and we respond to our Pyrenean's silent mirth by a very audible cackination. Two moustached Castilianos, doubtless more noble than the King,* are passing at the moment, and they eye us askance. Have they, perchance, overheard the name of our dog? Even now, perhaps, they are fumbling under their enormous cloaks for the ever ready *navaja*. "*Sauve qui peut*, Carlos," and with the speed of light we have crossed the bridge of boats which spans the Adour, traversed the Jewish colony of St. Esprit (a sort of Petticoat Lane in the Pyrenees, redolent of fried fish and old clothes) and are half way up the steep ascent which commences the Bordeaux road. Arrived at the top,

* To be "*mas noble que el Rey*" is the arrogant boast of more than one Castilian hidalgo.

we turn to look about us. At our feet we have Bayonne, whose fine old cathedral throws the town into insignificance, and causes the best of the houses to appear, by the contrast, no better than hovels. One building, however, detaches itself from the mass. The military hospital, a splendid stone edifice, rises on the tongue of land lying between the two rivers. The country around the town is verdant and smiling even close up to the walls. On the left, the Adour and the Nive, like two silvery serpents, wind in fantastic coils till they are lost amongst richly cultivated fields, and between rugged and wooded banks. Farther off, the scenery becomes gradually more and more varied, until, at length, the view is bounded to the right by a foaming ocean, and to the left by a ridge of blue mountains capped with fleecy clouds.

At a distance of about a mile from Bayonne, along the Bordeaux road, is a narrow lane overhung and perfumed by thick hedges of sweet-briar and honeysuckle. Turn down this lane, and if you possess sufficient of the *patôis* of the country, ask the sunburnt little girl, who is gazing at you with finger in mouth from yonder cottage door, to show you the way to the burying-ground of the English. *Bon!* you have asked her in French, but she has understood you, or perhaps the sight of the ten sous piece has quickened her intellect and led her to conjecture the object of your inquiry. Follow her, then, as she pushes open that wooden gate, and trips with naked feet over the fresh grass of the orchard, bestrewed with figs and apples fallen from the closely-planted trees, through a tomata ground, and along the side of a hawthorn hedge out of which rises, here and there, a huge chestnut tree covered with its prickly fruit. All this time you are descending, and at length you arrive at a sort of ravine, where the tall fern rises above the knee, and the thick brushwood, matted with furze and creeping plants, renders it difficult to force a passage. In the very depth of this ravine, a small square of ground has been cleared and surrounded with a wall. Within the enclosure a few poplars and some mournful-looking cypress trees throw their scanty shadow over a velvet turf enamelled with wild flowers. There is no gate; but a few fragments of granite, projecting from the wall, form a rude kind of staircase, while a similar contrivance allows of descent on the inner side. And now, tread lightly, for the ground is hallowed, and you trample the dust of heroes. A marble slab at the eastern end of the cemetery records the names of a gallant little band of British officers, who fell repulsing a night sortie of the French during the investment of Bayonne by our troops. A brother officer, wounded on the same occasion, has raised this unassuming monument to the memory of his comrades, interred as near as possible to the spots where they fell. A few head-stones, the initials upon which are daily becoming less legible under the action of time and damp, mark the separate graves—Rest to the souls of the Brave.

Although it is notorious that the farther south one goes, the more superstitious are the populations; yet we confess we were not prepared, even in the southernmost part of highly civilized France, to encounter such bigotry, and so much observance of the more obsolete customs of the Romish Church, as we actually met with in the lower Pyrenees. Perhaps the proximity of Spain has had something to do with it; but

whatever be the cause, the effect may be witnessed by whoever passes a fortnight in Bayonne or its neighbourhood. For rarely does that space of time elapse without one or more fête days held in honour of some saint or saints. Nor are they held, as is usual towards the north and middle of France, as mere pretexts for junketings, and as an excuse on the part of the lower orders for a day's idleness and recreation; but celebrated with much pomp and circumstance, with priests and processions, swinging of incense and ringing of bells, burning of tapers and carrying of banners, and all sorts of image worship. The grand affair, however, is the fête of St. Leon, who is the patron saint of Bayonne, though why he should be, Heaven knows, for it appears that he was terribly ill-treated there in his time. On his anniversary, which occurs in the early part of the summer, a scene of no ordinary interest may be witnessed an hour or two before noon, on the glacis outside the Spanish gate. Groups of persons of both sexes, in various and picturesque costumes, are assembled to wait the passage of the saint and his *cortège*. There may be seen the dark mantilla of the Spanish lady, contrasting with the feathered and flowered bonnet of the more gaily attired French dame; and the coquettish *coiffure* of the Bayonnese grisette, side by side with the flaring red and yellow handkerchiefs which cover the heads of the Basque peasant women. Amongst the men, the variety is still more bizarre. Arragonese and Catalonian muleteers and smugglers, with their velvet breeches and innumerable silver buttons, their heads bound with a handkerchief, sometimes surmounted by a small pointed black hat and its broad velvet band, the ends of which are fringed with beads of the same sombre colour; the purple *faja* or sash round their waist, sustaining the indispensable knife, while their ribbed and footless woollen stockings are met below the ankle by hempen sandals: Spanish and French Basques, in their Sunday garb, neat blue jackets and red, white, or blue *berets*, on the plated button or boss, on the top of which may often be read the initials of Isabella or Carlos, or sometimes a mere crown, leaving it doubtful in whose behalf the wearers' political sympathies are enlisted. Emigrant Spanish priests, with their enormous coalskuttle hats, regular fore-and-afters, of most preposterous dimensions; officers in Carlist and Christino uniforms; French soldiers, sailors, and itinerant venders of fruit, cakes, and lemonade; make up the motley assemblage. In some corner, a ragged but *insouciant* Spaniard, the fortunate possessor of a cracked guitar, has collected around him a score of his countrymen. One or two of them have a rude sort of castanets, made out of the bowls of wooden spoons; and the whole, though the thermometer is at 90, are dancing a *jota* or *bolero*, with as much energy as would serve to keep them warm were the quicksilver below zero.

Suddenly all the dancing, singing, chattering, and other noises, cease as though by magic. The numerous groups scattered over the glacis form two lines, between which is left a clear space of thirty or forty feet wide. Presently the deep monotonous sound of a number of male voices, chanting the Romish ritual, is heard; the men uncover their heads; the women cross themselves with as much rapidity as if they were backed to do it against time while some of the children and a few grown-up persons throw themselves on their knees as the procession appears. It

is composed of a long line of priests and acolytes, the latter carrying huge wax candles, whose glimmering flame shows pale and feeble in the broad sunshine; banners with representations of the Virgin, and of all the saints in the calendar, painted thereon, are followed by a military band; and, about half-way down the line, supported on a sort of mahogany litter, comes a wooden image of St. Leon himself, or rather of his body, the head being absent. After a few more flags and wax tapers, and another detachment of priests (who, with their dark bushy hair and small tonsure, look as if each had stuck a large gray wafer on his crown), the head of the saint appears, most magnificently gilt and decorated, and carried on a kind of tea-tray. Then more priests; the bishop of Bayonne in his purple robes; and, finally, the prefect, the mayor, and other authorities. A long train of the devout bring up the rear. On arriving at a large wooden cross, erected on a stone pedestal, under which the ashes of St. Leon are said to lie, prayers are read; some more chanting takes place; and then priests and choristers, tapers, bishop, and music, mayor and prefect, &c., &c., proceed to make the tour of St. Leon's fountain; after which refreshing operation, they go quietly home to dinner.

We were induced to make inquiries concerning the origin of this procession, and of the curious custom of carrying the saint's head separate from his body. St. Leon, it appears, when alive, was a most exemplary character, and a preacher of vast unction. Although he denounced all the numerous sins to which human nature is prone, it was against the crime of Sabbath-breaking that the thunders of his eloquence were more particularly directed. It happened then, says the tradition, that, on a certain Sunday, St. Leon was passing through some fields on the backs of the Nive, when he met with men busily engaged in reaping, and who responded with scoffings and mockery to the remonstrances addressed to them by the Saint on their desecration of the Lord's day. St. Leon, nowise discouraged, continued his admonitions, when one of the men, exasperated by his reproaches, with a stroke of his sickle separated the holy man's head from his body. Far from being disconcerted by this incident, the Saint took up his head by the hair, and proceeded about a hundred paces, to a spot where some large flat stones were partly embedded in the earth. Here he fell: three drops of his blood spirted upon the stones; and to this day three crimson stains remain in testimony of his miraculous promenade. But that was not all: on this very spot, hitherto dry and parched, a crystal spring bubbled up and speedily covered the stones, as though it were intended to show that water should never obliterate the token of the miracle that had there been wrought. The fountain is now inclosed in an artificial basin, and a small chapel erected over it; but the same stones still form the bottom of the little pool; and through the pellucid water the blood drops may still be seen.

Connected with this fountain is a strange belief, universal among the lower orders, and not entirely rejected even by the more educated classes of this corner of France. It is thought, that any person may ensure the fulfilment of the wish nearest his heart by going through the following ceremony. On each one of the nine days immediately preceding St. Leon's fête, a stated number of Aves and Paters are to be said at

the foot of the cross erected over his grave; after which the suppliant proceeds to the fountain and takes a draught of the miraculous water. Every year persons may be seen performing this *neuwaine*, as it is called. The mother, whose son is about to draw his number in the great national lottery of the conscription, and who dreads for him the burning sands of Africa, and the unsparing scimitar of the Bedouin; the maiden, who doubts her lover's truth, and sees with anguish that his former warmth of affection is daily yielding to an ill-concealed indifference; the wife or sister, whose nearest and dearest are far away over the salt sea, braving the thousand perils of a sailor's life; these will not fail to solicit the all-powerful intervention of St. Leon, in favour of the accomplishment of their hearts' desires. But all the petitions addressed to the saint have not such legitimate objects; and there afloat, a tale recurs to our memory which we will here relate.

• Maria Etcheverry was the only daughter of a Basque peasant, residing about a league from Bayonne. Her father was a poor man who gained an humble subsistence by working for his richer neighbours, and by the sale of the vegetables and flowers produced on a scanty plot of ground behind his thatched cottage. Marie was in her twelfth year, when her mother, whose province it was to cull the fruit and arrange the bouquets which she afterwards went to sell in the town, was carried off by a fever.

It is easy for the rich to devote months or years to the bewailing of regretted relatives and the search of consolation. But the labourer or artisan, who lives from hand to mouth, and looks to each day's labour for the morrow's bread, must learn to shut up his sorrow in his own breast, to shoulder axe and spade, and to hew wood and draw water, that those who remain may not starve through grief for those who are gone. So Marie found it. Scarcely had she donned the coarse serge dress, and covered her head with the black silk kerchief which looked a rusty-black, contrasted with her jet-coloured hair, when her father sent her to Bayonne to sell the produce of their little garden. It was with a heavy heart that Marie took the basket—her mother's own basket—and arranged in it the purple plums and speckled apricots, the delicate carnations, and sweet-smelling heliotrope; and many a tear rolled down her cheeks as she pursued her weary way to the town, and afterwards, as she stood in the market-place, one of a long line of fruit and flower-sellers who were recommending their merchandise to the passers-by with loud voice and vehement gesture. Marie was too sad to speak; but her pretty face did more than her companions' vociferations, and in a short time her basket was empty. The following day she came again, and the next, and the next. Years glided on, and Marie passed from childhood to the precocious womanhood of her country. Each day on the market-place she was compelled to hear the compliments and declarations of the men who flocked round the station of the pretty Basquaise. But she turned a deaf ear to their professions of attachment, and more or less magnificent promises. Although not yet sixteen, her choice was made; she had given her heart and promised her hand to Pierre Irrigoyen, one of the handsomest and most industrious of the neighbouring peasantry. As soon as Pierre had drawn for the conscription, which was to be in two months' time—and Marie prayed night and day that his number might be a for-

fortunate one—he was to ask her of her father. The sanguine anticipations of the young people prevented them from thinking of the possibility of the father's refusing his consent. They had not occasion, however, to put him to the test. The time of the conscription arrived; Pierre drew an unfavourable number, and was declared by the inspecting surgeon a fit subject to swell the ranks of the French army. His smart person and appearance caused him to be destined to the cavalry, and he was incorporated in a squadron of hussars quartered on the northern frontier. Before parting, however, the lovers interchanged vows of fidelity. "We have time to wait," said Marie, smiling through her tears; "I shall be two-and-twenty when you return, Pierre; but that is not very old; and if my cheeks are less fresh, or my eyes less bright than they are now, you will remember that it was in weeping for your absence they became so; and you will love me the more when you think of it."

Four years passed away, and Marie was joyful at the thought that in two more Pierre's period of service would expire, when a double affliction overtook her. She received a letter from her lover, informing her that his squadron was ordered to Africa. He wrote in the exuberant spirits of a young soldier, weary of a garrison life, and who sees in the approach of active service opportunities of advancement and distinction. His good conduct had long since gained him a sergeant's chevrons, and one action of *éclat* might give him the epaulet. Such was Pierre's sanguine calculation; but his mistress did not share his confidence; and she was musing mournfully on the perils of the service in Africa when her father entered the cottage. His face was radiant with joy as he informed her that Jean Benoit, master and part owner of the good brig "*La Jolie Marseillaise*," had asked her hand in marriage. The proposal was so much more advantageous than anything he could have expected, that old Etcheverry never dreamt of his daughter's meeting it otherwise than with an instant and willing acceptance; and it was with mingled astonishment and anger that he saw her burst into tears, and, avowing her attachment to Pierre, declare that, even were her affections disengaged, she could never bring herself to marry Jean Benoit. The individual in question was in fact by no means calculated to win the heart of a young and fastidious woman. Upwards of fifty years of age, short and thickset in person, and with a face burnt to a brickdust colour by exposure to sun and wind, his vinous nose, and coarse sensual countenance, were true indications of the character of the man. A Marseillais by birth, he had all the grossness and brutality for which the inhabitants of that part of France are distinguished. He was an habitual drunkard; and in the intervals between his voyages it was difficult at any hour of the day to pass the wine-shops on the quay without hearing through the half-open door or window the horse-laugh and vociferous *Tron de Diou* of Benoit le Provençal.

To such a man, recommended only by his comfortable position in life, had the father & Marie resolved to give his daughter. Nor was he to be turned from this resolution. Her supplications and tears were unavailing to induce him to recall the promise which he had given without consulting her inclinations; he was deaf to her entreaties and despair; and looking upon her love for Pierre as a childish fancy which marriage

would soon obliterate, he compelled her, after a few weeks, to become the wife of Benoit. But so sad a bride and so mournful a bridal had seldom been seen; and as it had been impossible to conceal from the Provencal the repugnance which Marie entertained for him, she was scarcely married when she began to experience his brutality. Coarse sarcasms and reproaches, and bitter taunts on her attachment to Pierre, had Marie to endure; and when the wearing action of hopeless and incessant grief undermined her health and hollowed her cheeks, her husband reproached her with the loss of her beauty, brutally reminding her that it was the only dowry she had brought him, and that as such it was her duty to preserve it.

The period fixed for the sailing of Benoit's brig arrived, and he took his departure. His absence was a relief to Marie; although in one way she suffered more after he had left her. No longer compelled to occupy herself with domestic affairs, and to minister to the numerous caprices of her husband, she had more leisure to indulge in painful thoughts. She had indeed the past to look back upon; but that had only been rendered pleasant by the hopes of a happy future—hopes now crushed and blighted. Pierre's return she dreaded as much as she had once wished it. Her father she scarcely ever saw; and she avoided the society of her former intimates, who soon ceased to seek her's. The unvarying solitude in which she lived—unavailing regrets and gloomy anticipations began to work fearful changes in her person and mind. Her face became of a cadaverous paleness, and her large dark eyes, deep sunken and hollow, glared with an unnatural lustre. She would sit for hours in her room, fixing a vacant stare on the opposite wall; and if, on the rare occasions when she left the house, a passing acquaintance gave her the good day, she would start at the salutation and gaze around her wildly as a frightened fawn. The most malicious among her neighbours said openly that she was crazed; while the better-disposed shook their heads mournfully, when they compared the pale drooping wife with the joyous and blooming maiden they had known a few short months before.

Spring was nearly over, and summer at hand. In another month Benoit's return might be looked for; when Marie received a letter from Pierre, the first since her marriage. He wrote from a sick bed to which he had been long confined by a severe wound. On the other hand, his most sanguine hopes were realised. His gallantry had attracted notice, and Pierre was a commissioned officer. He was now impatiently waiting the surgeon's permission to avail himself of a leave of absence and return to France. The letter breathed the most ardent affection; and he pressed his mistress to allow their wedding to take place within the week after his return.

This letter was the drop of gall wanting to overflow the cup of Marie's afflictions. Bitterly did she curse the weakness that had prevented her resisting the marriage with Benoit. Had she only stipulated a longer delay, she might still have been happy. Pierre would have returned, and an officer of cavalry must, even in her father's mercenary eyes, have appeared nearly as desirable a husband as the drunken selfish merchant-seaman she had been compelled to espouse.

For three days and nights she remained absorbed in her grief, taking

neither nourishment nor sleep. It was evident that her misfortunes had so worn her, both physically and morally, that, between agitation of mind and weakness of body, her sorrow had assumed a character of monomania. On the morning of the fourth day, she had fallen into an uneasy slumber, when a loud peal of bells aroused her. The *neuvaine* of St. Leon had commenced.

A sudden thought seemed to flash across the disordered mind of Marie Benoit. Starting up, she enveloped her emaciated person in the folds of a large shawl; and with a step, to which feverish excitement gave rapidity and energy, hurried through the town, and in a few minutes was kneeling at the foot of St. Leon's Cross. There were several persons performing their devotions at the same place, and Marie's arrival caused many surmises as to the object, for the attainment of which she was about to supplicate St. Leon. No one, however, ventured to question her either on that day, or on the eight following, that she regularly prayed at the cross and took the prescribed draught of water at the fountain. Each day she appeared paler and feebler; and the last morning it was with much difficulty, and at a late hour, that she succeeded in dragging herself as far as the cross. She completed the *neuvaine*: and, when rising from her knees, she heard the first stroke of mid-day clang from the iron throat of the cathedral bell.

About a week after St. Leon's fête, as Marie was sitting in her apartment, a neighbour tapped at the window, and informed her that her husband's vessel had just entered the river; Marie received the intelligence without any visible emotion, and, leaving her house, walked slowly towards the port. She had not proceeded far when she met a sailor belonging to the brig. The man recognised and saluted her, but appeared embarrassed, and almost vexed at meeting her. There was no retreating, however, and he waited her questions.

"I am glad to see you, Jacques," said Marie, in her mild and melancholy tones. "Where is Monsieur Benoit?"

"Monsieur Benoit," replied the man, crumpling his straw hat in his hands, and speaking very rapidly, as if anxious to finish the unpleasant intelligence; "Monsieur Benoit has not arrived with the brig. A few days before we made the coast, during a heavy gale of wind, a sea washed him overboard. We threw out ropes and heucoops, but it was impossible to lower a boat, and he disappeared."

Marie's pale cheek became still paler: and it was from between her clenched teeth that she asked the seaman on what day the accident happened.

"On Thursday week last," was the answer.

It was the eve of St. Leon's fête.

"At what hour?"

"The captain's chronometer marked noon."

It was the very moment at which her *neuvaine* was completed.

"The day and the hour!" shrieked Marie, and fell senseless to the ground. She had prayed for her husband's death.

When, after several hours' unconsciousness, Marie at last opened her eyes, she was a maniac. The conflicting feelings which agitated her on learning her husband's fate, and remorse for the share which her belief

in the efficacy of the *neuvaine* made her consider that she had in his death, had unsettled her brain. Her insanity was of a mild description, but the physicians pronounced it incurable, and she became the inmate of a *maison de santé*.

A few days later, Pierre Irrigoyen arrived at Bayonne. But Marie no longer recognised him, and he returned to Africa, to seek, in the excitement of a soldier's life, forgetfulness of the love which he had cherished with so much constancy, and had seen so bitterly disappointed.

A TALE OF TEMPER.

OF all cross breeds of human sinners,
The crabbedest are those who dress our dinners ;
Whether the ardent fires at which they roast
And broil and bake themselves like Smithfield martyrs,
Are apt to make them crusty, like a toast,
Or drams, encouraged by so hot a post ;
However, cooks are generally Tartars ;
And altogether might be safely cluster'd
In scientific catalogues
Under two names, like Dinmont's dogs,
Pepper and Mustard.

The case thus being very common,
It followed, quite of course, when Mr. Jervis
Engaged a clever culinary woman,
He took a mere Xantippe in his service—
• In fact—her metal not to burnish,
As vile a shrew as Shrewsbury could furnish—
One who in temper, language, manners, looks,
In every respect •
Might just have come direct
From him who is supposed to send us cooks.

The very day she came into her place
She slapp'd the scullion's face ;
The next, the housemaid being rather pert,
Snatching the broom, she "treated her like dirt"—
The third, a quarrel with the groom she hit on—

Cyrus, the page, had half-a-dozen knocks ;
 And John, the coachman, got a box
 He couldn't sit on.

Meanwhile, her strength to rally,
 Brandy, and rum, and shrub she drank by stealth,
 Besides the Cream of some mysterious Valley
 That may, or may not, be the Vale of Health :
 At least while credit lasted, or her wealth,—
 For finding that her blows came only thicker,
 Invectives and foul names but flew the quicker,
 The more she drank, the more inclin'd to bicker,
 The other servants, one and all,
 Took Bible oaths whatever might befall,
 Neither to lend her cash, nor fetch her liquor !

This caused, of course, a dreadful schism,
 And what was worse, in spite of all endeavour,
 After a fortnight of Tea-totalism,
 The Plague broke out more virulent than ever !
 The life she led her fellows down the stairs !
 The life she led her betters in the parlour !
 No parrot ever gave herself such airs,
 No pug-dog cynical was such a snarler !
 At woman, man, and child, she flew and snapp'd,
 No rattlesnake on earth so fierce and rancorous—
 No household cat that ever lapp'd
 To swear and spit was half so apt—
 No bear, sore-headed, could be more cantankerous—
 No fretful porcupine more sharp and crabbed—
 No wolverine
 "More full of spleen—
 In short, the woman was completely rabid !

The least offence of look or phrase,
 The slightest verbal joke, the merest frolic,
 Like a snap-dragon set her in a blaze,
 Her spirit was so alcoholic !
 And woe to him who felt her tongue !
 It burnt like caustic—like a nettle stung,
 Her speech was scalding,—scorching,—vitriolic !

And larded, not with bacon fat,
 Or any thing so mild as that,
 But curses so intensely diabolic,
 So broiling hot, that he at whom she levell'd,
 Felt in his very gizzard he was devil'd!

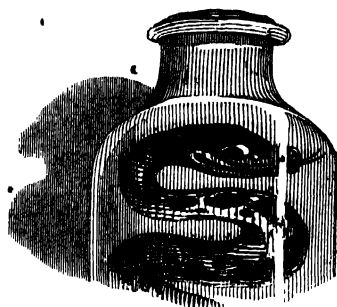
Often and often Mr. Jervis
 Long'd, and yet fear'd, to turn her from his service;
 For why? Of all his philosophic loads
 Of reptiles loathsome, spiteful, and pernicious,
 Stuff'd Lizards, bottled Snakes, and pickled Toads,
 Potted Tarantulas, and Asps malicious,
 And Scorpions cured by scientific modes,
 He had not any creature half so vicious!

At last one morning
 The coachman had already given warning,
 And little Cyrus
 Was gravely thinking of a new cockade,
 For open War's rough sanguinary trade,
 Or any other service, quite desirous,
 Instead of quarrelling with such a jade,—
 When accident explain'd the coil she made,
 And whence her Temper had derived the virus!

Struck with the fever, called the scarlet,
 The Termagant was lying sick in bed,—
 And little Cyrus, that precocious varlet,
 Was just declaring her "as good as dead,"
 When down the attic stairs the housemaid, Charlotte,
 Came running from the chamber overhead,
 Like one demented;
 Flapping her hands, and casting up her eyes,
 And giving gasps of horror and surprise,
 Which thus she vented—
 "O Lord! I wonder that she didn't bite us!
 Or sting us like a Tantalizer,*
 (The note will make the Reader wiser,)
 And set us all a dancing like St. Witus!

* Tarantula.

"Temper! No wonder that the creatur had
 A temper, so uncommon bad!
 'She's just confess'd to Doctor Griper
 That being out of Rum, and-like denials,—
 Which always was prodigious trials,—
 Because she couldn't pay the piper,
 She went one day, she did, to Master's wials,
 And drunk the spirits as preserv'd the Wiper!



"THE SPIRITED SLY SNAKE."

GREAT TOM OF OXFORD.

BY SUUM CUIQUE, ESQ.

Voce summâ resonans—Horack.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on a cold winter's night, about the middle of January, in the year 18—, that I, Mr. Suum Cuique, found myself and my luggage (one portmanteau and a box of books) lifted off the roof of the Oxford fly-coach, and deposited at Tom gateway. I was about to enter the University, Christchurch College, and my rooms at one and the same time. I had already been matriculated, and paid my fees and my respects to Vice-chancellor. I found the latter proceeding, I must confess, much easier and far less expensive than the former; though I had not so heavy a sum to pay as many who were matriculated with me, because I was about to enter on my college career as a servitor—they call them sizars at Cambridge—whereas those around me were some noblemen, some gentlemen commoners, and others commoners. I did not, of course, then know the exact distinction between these ranks; but having been educated at a country grammar-school, and consequently imbued with

some learning, I gathered enough from the various phases of the Vice-chancellor's face, and from the varied amount of fees paid at the table of the Apodyterium, to convince me that there *was* a distinction, and that the study of the *red-book* had interfered with, if not superseded, that of the black-letter volumes in the University.

I remember well that both the coachman and the guard, when they had deposited me and my luggage, and kicked at the gate to let the porter know some one craved admittance, made me a sort of demi-bow, and touched the brims of their hats. I returned the salute as gracefully as I could, and turned into college through the small portal in the huge gates, which the college Cerberus had opened for my admission.

I was gazing, by the solemn light of a January moon, on the solemn scene before me, and wondering why a leaden statue of Mercury in the middle of the Quadrangle should be throwing cold water on the air on such a cold night, when I heard my driver say to the porter,

"That ere's a downright shabby."

"Not so much of a screw as a dead nail," added the guard, as he dropped the deal box containing my classics, with an evident intention of smashing its uncorred sides.

"What! ain't he stood handsome?" inquired the porter, in tones betokening the height of amazement.

"Handsome?" cried both coachman and guard; "vy, he ain't stood nuffin at all!"

"Not tipped?" shouted Cerberus in still more energetic tones.

"No; not even a tanner, though we tipped him the usual signs," said the guard.

"And I've had the care of his precious carcase for up'ards of fifty mile," said the coachman.

"And I of his luggage over the worst ground in the kingdom," added the guard.

"Let's see who he is," cried the porter, as he rushed into his lodge, and brought out a candle and lantern; for there was no gas in those days, and the oil lamps only gave light enough to show whereabouts they were. He turned the box up so as to get a glimpse of the name upon it; and in a tone which vacillated between contempt and pity, said, "He's only a servitor, poor devil."

"What, a sort of charity boy like, eh?" said the driver.

"Exactly," said the porter; "carries in the first dish, and eats what's left of the last; but I'll make him tip for the honour of our house."

So saying, he advanced towards me; and, in a more respectful manner than I could reckon upon, he suggested to me—"the servitor, poor devil"—that it was customary to present to the driver and guard of a coach a gratuity in addition to the amount of the fare.

I returned to the gates, and by the light of his lantern contrived, though my hands were benumbed by the cold, to extract from my pockets all the silver I had, which consisted of three bright shillings new from the Mint of King George the Third. I was about to bestow one of them on each of the applicants, when, to my great surprise, the driver said,

"No, thank ye, sir; the vill's as good as the deed. Come along, Villiam, ve isn't so bad off in the world as to deprive a poor young chap

of a few 'ogs as was evidently given to 'im by 'is poor mother at partin'."

"Not upon no consideration whatsomedever, Tom," replied the guard. "I'd be pison'd fust."

So, with a respectful good night, and wishing me good luck, they returned to their coach, leaving me not a little surprised at their unexpected considerateness, and humbled at the thought that my poverty should thus be made known on the first day of my appearance in college. The porter, too, held his lantern to my face, and I felt he was examining my looks. He doubtless saw the blush of shame that mantled over my cheeks, and it seemed to have a due effect upon him; for, as he turned the key in the lock, he said, in kindly tones that went to my heart,

"You would be glad to go to bed, Sir? The servants are all gone out of college, but I will light you to your rooms, and bring your luggage up for you."

I thanked him—for though I was hungry I was cold and sleepy, and wanted warmth and repose more than I did a supper, for which I was afraid to ask.

He took up my portmanteau, and, turning to the left, preceded me up the first staircase, observing, as he mounted the stairs, "the rooms are comfortable enough, Sir, but rather noisy until you get used to them."

Of course I could not tell what he meant, as everything was as still as death then; and when I had entered my rooms, which were close to the tower over the gateway, I found them snugly furnished, and a fire burning in the grate, which, under the skilful poking of my guide, quickly sent forth a cheerful blaze. Candles were speedily lighted; and, to my great joy, I found some cold meat and bread put out for me; a kettle placed on the hob; and a bottle of something which my guide told me was gin, which my provident scout had procured upon the chance of my being in want of something cheering after my cheerless journey.

When he had shown me my bedroom—which was a mere closet under the tower—the porter left me to myself. I felt as if I was alone in the world; and when I gazed round me and missed the faces of my mother and sisters, my father and brothers, from whom I had never before been separated for any length of time, I burst out into tears which I could not control, and wished that I had not been so successful a scholar, as to draw upon me the attention of the gentleman who had solicited and procured for me the small pittance which was to enable me to receive an university education. I was *very* wretched; but the brightness of the fire, the tempting appearance of the little supper, and the singing of the kettle on the hob, reminded me that I was master of everything around me, and hungry withal. I fell to with an appetite that an alderman would envy; and after clearing the decks of all the solids, proceeded to do—what I had never done before—make myself a glass of grog. Whether I was or was not a judge of the proportions used in compounding gin toddy, I cannot say, but I certainly succeeded in manufacturing a goblet of half spirit and half water, with a considerable quantity of sugar in it, which seemed to send the blood thrilling to the extremities of my body, and drove out all thoughts of a gloomy nature as to my future career.

After gazing at the fire for some ten minutes, and seeing in the bright

coals bright forms of faces at home, and bright prospects of academic honours, I felt a degree of somnolency come over me which I had never felt before. I managed to undress myself and creep into bed somehow or another, but how I cannot even now say. The effect of my long journey, through the cold open air, upon the top of a heavy-jolting vehicle, and the unwonted stimulus of a strong tumbler of spirits and water, combined to send me off instantaneously into a deep and half-apoplectic sleep. I am not at all aware how long I had slept before I was awakened by a noise like the grating movement of some large ill-oiled machinery, and the sound of something that seemed like a giant hammer falling on the ceiling of my room, which appeared to be formed of some deeply-sonorous metallic substance. "Bom, Bom, Bom,"—the very air seemed to vibrate with the sound; my bed shook under me; and the very walls, and the chairs and tables, seemed to be suffering from an incipient earthquake!

I sprang out of bed and rushed into my sitting-room. After tumbling over the chairs, and running against the table and sofa, I contrived to find my way to the outer door. I opened it with some little difficulty, for I was unacquainted with the management of an oak-door lock, and listened at the top of my stair-case: all was still as death; and as the passage lamp was out, and I was not certain of the geography of the place, and, moreover, in my night-dress only, I thought it more prudent to return to my bed and risk another attack of earthquake, than a certain cold, and a probable tumble down the steep stair-case.

I managed to find my way into my bed again, and into another deep slumber, from which I was roused by the same awful sounds as before, attended with the same results—a spring out of bed and into my sitting-room. It was then, however, beginning to get light; so, as soon as the "Bom, Bom, Bomming" had ceased, and the furniture and walls no longer shook and shivered, I dressed myself as quickly as I could, and rushed down to the porter's lodge to seek an explanation of the causes which had alarmed me so much.

"Lord love ye," said Cerberus, with a look made up of pity for my ignorance, and sorrow for my fright; "it was only GREAT TOM."

"GREAT TOM?" said I, "is he mad and confined up above?" for I had suddenly conceived a notion that the clanking of machinery which I had heard was the clanking of the chains and fetters of one "Poor Tom of Bedlam," of whom I had read in my youth, and that the "Bom, Bom, Bom," which had so alarmed me, was the result of a violent attempt to escape by bursting open his door with a sledge-hammer.

"Mad? Confined? What do you mean? Why, GREAT TOM's a bell, and one of my principal perkisites. He's just over your head, and holds communication with the great clock, and hits every hour. You'll soon get used to him, though he is a little noisy at first. I never knowed a gentleman as had your rooms, as did 'nt say he missed him uncommon when he changed for another set."

With this explanation, my alarm at earthquakes and madmen ceased, and I doubted not that I should soon get used to the inconvenience, although it was not a slight one, as I was not given to nervous headaches, and had a decided tendency to sleeping soundly.

CHAPTER II.

I CONFINED myself to my rooms during the day, arranging my books and papers, and after the clock had struck some half dozen hours, contrived to bear the noise without leaping out of my chair. In the evening I had got used to it, and sat down to my supper after it had *hit* nine, as the porter phrased it, with a full determination to trouble myself no further about a mere clock and a great bell. I cut a slice of the grilled chicken before me, and was preparing to insert the first mouthful, when such a din arose as I had never heard before. "Bom, Bom, Bom," forty times as loud as the clock-striking, was struck up and continued until my glasses, plates, dishes, knives and forks, fairly danced upon, and some of them off, the table. The books fell from my shelves, the poker, tongs, and shovel joined in the uproar; and the tables, chairs, and looking glasses played their parts in a horrible accompaniment obligato. I stood, like a suddenly-aroused sleeper, amidst the ruins of Lisbon, wondering at the destruction around me, and expecting to be immolated every moment with the falling substances.

What could it mean? "Bom, Bom, Bom." Was the clock gone mad? Did they count the hours differently in Oxford? or had the bell, in mercy to me, agreed to concentrate all its nightly doings into one continued strike?—to get rid of its work at once, and be quiet for the rest of the night. I could not answer these queries, so I dashed down my fork, seized my cap, and fled as fast as I could to the lodge, to seek an explanation of my friend the porter.

He was not at his post; but the under-porter told me that I should find him in the room above mine, which was used as a belfry. I did not choose to expose my ignorance of College matters, and my fears of being overwhelmed by my own furniture and apartments to an under-strapper, nor did I feel disposed to venture up the staircase again until my doubts of its stability were resolved; so I walked round the square until I saw the porter descend, after the bell had ceased "Bom Bom, Bomming," with a very much overgrown lantern in his hand.

"Is it you, Mr. Cuique?" he inquired, as I ran to meet him.

"I am not certain," said I, "for, to use an old joke, I feel like a double Cuique—a man beside myself. I have been frightfully alarmed. Great Tom—"

"Ah—ah—I twig—all my fault—I ought to have warned you that at ten minutes past nine every night, I have to pull his enormous clapper 101 times, as a hint to our 101 students to come into College and save their pennies. He does shake your room shocking; but you'll be up to him after a bit."

I thanked him for his information, and, heartily wishing him and Great Tom some hundreds of miles off, returned to my rooms; and, after I had set my things a little in their pristine order, finished my broil, and prepared for a quiet hour or two's reading.

I got on very well until the clock struck ten. The grating of the

machinery, and the heavy blows on the bell, excited me and made me so nervous, that I felt convinced I should not be able to sleep at all for fear of the hourly attacks upon the tympanum of my ears. I had almost made up my mind to sit up all night, and go to bed in the morning, when a knock was given upon my oak. I sprung from my chair, and nervously hesitated to say "Come in," for fear that Great Tom himself might respond to my invitation. The absurdity of the supposition that such a heavy fellow could have come down stairs without my hearing him descend, gave me courage to invite the knocker to enter.

It was my friend, the porter, who, with more consideration than my scout (who I suppose, from habit, thought nothing of the annoyances attached to Tom Staircase) had come up to give me his advice how to defeat the dangers of the nightly attack.

"Sir," said he, "I know as gentlemen as sleeps here for the fust term seldom gits any sleep unless they takes my remedy and puts on a *double nightcap*."

"A woollen one, perhaps," said I; "but I assure you I never wore a nightcap in my life. Won't a Welsh wig do as well? I have one that I bought to wear outside the coach."

"Bless your innocence," cried Cerberus, laughing. "I never had the least notion of meaning a literal nightcap—a bag with a tassel to it—I alludes to a mettysurical one."

"A sealskin travelling-cap, eh?"

"Worse and worse. In Oxford a nightcap is Greek or Latin for a strong glass of something warm. Try it on, Sir, and if one don't make you sleepy, try two."

Now I had never been addicted to indulgence in nightly draughts; indeed, my poverty, if not my will, had made me a stranger to anything stronger than a little mild ale or a modicum of elder wine at Christmas time. I thanked the porter, however, for his advice, and resolved to follow it. I put on my kettle and brewed myself a very stiff glass of gin and water, which certainly made me feel a little less nervous. The clock, however, struck eleven, and its strokes came so painfully distinct to my ears, that I tried a second and then a third. This last dose had the desired effect, for before I could make up my mind to undress and get into bed, I fell asleep in my reading chair.

I was roused from a delicious dream of home and its comforts by something—I presume the clock striking twelve. "This will never do," said I. "If I drink any more I shall be ill. I feel rather queer now—the candles seem to me to have umbrella tops to their wicks, and there are four of them burning, though I am convinced I only put up a pair. That horrid bell!—a capital idea strikes me—'face your enemy and he'll fly,' so the copy-books say. I'll go up and face great Tom, and crack his head with the poker. Splendid notion!"

After making three unsuccessful bobs at my weapon of offence, I managed to secure it, and taking one of the four candles, which I was surprised to find left only two on the table, I resolutely made my meandering way up the staircase and came to a strong door on my left fastened by a padlock. A well-directed energetic blow with the poker made the fastening give way, and I found myself in a huge high hollow

dome, with a spiral staircase leading to its roof, by the side of which hung a thick rope, which I felt assured was suspended from my enemy. Without the least hesitation I rushed up, but long before I got to the top; from going round and round, with my feet, my head began to go round and round as well. I seized on the hand-rail, to save myself from falling, but dropped my candle, which went down, spinning through the dark void like a spent rocket-stick, and lighted, without a light, on the floor below. I was so angry with it for leaving me in the dark, that I flung the poker after it and rushed on heedless of consequences, until I tripped over a rope and fell, head first, upon a level floor, across which I rolled, like a shot out of a shovel.

I was stunned by the fall, but when I recovered myself a little, I got up, resolved to find the bell. I put out my hands to grope my way, and felt a cold, smooth, metallic, concave surface, around which I travelled cautiously, until I caught my foot against something, which, on stooping to ascertain its nature, I discovered to be a rope. I passed my hand along it, and found it was attached by a slip-knot to a huge mass of iron, with a knot at the end like an exaggerated college kitchen-poker.

"What *can* this be?" said I to myself. But before I could reply to my own question, there came over me a sudden faintness and a conviction that I was *in the bell*—in the very heart of my enemy—in the bowels of GREAT TOM!

I stood and trembled. A cold sweat burst out of every pore of my person. My hair seemed as if some centrifugal force had been applied to it, and that it was flying, or rather radiating, off my head, like the wig of the little men that they place on the top of an electrifying machine. I struggled, I kicked, I screamed, I performed all sorts of contortions and gyrations in my endeavours to escape—all to no purpose. I thought I should go mad. My knees failed me, and with a deep groan I fell flat upon the floor, and knew that the knob of the clapper was within one inch of my own knob. What if the porter came to toll the students out of college? I must be smashed. What if the beam to which the bell was suspended gave way? I must be extinguished—my life put out like the light of an inglorious mutton mould-candle. Horrible, humiliating thought!

I lay quite still, gazing up into the dark concave above me, until my overcharged imagination peopled it with all sorts of horribly-shaped demons, clinging to the mighty clapper, grinning upon me with distended eyeballs, and jabbering at me, as if enjoying the fun my terrors afforded them. I closed my eyes, the perspiration issued more plentifully than ever from my skin, and with a desperate energy I shouted "Porter!"

"What *ails* you?" said a deep-toned but musical voice immediately above me. "The porter is gone to snooze. Lie still and don't kick up such a bobby. I allow no triple bobs, major or minor, up here; except the *bobs* they tip the porter for showing me."

"I want to get out," shrieked I; "I want to go home to my rooms."

"You won't go home till morning," chaunted the sonorous voice.

"Who are you?" I asked in a perfect agony.

"The mighty Tom," was the answer. "Not a man will leave his cann till he hears the mighty Tom—no more *can* you."

"My dear Old Tom," said I, imploringly, "I—"

"Don't call me 'Old Tom,'" replied the voice. "It is putting me on a level with Hodge's best, and reminds me of spirits—of which I never keep a stock up in this lonely situation—don't, old fellow."

This friendly and familiar salutation put me more at my ease, and as I could not get out of him, in one sense, I resolved to get as much out of him as I could in another.

"Coldish up here," said I, in that cool off-handish way that one uses to get up a conversation with a stranger.

"I always take it cool," replied Tom. "I object to hot with, though some people don't—ahem! I am comfortably tiled in, I have plenty of exercise every hour of the day—now don't it strike you?"

"Not yet," said I, "but I am afraid it will soon."

"What do you mean?"

"Your clapper."

"My tongue—eh? Don't be afraid. I am no wāg, but a most immovable fellow. I never speak 'till I feel a pull upon me, and then if they give me rope enough, I can talk pretty loudly. I am noné of your light weights I can tell you; but what the students slangishly call a heavy swell, far heavier than my brother of Lincoln. I lead here a noisy life of single blessedness."

"Then you have never been married," said I, by way of keeping up the ball of conversation.

"They have never been able to bring me to a ring yet; though they tell an absurd tale that when they attempted to do so, to celebrate the happy restoration of Charles II., I was indignant at such a liberty, gave up my situation, and *fell* through that diminutive circle of plaster ornaments that they point out under the gateway that bears my name. I believe it to be a vile pun on the name of Doctor *Fell*, who gave me this exalted situation. Great would have been my fall!—you don't fancy I am cracked, eh?"

"Certainly not," said I—"you're as sound as—"

"A bell. Good. But just wait one—"

Bang! Such a horrible blow fell upon my companion, that I sprang up and knocked my head against his side.

"Lie still," said he, "it's only the clock-hammer striking one. I am a lad of metal, and don't mind being knocked about. The hourly blows I have received ever since Dr. Fell placed me here, are only so many proofs of my soundness."

"Then you have not lived here all your life?" I inquired.

"How could I when this part of my house was not built till the middle of the 17th century? but I'll tell you a little of my origin; it may amuse you. My family, and a very old family it is, came, if we can believe one Polydore Virgil, from Nola, in Campania, and were all originally 'in the church.' I was cast upon the world about the year 700, and baptised—"

"What!" said I, "baptised? you don't mean to say—"

"I do though; baptised and anointed too, like the kings of England—not greased as my clapper is now—ay, and exorcised too by a bishop, to enable me to drive away spirits from mankind—like another Father

Mathew. "I was educated in Osney Abbey, just outside the University, with my brothers—"

"Oh, you were not an only child then?—I should have thought from your size, that all your family had been concentrated into one of immoderate bulk," said I.

"I was certainly a very large specimen of my species, but I had six brothers nevertheless. They baptised them Douce, Clement, Hautcleri, Austin, Gabriel, and John. Why they should not have called him Jack as well as calling me Tom, I can't think—my godfathers and godmothers could have had no taste."

"They meant it for a term of endearment—they never could have dreamt of calling you 'little Tommy.'"

"Too ridiculous, certainly—well, as I was saying, when you interrupted me, I was rather too comfortable at Osney, for Harry, the six-wife-power king, sent all my hearers to the right about, seized their lands, pulled down their houses, and mine with it, and transferred me to St. Frideswide's, which is now called the Cathedral. They must have had some little difficulty in bearing away the bell, though I could offer no resistance to their efforts. A scaffold was prepared for me, and I was hanged for the second time; but I always felt in a state of suspense for fear the towers should give way and let me down. I was very glad when Doctor Fell removed me here; it is a much more respectable and roomy home, and though dependent on a mere beam for my support, I want for nothing, not even visitors. You would really be astonished, my dear fellow, if you knew what a number of people called upon me in the course of a year. I should not dislike it, but they will, all of them, pull me about so—they use my rope like a long pole to stir me up and set me roaring."

"And your brothers," said I.

"Poor little fellows—it's very degrading to the family, but I don't mind telling *you*," said Tom, in a deep whisper. They were melted down, and are now used as pots and pans for pickling and preserving in the College kitchen—heigh ho! to what base uses we may come at last."

"What! quote Shakspeare?"

"And why not?" said Tom, "do you think I have lived so many years for nothing? I tell you what, though I do not despise, I look down upon Oxford, and from my windows I have seen and heard such things as would astonish your weak mind. But you'll split, eh?"

I assured him I would not.

"Well," said he, "I like what I have seen of you. You have reposed in me—that is you would have done so if I had not kept you awake with my chattering, and I do not mind relating to you a few anecdotes, and if you are ever inclined to tell them again—and are asked who told them to you—don't say 'Tom toll'd'—that's all."

"I promise," said I.

"Enough," said Tom, "I like that better than swearing—it's so vulgar. Now, as you cannot get to your rooms before daylight doth appear, for you will break your neck down that confounded corkscrew staircase in the dark—"

"Or dash my brains out."

"Brains? . good! you said brains last?—pretty well *that* for a freshman, but—*nunquam mens* never mind. I'll just tell you one of my tales to while away the time—look out—here comes that confounded hammer again."

The clock struck two and Great Tom responded to the blows and thus began.

CHAPTER III.

A Case of Abstraction.

"MY dear friend Tomkisson," said the Honourable Dapper Willburton—they were both Christ Church men, the former a student and the latter a gentleman commoner, of some three years' standing—"have you seen the subject for the Newdigate; the English prize poem?"

"I have; and think it a most excellent one." "On the consequences to the British dominions of the introduction of Chinese tea," said Tomkisson.

"Of course you mean to write for it?" inquired the Honourable.

"Why—really I—that is—you know I failed last year."

"But for the honour of Westminster!—try again. You may win, and then your college and all your friends will be proud of you."

"Well, perhaps I may—but why do not *you* write for it? at Westminster you gained great *κudos* for your Latin verses, and you know what Cicero says? 'omnes artes.'"

"I am not quite certain that I do—but, never mind. The fact is, my tutor used to tell me that, though my ideas were very brilliant, and my phraseology particularly poetical, he had some little doubts upon his mind that they were borrowed—cribbed, I suppose, he meant; it was very impertinent of him, but somehow it has made me shy of doing poetry ever since," said Willburton.

"Pooh—nonsense! Why the selection of choice phrases from the older writers, and a judicious remodelling of their ideas, constitutes the best poetry of modern days. I know that you used to get your themes and verses done for you now and then at Westminster, but that was sheer idleness. We all knew you could do them yourself if you chose; do try for the Newdigate."

"Well, I will if you will—no rivalry, you know, only a little friendly emulation; but we must not let each other see the poems until after the prize is adjudged."

"Certainly not," said Tomkisson; "I will try—and do my best too—though I seriously hope you may win."

"It certainly would be rather pleasant to hear, when one rises in the house for the first time, to propose or second the address perhaps—the question: 'Is he a clever man?' answered by, 'Of course he is—he got the Newdigate.' It starts one well on the road of parliamentary life," said the Honourable Dapper Willburton, looking senatorially.

Tomkisson, who cultivated his friend in the hopes of using him in after-life, squeezed his arm in a most affectionate manner.

"I suppose, the sooner we begin the better?" said Willburton.

"Théré is no hurry. We are limited, you know, to fifty lines," replied Tomkisson.

"Ay, théré's the rub. So extensive a subject will require a great deal of concentration—will it not?"

"Certainly—you must not begin *ab ovo* by minutely describing the planting, pruning, watering and manuring of the plant, its budding and the gathering of its leaves by the little pig-tailed women and children; but plunge at once *in medias res*, and suppose the leaves made into tea and divided into Hyson, Twankay, Bohea, and other varieties, and carefully packed in lead. I think you might venture to describe the voyage—"

"What—swanlike wings—meaning sails—urging the ponderous bulk fraught with adventurous mortals o'er the trackless deep—walking the *trottoir* of the ocean like a thing of life, and all that sort—eh? that's what you mean."

"Exactly—only you had better clothe the ideas in newer phrases. Then you can be very moral about the substitution of the innocent salubrious beverage for the intoxicating and unhealthy draughts—"

"Porter, ale and cider, wine, spirits and other compounds, as licensed to be drunk on the premises," said the Honourable.

"Precisely—only don't allude to them in language quite so familiar to the ear. Then you can describe the comforts of the poor—the husband abstaining from the boisterous mirth of the sink of iniquity, to share his—

"Pot of tea instead of beer—"

"Yes—only—"

"With his missus and the little kiddies, as they call their wife and family, said Willburton, showing an unwonted degree of poetical excitement. "Could not we introduce the cow—dappled sides—feeding in sea-green pastures—give a slight hint of the fable of Europa—have a touch at the milkmaid's cherry cheeks and the lowing herd winding slowly over the river Lea?"

"Better not, I think," said Tomkisson, afraid to laugh at his friend; "but you can show your abilities and your horror of slavery, by venting your just indignation on the use of the sweetening medium grown under a burning sun, amidst the shrieks and groans of a fettered and lash-driven slave population."

"Yes—and recommend the substitution of lump or loaf, which is more *refined* you know—capital idea."

"Then conclude by alluding to the pale student over a cheering cup of the Seric juice and the —"

"Benefits likely to result to the order and quiet of the university from the abandonment of claret-cup and egg-flip. I see—I see—it shall be done," said Willburton."

Tomkisson, who was really a clever fellow in his way, and wished to give his honourable friend such hints of the subject as he might act upon, without appearing to cram him, thought he had said enough, and was about to leave him; but his friend retained his arm in his, and observed in a serious whisper—

"Mind, old fellow, no one must know that we are writing for the

Newdigate, and you must not be seen in my rooms or I in yours until we have finished and sent in our poems. The world is a cruel world, and should I succeed my success might be attributed to secondary causes. You see my meaning? *Sic vos non vobis*—eh?”

Tomkisson allowed that he did see his friend's meaning and understand his allusion. He agreed to submit to the terms proposed, although he said it would give him great pain to interrupt even for a short time their pleasant meetings in each other's rooms.

“Never mind, old fellow, we can meet anywhere else, and that will do just as well,” said Willburton.

Tomkisson was obliged to look as if he thought so,—though he did not—for, to tell the truth, he was devoted to meat-pies, savoury *pâtés*, saucissons, and other foreign relishes; and his friend had an unlimited tick at Fortnum and Mason's.

They parted, and each went to his lodgings, for they had no longer rooms in college. Tomkisson had hired quiet apartments over Magdalen Bridge; for much depended on his reading hard for a class. Willburton had gay rooms in the High Street, because he wished for anything but to be quiet and read. Then he was sure of plenty of idlers dropping in at all hours to smoke or chat, or do anything else that idle men used to do in those remote days; he could look out of the window, and see the men go hunting or riding, and see all the coaches that passed through the town, and lift his elbow to their well-known drivers.

When he arrived at his lodgings he threw off his coat and neckcloth, put on a reading-gown, and sat down to meditate on his subject—for he was full of it. Presently an idea occurred to him for an opening couplet; he muttered it over to himself while he unlocked his writing-desk, spread out his paper, and mended his pen. He was just in the act of committing it to paper when a scuffling of feet was heard on his stairs, and three men rushed into his room with a view holloa, and burst out into a loud laugh at seeing the idlest man in the university sitting at his desk in his reading-gown at two o'clock in the day.

The laugh grated on Willburton's ears, and the shout annoyed his feelings. He showed it in his face.

“What, reading!—actually reading?” said one of the men.

“Writing to his lady love,” said the second.

“More likely to the governor for tin, or to Fortnum and Mason for a perigord,” said the third.

“I am busy, as you see, or rather about to be busy. I am beginning to write, and really I do wish you would leave me this morning,” said the honourable.

“No such thing—you promised us a saucisson and a jug of ale before you went down the water with us, so *sonnez le tingler*, and let us commence,” said one of his callers.

“I really am going to be very busy, and cannot go down the water to-day. I don't mind standing lunch if you'll promise to leave me to myself afterwards. I am going to write, I assure you—something very particular.”

“Oh of course if that's the case—but order up the consumeables,” said another.

The private tiger soon had everything prepared, and the three young men sat down, inviting their host to do the same, but he was too much excited by the couplet in his head, which he was afraid would escape, to accept their invitations. They stood upon no further ceremony, but commenced eating, while Mr. Willburton walked up and down the room repeating the verses louder and louder to himself, as he thought—until these words distinctly reached the ears of his friends—

“ When the good ship—the Farquhar—put to sea
Laden with Twankay, Hyson, and Bohga—”

They laid down their knives and forks and shouted, “ Bravo ! Dapper turned poet ! bravo ! let us drink success to his vein poetic.”

“ Willburton and his poem—hurrah ! one cheer more for the bohea.”

“ Really,” said Willburton, “ I was forgetful—I did not mean to be heard—I did not wish my secret to be discovered—I—”

“ Oh, then there is a secret—confess—make a clean breast,” said one.

“ Let me see,” said the second ; “ I can explain, I think : ‘ tea and bohea ! ’ You have seen the subject for this year’s prize poem ? Well—depend upon it, Dapper is doing a Newdigate.”

Dapper could not deny it, so he owned the soft impeachment, and begged them as a favour not to divulge the secret to any one else, (which, of course, they promised,) and to leave him as soon as lunch was over.

In this they obeyed him, intimating their hopes that he would knock off his poem quickly, and be a brick again.

“ Capital opening,” said one.

“ Splendid,” said another.

“ I would not have missed it for a poney,” said the third ; and all three burst into so loud a laugh just as they got into the street, that the Poet heard it clearly, though he had not the remotest idea that he had caused it. He ordered away the luncheon, after finishing the jug of ale, and sat down and committed the couplet to paper. He tried a second, but could only get half another line.

“ The sails were set, and—”

There he was aground. He bit his pen, ran his fingers through his hair, looked down on his boots and up on the ceiling ; rose, and walked about the room ; sat down again, and kicked his terrier that tried to jump up into his lap. He had heard that Poets sometimes required stimulants to bring out the ideas imbedded in their brains, so he rang for his servant and ordered cigars with hock and Seltzer. The stimulants did their duty, and ere he had finished his first cigar he was able to complete the second couplet :

“ The sails were set, and all the sailors ready ;
The captain cried out ‘ steady boys, there, steady.’”

Beyond this, hock, Seltzer, and weeds would not enable him to proceed. He had almost made up his mind to resign all chance of poetic fame, and generously to give his opening verses to his friend Tomkisson, when he fortunately recollected that his sister Henrietta was a contributor

to an Annual, and had just done "The Undone One," to the unbounded admiration of her publisher, who was delighted with lofty *names*.

To her he wrote, explaining his intentions and wishes, and begging of her to send him down, by return of post, her ideas upon the subject, expressed in a metre, of which he sent her a specimen, and not exceeding fifty lines. When he had sealed it and given it to his servant to post it, he dressed more quietly and soberly than usual, and walked down to Hall dinner, where it was quite clear to him that his secret had not been kept by his friends of the morning, as many others wished him success in all his undertakings, and he heard several whispered titterings about "tea and Bohea."

He felt rather uncomfortable, but he looked as poetical as he could, and was consoled by the thought that he should meet Tomkisson at a wine party in the evening, and could communicate to him the progress he had made in his verses, and the unlucky manner in which his secret had transpired. He resolved to obtain his sanction for the disclosure of *his* secret also, in order that their abstaining from each other's society, during the progress of the rival poems, might be properly appreciated.

Tomkisson readily assented to the proposition that he should be announced as a rival candidate for the Newdigate. As a matter of course the announcement was received with loud applause, and his success drunk in "bumpers, and no taps," to which he modestly replied, alluding in his speech to his temerity in opposing so clever a person as his honourable friend on his right, and assuring the company that he should not have been rash enough to do so, had it not been at his honourable friend's suggestion.

Mr. Willburton, of course, thought it necessary to rise and explain, and his explanation was so satisfactory, that he was pronounced "a regular trump, and no mistake."

The president proposed that, instead of another bottle of claret, tea should be ordered, in order to test the candidates' abilities in handling the subject-matter of their poems; but his proposal was received with such audible cries of "No—no—shame—shame," that he did not persevere, but resumed his seat.

Tomkisson retired to his lodgings early; but Willburton spent the evening at the party, where he sat late. In this he had a double motive—to show his friends that he could afford to waste *his* time, and thereby prove his superiority over his rival, and to convince them that they were not working together—in short, that there was no collusion between them.

We must adhere to the honourable candidate for the present, and leave his rival to his studies.

By return of post the letter from his sister arrived, franked by "the governor." Dapper opened it, and found within an affectionate epistle, and a poem of fifty lines, neatly done in crow-quill. He sat down and read the verses carefully. Then he locked his door, and copied them in his own horrible scrawl, putting in dashes and blots here and there, that it might look like an original MS. Having accomplished this to his satisfaction, he burnt his sister's copy, and thought himself "safe to go in and win."

He very much wished to show the verses to his rival, and to ask his

opinion of them; but he thought it would not do—he might catch an idea and convert it to his own use. He locked them up carefully, and nodded and winked mysteriously whenever he was asked how he got on. This system he carried on for nearly a week, and then put on the idle man again, admitting to his friends that his task was done. Tomkisson said he was glad to hear it, as he had finished *his* poem, and meant to send it in on the following day.

This announcement, he could not tell why, made Mr. Willburton very nervous. Having openly set up as a rival to Tomkisson, he had a great horror of being beaten by him. He thought he could depend upon his sister's far-spread fame as a poetess, but still he thought it possible that her verses might be more suited to an Album or an Annual, than to an university *rostrum*; so at the eleventh hour he made up his mind to show them to his college tutor, and ask his opinion of them.

Mr. — expressed his delight to hear from his blushing pupil, whom he looked upon as a bit of a reprobate, that he had written for the Newdigate. He smilingly received the MS., and begged the author to be seated while he perused the verses. He read them carefully over, and then leaning his pale brow on his pale hand, said—"Ingenious, exceedingly ingenious; but I think I have seen them, or something like them, before."

Willburton was horrified, but said not a word.

"Have the kindness to give me that Anti-slavery Gazette at your elbow," said Mr. —. "Ah!" said he, when he had received it, "I thought so—here they are—all the same ideas, only put into new and not so efficient words. It will never do, my dear young friend; I admire your ingenuity and your humanity, but I cannot approve of—to use a mild term—your mal-appropriation of the thoughts of others. There is your MS. I wish you a good morning."

Willburton snatched up the verses, tried to say something apologetic, but feeling something like a ball of worsted in his throat, and a swimming sensation about his head, he merely bowed and left the room.

What was to be done? He went to his lodgings, lit up a cigar, and meditated. His tutor, he felt assured, would never reveal what had taken place; it was confined to his own breast, that he had meditated imposing his sister's verses on the University, and that she had "flung him" by imposing an altered-for-the-worse version of lines from the Anti-slavery Gazette upon him. Still he had announced himself a candidate for the Newdigate, and a candidate he thought he must be, or be laughed at by a large circle of acquaintances. What if he resigned from pure motives of friendship to Tomkisson? Such an excess of friendship would never be believed. What if he unbosomed himself to his friend, and induced him to resign, and transfer his verses to him—for a consideration—the promise of patronage and a cheque on the Governor? It was a very ticklish point. Tomkisson, though poor, was proud—proud of his scholarship. The Honourable Dapper Willburton was in what is too vulgarly called a *quandary*. At last he resolved to go and call upon his friend and sound him—but very gingerly—so slightly, in fact, that if he saw his approaches to an amicable arrangement disagreeable, he might retreat immediately without having given offence.

He put on his hat jauntily, to give himself a careless air, swinging one glove in his hand after he had put on the other, and, whistling to little Vixen, the terrier, strolled down High-street as if he was merely going over Maudlen bridge for a constitutional. He nodded exultingly to all the men whom he knew, as much as to say, "I have done it—all right."

He walked up into Tomkisson's lodgings, but found he was not at home. He felt a little angry as well as disappointed; he thought Tomkisson *ought* to have been at home to *him*; he *must* have known he wanted to consult with him. He resolved to write a note and tell him so; he went to his writing-desk, selected a pen, dipped it in ink, and lifted the lower partition for a piece of paper. What meets his eyes? What makes the honourable gentleman tremble? What causes the beaver, so jauntily put on, to be lifted as it were from his head? merely a small parcel, resembling an overgrown letter, directed to the Professor of Poetry, and bearing the motto, *tulit alter honores*.

Some writer upon criminalities says, "Opportunity alone, in many instances, makes men thieves." Here was an opportunity! Before the Honourable Dapper Willburton lay the verses of his friend. What if he substituted his own; or rather his sister's; or rather than that, the writer's in the Anti-slavery Gazette, for them? He went to the window and looked up and down—St. Clement's was clear of any one like Tomkisson, and so was Maudlen bridge.

He closed the window, drew down the blind, and locked the door. He was about to break the seal of the packet when he caught the eye of little Vixen gazing upon him, as he thought—reproachfully. There was more than instinct, there was reason in the look. He was about to drop the packet and give up his design, but, after a moment's thought, he changed his mind and kicked little Vic. across the room under the sofa. He broke the seal, abstracted the poem, which he slipped into his pocket, and having substituted for it the pirated verses of the Anti-slavery Gazette, he sealed the parcel again, and placed it exactly as he had found it. He then drew up the blind, opened the window, and unlocked the door. He wrote a short note to Tomkisson, hoping to see him to wine with him; rang the bell violently for the maid, and having given her strict orders to be sure to deliver the letter on the table to Mr. Tomkisson when he came in, took a quiet stroll to Bullingdon and back again.

When he reached his own lodgings he sent his servant out upon some frivolous pretence, and then folded up Tomkisson's verses, without reading them, in an envelope, most mendaciously assuming for a motto: *hos ego versiculos feci*, and directed them, after inclosing his name and college, sealed up, to the Professor of Poetry.

Tomkisson came to wine, with several other men, and never had he seen his friend in such spirits. He attributed them to a consciousness of having been successful in his trial for the prize; yet he could not help fancying at times that his spirits were not genuine but adulterated. There was a fidgetiness about him, and his laugh did not sound quite natural, especially when one of the party alluded to a gentleman who had been hanged that morning for breaking open the seal of a letter.

He noticed that he turned rather pale; that his hand trembled; and that he spilt a portion of his claret on his shirt-frill; but it might be the mere result of a vivid imagination; he might be fancying himself present at the execution, and few men can witness a fellow-man suspended from a piece of twine, for the first time, without being a little affected by the sight.

To no one, in the course of that memorable evening, was the honourable host more attentive than to his humble friend. He neglected lords and gentlemen-commoners to pay especial attention to him. He saw his glass filled every time the bottle passed—proposed his health several times in various characters—as plain Tomkisson—as a student of Christ's Church—as stroke of the racing boat—but not as a candidate for the Newdigate. In the excess of his gratitude Tomkisson really wished that he had not sent in his poem in opposition to his honourable and generous friend; and, jumping up from his chair, expressed a hope that the Newdigate bearing for its motto *tulit alter honores* might not be successful. Willburton felt sure it would not—though he did not say so.

The same kindness, the same most peculiar respect and attention did Willburton show to his friend: during the weeks that intervened between the delivery of the poems and the adjudgment of the prizes they were never apart. They seemed to live together for one another, and upon one another; though, if the truth must be spoken, Tomkisson lived upon Willburton, and greatly added to the amount of Fortnum and Mason's bill.

This friendly—excessively friendly—feeling, between two rivals for an university prize, was highly estimated by their numerous acquaintances. It was openly spoken of with undisguised admiration, and gave frequent opportunities, to many of their set, to show their classical attainments by comparing them to Nisus and Euryalus, Pylades and Orestes, and other gentlemen of ancient days, who had been celebrated for the intimate and friendly footing on which they lived with each other.

Willburton was greatly excited while he awaited the decision of the prize. Although not previously addicted to drinking to excess, it must be allowed that he drank largely while the judgment was pending. Tomkisson took it cool, and his claret cool too—as usual. He really hoped he might fail, provided his honourable friend succeeded; he could easily whisper to his set that “he had not put out his strength, to oblige a noble family.”

The important day at length arrived. A programme was issued, and the prize for the Newdigate adjudged to—a man of another college—an unknown man of a *small* college. This greatly disgusted the Christchurch men generally; but Tomkisson felt a sort of relief that he had not succeeded against his honourable friend, and his friend was greatly relieved at the thought of his having escaped the consequences that must have ensued had he been declared the victor, for he must either have been exposed to the contempt of the university for having abstracted another's exercise, or been the bondsman of that other for the remainder of his life.

They had a very jolly evening over their failure, and received the condolences of their friends with great equanimity. Everybody said it

was at least 200 to one against each of them, and that was "long odds" for any one to contend against, which was very consolatory.

On the following morning, a message arrived from the Dean, requesting Messrs. the Honourable Dapper Willburton and Tomkisson to wait upon him in his study. They went, as in duty bound, wondering what he could want with them; but rather expecting a rebuke for their noisy conduct on the preceding evening. They found Mr. —, the college tutor, seated near the Dean. The Tutor smiled benignantly on them as they entered, and the Dean, after shaking one of them kindly by the hand, and frowning on the other, thus addressed them:—

"Mr. Willburton, my friend, the Professor of Poetry, has, from a friendly feeling towards you, betrayed your secret, and forwarded me a copy of your poem. He assures me that he has had great difficulty in adjudging between you and the gentleman who has won the prize. Our house is greatly indebted to you, and you must oblige me, though the request is unusual, by reciting your verses in Hall."

Willburton would have given worlds for what players call "a vampire trap," that he might have bolted through it and never been seen again.

"As for you, Mr. Tomkisson," continued the Dean, "you have not only been guilty of gross plagiarism, but you have copied your matter from a magazine infamous for its heterodoxy, however famous it may be for its advocacy of anti-slavery principles."

Tomkisson stood aghast. Before he could refute the charge brought against him, Mr. — rose from his chair and begged the Dean to allow him to see the poem which had called forth his indignation. He cast his eyes upon it and then upon the writer.

Willburton rushed to the door, and before the Dean could recover his surprise at his sudden exit, he was half-way across Canterbury Quad, on his way to his lodgings.

Great was the amazement of the three gentlemen who were left together, when they discovered that the poems had changed their envelopes and mottoes. They were puzzling themselves how to account for the extraordinary metamorphosis without subjecting the writer of one of them to a foul and dishonourable charge, when a note was put into the Dean's hands. It ran thus:—

"Mr. Dapper Willburton begs to inform the Dean of Christchurch that he exchanged the prize poems in a *fit of abstraction*."

Mr. Tomkisson received his reward in a first class and a college living, while the Honourable Dapper Willburton was spending his time in various cities on the continent.

THE NEW YEAR'S FEAST.

'Twas a joyous day ; for the Nations hailed
 The dawn of another year ;
 Though the winds through the leafless woodlands wailed,
 And the flowers lay cold and sere :
 Yet the flowers of a future Summer sprung
 In the trusting hearts whose hopes were young,
 And the wreaths of memory's verdure hung
 Around the past, to cheer
 The darkened desert of lonely age
 With the treasures of life's last heritage.

There met, that eve, in a stately hall,
 A fair and a joyous throng ;
 Where oft the voice of the festival
 And the sound of bridal song
 Had gathered their country's brave and fair ;
 And oft had the princely parent pair
 Rejoiced o'er their blooming branches there
 That grew so fair and strong ;
 But never before such joy was known
 As now on that New Year's banquet shone.

For one who had wandered long, and been
 By the household miss'd and mourned,
 In the joyous light of that festive scene,
 To his early home returned.
 For he went in early youth, but came
 With a warrior's strength, and a brighter fame
 Than ever shone on his father's name ;
 And a weary heart, that yearned
 To reach the home which had been to him
 A beacon whose light could ne'er grow dim.

He came ; and the smiles and tears were o'er,
 For the joy was blent with tears

That welcomed his wandering steps once more
 To the home of his childhood's years.
 And the feast was spread, and the hall was gay,
 As well befitted that festal day;
 And the minstrels poured a pleasant lay
 To the joyous dancers' ears;
 But the only spirit that seemed to grieve
 Was his who had reached his home that eve.

“ And why is it thus with thee, my son? ”
 Said his gentle mother then;
 “ For thy toils are past, and thy laurels won,
 Thou hast found thy home again;
 And our hearth still burns with as bright a glow
 As it shed on the years of long ago,
 For it hath no shadow of death or woe,
 And our halls have known no stain;
 Then why art thou sad and silent here,
 When we welcome thee with the new born-Year? ”

The wanderer gazed on his father's hall,
 But his gaze was sad and strange,
 As he said, “ I have found nor stain nor pall,
 But my heart hath found a change;
 For the dark pine woods that murmur round
 My carly haunts, have the same deep sound,
 And the hills with a misty glory crowned,
 Where my childhood loved to range,
 They are still the same,—no change hath past
 On them or theirs since I trod them last.

“ But oh! there's snow on my father's hair,
 And age on my mother's brow,
 For I left its marble smooth and fair,
 But I find it furrowed now:
 And my brothers, where are the bright-haired boys
 That shared in my early sports and joys,
 And why do these stately warriors rise
 To greet my steps, and how
 Hath the joy that flashed in my sister's gaze
 Been dimmed by the shadows of darker days?

" And yet while on these mine eyes can trace
 The path of the passing years,
 There is one on whose early faded face
 They can only look through tears :
 I have seen the glory of earth decay,
 And mine own bright visions pass away,
 Like a lingering planet's setting ray,
 When the morning sun appears ;
 And beauty perish, and love grow strange,
 But I knew not that *that* bright face could change.

" Ah ! is it thus that I come at last
 With my dearly purchased fame,
 When the light of youth from my home hath past,
 And the brightness from my dream !
 Oh, Time, thou hast made my roses old,
 And the Altar-Place of my memory cold ;
 But reclaim the glory and the gold,
 And leave my home the same
 As last it was, when in gladness here
 We met to welcome the New-Born Year."

" And hast thou not grown a stranger, too,
 For thy thoughts and words are strange,
 Ah, Time to his changeless course is true,
 But our human footsteps range."
 So spake the Mother, but her eye
 Seemed seeking the light of a brighter sky ;
 For she said, " In the land of eternity
 There are years that bring no change ;
 And a mingled lesson of hope and fear
 Was taught at the welcome of that New Year."

FRANCES BROWN.

MRS. BURRAGE.

A Temperance Romance.

"Water, water every where."—COLERIDGE.

"There's nothing like grog."—DISDIN.

"For the water swells a man."—FALSTAFF.

"Come, come, wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used—exclaim no man against it."
IAGO.

"Give it me without water; so, my friend, so."—RABELAIS.

"I believe, an' please your Honour," quoth the Corporal, 'that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your Honour off—'

"And the Geneva, Trim," added my Uncle Toby, 'which did us more good than all.'

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

CHAPTER I.

TEMPERANCE is a Virtue.

"No doubt of it," cries a ~~lean~~ fat, plethoric gentleman, with a sanguine complexion, and a very short neck—too short to be long in this world.

"It's the summit of human Virtue," exclaims a tall long vinegar-faced female, holding up a Teatotal Tract.

"A Virtue that will preserve itself in any climate," shouts an advertiser of quack nostrums.

"And a Virtue that costs nothing," adds a Templar of Pump Court.

"It is virtuous for de outside of a man, and for de inside of a man," says a foreign water-curate.

"It's a Cardinal Virtue," cries a Romish Priest, not hopeless, perhaps, of arriving by water at a Red Hat.

"And a primitive Virtue," puts in a friend in drab. "It was practised by our first parents."

"A Virtue that is its own reward," exclaims a scholastic copyholder.

Then what need, say I, of a Temperance Medal?

CHAPTER II.

Heavens! what a hubbub!

What an uproar from Teatotal Presidents, Vice Presidents, Grand Masters, and Grand Mistresses! What an awful flourishing of white staves, and red hands, and brown cudgels! I shall have my eye punched out by a total abstinence fist, or my nose broken by Sobriety's flagstaff, or my skull fractured by a temperate shillelagh! Yes; I shall be brained by yonder red-headed hod-carrier, with the muddy knees,—who, for all his uproarious support of the element, would as soon be choked as drink Boyne Water! No matter: I must speak my mind.

"You shall do no such thing," screams a she-Rechabite, "unless you speak your mind on our side."

"Tell the brass band to play up, and drown his voice!" roars a brother-bite.

"He's a publican and sinner," squeaks a little old woman, the very model for a Water Witch. "Pump on him! Duck him! Drown him!" cries an admirer of aquatic sports.

"Make him take the pledge!" bellows Waterman No. 1.

"And kneel to the 'Postle!" bawls Waterman No. 2.

"And force him to be blest!" bellows Waterman No. 3.

"And to buy a medal!" suggests a Hebrew member of the Numismatic Society. Which brings us round again to the old question, as to the need of a temperance medal at all.

There are no such honorary badges for the other virtues—for example, Honesty, Charity, Veracity—then why a medal for Temperance?

"Vy!" exclaims the Wandering Jew. "Vy, becoss if ve melts up all the metal for medals, there von't be no pewter left to make quart and pint pots."

Bravo Moses! Thou hast extemporised the most reasonable reason yet advanced in favour of the ridiculous decoration! A sort of *Waterloo* medal, precociously worn before the moral battle is even fought—much less won!

CHAPTER III.

"And do you really think, sir," asks a little woman, in an Eau du Nil coloured bonnet, with watered ribbons, "do you really think that there is any harm in wearing such an ornament?"

"No wickedness, ma'am, but great weakness. Something of that contemptible vanity which induces certain people to decorate themselves with the ribbon or insignia of foreign orders, conferred on themselves by themselves."

"Ah—you're agin the cause!"

"Far from it, Madam. On the contrary; I was for many months a strict teatotaler. Nay, I not only abstained from wine, beer, and spirits, for my own good; but, from the same exalted motive, drank daily, almost hourly, the most nasty, filthy, nauseous, abominable, disgusting draughts, to smell and taste, that my doctor and apothecary could invent. But did I, therefore, bedeck myself with rewards of merit, or was I treated with any public honours? Who gave me a medal for swallowing, for my health's sake, vile tincture of bark? Who invested me with a Blue Ribbon, for improving my appetite by chamomile tea? Who waved a green banner over me, for drinking infusion of senna? Or ground even a hurdy-gurdy before me, for taking castor oil? Faugh! my gorge rises at the remembrance! And your teatotaler, forsooth, is to be decorated, like a Knight of the Bath, for only quaffing, for soul and body's sake, nice, pure, sweet, delicious water! the Nectar of the Naiads!"

"Then of course, Sir, with such sentiments, you would not kneel down, and be blessed by the Apostle of Temperance?"

"Certainly not, Madam. When I kneel to mortal, it will be to my lady-love, or her Majesty the Queen; but to man, never!"

"Ah! because the father is a popish priest."

"Not at all. But because the posture, however common amongst the Neales and O'Neils, is not an English one. In the time of the 'Spectator,' indeed, it was usual for a dutiful son to kneel down to his parents for a blessing. But Father Mathew is not my father, nor, although an Irishman, is he my mother, to entitle him to such a filial genuflection. I can respect the man and honour the cause; but, as to dropping on my knees, like some of his proselytes, whenever I found myself in Theobald's Road——"

"Well, for my part, Sir, I don't mind saying, I did kneel to him at the great Marrowbone meeting—I should say Mary-le-bone."

"As you please, Madam; but the hinges of my legs are not so pliant. Besides, consider the monstrous inconvenience that would result; for, after kneeling to Father Mathew, I should feel bound, on temperance principles, to drop on my pans to some thousand or so of other meritorious individuals—beginning with my friend Martin the Painter."

"A painter!"

"Yes—for his Plan for Supplying the Metropolis with Spring Water."

"Are you serious, Sir?"

"Quite, Madam. I decidedly think that every Protestant man, woman, or child, who has knelt to Father Mathew, is bound, in common consistency, to fall on his or her knees, shine or shade, wet or dry, dust or mud, rough or smooth, easy or greasy, not only to Mr. Martin, but to Mr. Pedley, Mr. Robins, Mr. Schweppe, Captain Pidding, and the Directors of the Chelsea Water Works, the East London Water Works, the New River Company, the East India Company; the Master Wardens, and Members of the Grocers' Company; Captain Claridge, Mr. Braidwood, the parish turncocks; in short, every notable patron of tea and water, in the kingdom."

"Mercy on us!"

"Nay more, Ma'am, I venture to say, that if any person ever kissed Father Mathew, he or she is bound, by the movement, to kiss every one of the personages I have just enumerated,—and Mr. Mackay into the bargain,—for so strongly recommending the Thames and its Tributaries."

CHAPTER IV.

"Now really, really," says the fat red-faced gentleman with the short neck, "really now, you are really,—too bad! To turn such a cause into ridicule!"

"Who, I, my dear Sir? Heaven forbid! It is its own watery-headed pumpkins of followers—temperate perhaps in body, but certainly not sober-minded—who render it ridiculous. A great authority has compared public meetings to farces; but what with its processions and its brass bands, its banners and crosses, its green scarves and blue sashes,—its foppery and its popperry—its stepfathers, Roman monks, and bearded pilgrims—its terrific combats between the Wapping bullies and the pot-

valiants—and its teatotal chorusses, from its six foolish virgins in white,—a Mathewite meeting bade fair to become—”

“What, Sir—what?”

“A GRAND MELODRAMATIC PANTOMIME WITH REAL WATER!!!”

“Very well, Sir—very well indeed! I see you are not for the promotion of temperance amongst the lower classes!”

“On the contrary. But, my dear Moses, just cease for a moment the jingling of your medals—my dear female Rechabite, have the goodness to take your wet tract out of my eye,—and my dear little printseller, be off with your portraits of the apostle. If the poor man must lay out his pence or shilling in a picture, let him have a cheap print, at cost price, of Hogarth's Gin Lahe.”

“Humph! Why then, Sir, you do approve of temperance in the lower orders?”

“Yes; certainly. But I have some misgivings, when I see a flock of bleating human animals plunging, helter-skelter, follow-my-leader, into the fresh water—as Dingdong's sheep rushed into the herring-pond—not from principle, but gregarious impulse. I should like to know how many of the converted have already broken their rash pledges—how many are at this hour writhing, like poor Mr. Brunel, with their temperance medals sticking in their throats.”

“Why, then, you are against the Movement after all?”

“Nay. I would move still farther—for I would water not only the bodies of the poor and ignorant, but their minds—open to them not merely the parish pump, but the springs of knowledge. In plain words, I would educate them,—furnish schools for them,—and, as in the schools abroad, ‘la morale’ should form a distinct and prominent item in the prospectus. They should be taught that temperance involves something more than a mere abstinence from strong drinks—that it forbids man to be ‘drunk with pride’—to be ‘intoxicated with vanity’—to be overcome with anger—to be far gone in hatred; and, above all, that he must renounce blood-thirstiness, as well as his thirst for mountain-dew or Cream of the Valley.

“Then we shall see the humble bricklayer and his labourer become such builders as Young describes, men who

‘On reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man!’

Then will the artisan kneel down to God—his true father—and regard as his best temperance pledges those little living ones that prattle around him. Then he will walk steadily and soberly, without a white wand,—eschew blue-ruin without a blue scarf,—drink his glass of water without a medal for it,—and sip his cup of Bohea without a teatotal hullabaloo from six young women in white.”

“Well, for all your skits, Sir,” says the florid bull-necked gentleman, “I must and will say I admire a Mathewite meeting.”

“And so do I,” cries the little woman, in the Eau du Nil coloured bonnet, with the watered ribbons. “It's such a beautiful sight!”

“It's such a powerful moral engine,” says the stout florid gentleman.

“Then I wish,” mutters a simple Fire-Brigade man, “we had had it at the fire at Topping's wharf.”

CHAPTER V.

"BUT Mrs. Burrage!"

Patience, dear Reader, patience. She was not quite in a fit state to be introduced to you: I was obliged to enter into that little preliminary discussion on temperance to allow her time to get tipsy.

But now—lo! there she sits, that little plump woman, with her moist blue eye, with a drop in it, like a violet wet with dew—her nose nubbly and red as a rose-bud—her cheeks blushing like the full-blown damask flower—and her mouth half-open, like a street-door left ajar—according to the Arabian superstition—for the Evil Spirits to drop in. The forefinger of her right hand is crooked round the stem of an empty wine-glass, and with her other hand she gives a twitch at her cap and the row of brown curls under it, which having gone a little a-jee on one side, she tugs as far awry on the other.

Yes, there she sits—in melancholy contrast to the scene around her; for Mr. Burrage, a strict teatotalter, has fitted up his parlour to match his principles. Nothing, you see, but the most chaste and cool colours;—none but the most temperate images. The curtains are of a pale sky-blue,—the carpet is of sober drab and browns—the paper of a cream-colour ground, with a meandering pattern of aquatic weeds, and white water lilies, interwoven with that vegetable emblem of sobriety, the Pitcher Plant—and in each curve of the pattern a little fish. On the mantel-shelf—in the middle—stands one of those Fountain Clocks, that eternally pour forth a limpid stream, clear as glass, and spirally twisted like a stick of barley-sugar. On each side of the clock is a large marine shell, and at either end of the shelf, a biscuit-ware River God, with his urn under his arm. Over the fire-place hangs a large framed print of Rebecca at the Well, and on the opposite wall, an engraving of Moses smiting the Rock. On the right of the door is an original drawing in water-colours of the New River Head,—and on the left, on a bracket, and under a bell-glass, a cork model of Aldgate Pump. From the centre of the ceiling, in lieu of chandelier, hangs a huge pumpkin,—and on the little table near the window is an alabaster vase, with a cluster of little doves on the brim, sipping the imaginary pool, with one bird, which should be looking heavenward, as if in gratitude for the draught, but that Female Intemperance, in too rudely washing it, had wrung off its little head. What else? Why, if you could look into that corner cupboard, you would see a splendid Silver Tea Pot, presented by Mr. B. to his helpmate, in the vain hope of attaching her to the Chinese beverage.

"No, no," mutters Mrs. Burrage with a nod and a wink and a smile at nobody, "He won't get *me* to be a te—a to—a, a tostitler!"

CHAPTER VI.

'Now, exactly as Mrs. Burrage mispronounced the last word of her soliloquy, the Teatotaler entered the room, and catching the jumbled syllables, guessed immediately at the cause.

"Ellen!—you have been drinking again!"

"Only the least drop, John—only the least modicus—nothing but a drain of rum."

"*Nothing* but ardent spirits!—*Only* fermented liquor; only liquid fire! *You* had better drink poison at once!"

"Perhaps—I had."

"I say, woman, you might as well swallow arsenic or oxalic acid!"

"Yes, or corrosive sub—sublimity," stammered the Bacchanal, for she had got into her old cups, the hiccups. "Well, perhaps I shall!"

"Ellen, Ellen, you will break my heart! You will drive me mad!"—and the afflicted man, throwing himself into a chair, leaned his arms and head on the round table. His face was hidden; but his wife could hear his sobs, and see the heaving of his shoulders,—and a change came over her countenance. The vacant stare, and the idiotic simper, gave place to a sober gravity; and, hastily rising from her seat, she staggered towards her husband and threw her arms round his neck.

"John—dear John—I will take tea—or water—whatever you like."

"Oh, that you would only drink water!" groaned John, getting up on his legs, and mechanically stretching forth his right arm like an orator; for, on temperance themes, that greatest of all water-drinkers, the whale, was not more of a spouter, "Oh, that you would but drink water! The beverage of our first parents before they knew sin! The pure fluid of the fonting! The diamond of the dessert! (he meant desert.) Oh, that you would take to water, hard or soft, river or pump, plain or mineral, callybeat, or sulfurious."

"Or fly-water—or lau—lau—laurel water"—muttered his perverse helpmate.

The Teatotaler dropped into his chair again as if he had been shot!

"I will, I WILL poison myself!" screamed the repentant woman, running and throwing herself at full length on the sofa, in a passion of grief, which at last subsided into a heavy sleep. But even in her slumbers, she continued to murmur of poison, arsenic, laudanum, oxalic acid, and "corrosive sublimity."

"And she will, too!" exclaimed the disconsolate husband with a violent gesture of his right arm, as if he were dashing to the ground some bottle of deadly fluid, "She will, too, in some of her low fits!"

For, as happens to all persons with the same unhappy failing, the physical excitement was succeeded by exhaustion and depression,—a "flow of spirits" by a flood of tears. Her most volatile flights always ended in a plunge in the Slough of Despond. What more likely than that, under the weight of bodily discomfort and mental anguish, from dejection and remorse, she would fulfil the dreadful threat?

"And she will, too!" repeated the poor Teatotaler, as he carefully

searched the table-drawer and the cupboard, anxiously sniffing at every phial, and tasting every powder. But he only found a little *Sa Volatile*, some pounded rotten-stone, and a paper of common salt.

And nothing else?

Yes—a black bottle half full of some liquid which by the smell and taste he ascertained, at some risk to his pledge, to be very fine Pine-apple Rum.

“The horrid creature!” exclaims our *She Rechabite*—whose nose, by the way, is of a deeper crimson than becomes her sober professions, though she may be an aquatic bird notwithstanding, as even the *Water Hen* has sometimes a very red beak.—“The horrid creature! such *Silenuses* are a disgrace to our sex!”

CHAPTER VII.

POOR Mr. Burrage! what a night he passed,—or rather what a night passed him,—for, could he have given it the go-by, most assuredly it would have been at a quicker pace.

The moment he closed his eyes in sleep, the image of his wife stood before him, with a large packet marked “Poison” in one hand, and a great bottle labelled “Laudanum” in the other. He tried to snatch them from her; but from a stroke of that universal paralysis, so common in dreams, he was utterly powerless—helpless—speechless. A passive spectator, he could only look on at the dreadful tragedy enacted before him, in a succession of rash acts. For slowly, slowly, the wretched woman unfolded the packet and uncorked the phial,—then, deliberately, so deliberately that the operation seemed to occupy an age, she licked up the fatal powder, and next drank the deadly dose, taking after it an enormous white lump of what he understood by intuition to be sugar of lead. A strange imitation of the ordinary process of taking medicine—but dreams are often mere *parodies* of the realities of life.

All this while the Teatotalter made frantic efforts to arrest the suicidal deed—and if desperate *willing* it could have sufficed, according to the theory of the *Magnetisers*, he would certainly have mesmerised the visionary arms and hands of his partner into some stiff and safe attitude,—but alas! the most intense volition would not even lift his own finger. No man ever intended more energetically to bawl out, but he could not even accomplish the squeak of a mouse; never was the Spirit of Determination so swaddled up in the Mummy of Imbecility!

In the mean time the features of the poisoned woman exhibited the most awful changes. Her face—at first of a cadaverous white, except the mouth, which was of an unnatural red—a face of dough with lips of sealing-wax—suddenly became flushed with crimson, that deepened into purple, and thence almost to black. Her eyes, one moment closed as if under the influence of the narcotic, at the next started wide open, and began protruding from her head like those of a snail—anon turning inwards, they disclosed nothing but the whites—and finally, mocking a catastrophe not uncommon to wax dolls, dropped bodily into her head.

As for her cheeks, they had attained to a frightful puffiness; but, instead of being white or crimson, they were now discoloured with dreadful blotches, blue, yellow, or green, and at last turning to large spots of a livid colour with red edges,—like rounds of ship beef.

It was a dismal sight! but how much more so, when, suddenly falling on the floor, she became spasmodically convulsed, and threw herself into more postures and contortions than any tumbler on the stage. But at last these ceased; and her body swelled prodigiously,—her head thrice the natural size. The death-rattle was heard in her throat—but with supernatural loudness—a white foam, afterwards bloody, oozed from her black lips; the eyes, returning to their sockets, rolled horribly—most horribly! and, after a long, deep-drawn sigh, she puffed into his face, as he bent over her, the last parting breath—smelling powerfully of pine-apple rum!

She was gone!—but no—she was not—for the shock to his nerves awoke the Teatotaller,—and turning on his pillow he saw his wife by his side—she was alive and breathing, and her face was of its natural complexion,—but her lips were moving, and, approaching his ear, he distinctly heard her murmur—“Yes—I will—I will take it.”

“And did she, Sir?”

My dear, curious Reader,—*she did.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning the Teatotaller rose, and went to his occupation abroad, as usual, for he was the Co. of a small linendrapery establishment in the City; but he was sadly unfit for business; as who could be otherwise, with his heart as heavy as a slack-baked loaf, his head as confused as mixed pins, his nerves as unstrung as the harp of Tara's halls, and altogether as unhinged as the Gates of Somnauth. In fact, he entered the shop with such a melancholy face,—as if he had forsworn even animal spirits,—that his partner inquired anxiously after his health.

“Why, middling, had a bad night;” but he did not add that he was having almost as bad a day from his waking dreams; nor that, from the perturbation of the optic nerves, the pink sprigs on the printed cotton before him seemed to be wriggling about like clusters of worms. There was a half-mourning chintz, too, with round black spots on it that rolled about, distressingly like her eyeballs.

“And how was Mrs. B.?” inquired the partner.

“Why, pretty well, thankee,” as indeed she might be for all he knew; but alas! for all he knew, she might be, at that very moment, as he had seen her in his vision, namely, with her whole frame drawn into an arch, only resting on the heels and the back of the head. She was, perhaps, even then swelling to that portentous bulk, with a head huge as three, and a face changing from pink to purple, like the shot silk in the window. He even seemed to smell—it might be the odour of the dye, from the stuffs and bombazines; but in his nostrils it was the smell of a narcotic associated with sleep everlasting.

In vain he tried to get rid of the gloomy impression; it clung to him

like a wet garment, chilling him to his very soul. At sight you would have set him down, not a Teatotaller, but a confirmed drunkard; his hand shook so, he never snipped the linen with the scissors at the right nick; his eyes dazzled so, he offered puce-ribbons to match with snuff colour, and declared blue satin to be the best raven black. As for the bills, he could neither make them out nor sum them up correctly; he was too busy with the Bills of Mortality; and he invariably gave the wrong change. In short, to use a common phrase, his mind was poisoned, and, as a natural consequence, his thoughts were corroded, his fancies discoloured and distorted, and Reason in a high delirium. As usual in such cases, his brain swarmed with horrible images; whilst the most trifling realities assumed a prophetic significance.

"What a frightful pattern!" exclaimed a maid-servant, as she turned over some remarkably cheap gingham.

The Teatotaller glanced at the piece she pointed at, and thought so too, for it was sprinkled over with spots of a *livid colour with red edges*.

"And that is not much better," said the girl, tossing aside a remnant of a *flush-coloured ground, blotched with yellow, green, and purple*.

"And that's wus," said the female, rejecting a third sample. "I don't see nothing I like;" and she proceeded to deposit her small purchases of pins and tape, and half a yard of flannel, in her basket, out of which she first took an article that either occupied too much room or would have endangered the rest—a bottle of some deleterious mixture for the flies, and marked "Poison," in large letters. The linendraper shuddered at the sight, but attempted a grim pleasantry.

"Are you going to drink that, my dear?"

"No; it's for Missus."

"Good God!" ejaculated the Teatotaller, but under his breath, and hastily pushing three shillings and two penny pieces towards his customer, as the change out of her half-crown, for he was almost crazy at the ominous coincidence: "It's meant, yes, it's meant for a warning." And snatching up his hat, without more notice or ceremony than if he had absconded with the till or the cash-box, he bolted out of the Emporium, and ran home, if it was a home, and to his wife, if he had a wife. Of which he had quite as many doubts as one could tie up in a yard of black crape.

CHAPTER IX.

RAP—rap—rap!—No one came to the door.

Ring—ding—ding!—Nobody answered the bell.

"My worst fears then are realised!"—but the conclusion was premature, for the door suddenly opened, whilst his hand again convulsively grasped the knocker, and pulled him into the passage. With trembling nerves, and a palpitating heart, he instantly rushed into the parlour; she was not there! Nor yet in the drawing-room! But her bonnet and shawl lay on the round table. His wife had been out! Perhaps to lay in a fresh stock of pine-apple rum, for he had made away with the bottle in the cupboard. Perhaps, dreadful thought! to purchase some or all of

the dead drugs she had threatened to swallow. With renewed alarm he hurried up stairs to the bed-chamber, and threw open the door. Yes, thank Heaven! there she was, and alive, and without a blotch on her face. But he had yet his minor misgiving.

"Ellen, you have been out."

"Well, I know I have."

"To the King's Head."

"No, John, no. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You—will—be—troubled—no—more—with—my—drinking—I HAVE TOOK IT AT LAST."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!"—and, leaving one coat flap in the hands of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room,—sprang down the stairs, both flights, by two and three stairs at a time—ran along the passage, and without his hat or gloves, or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quatern loaf, a bason of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to ask if the children were hurt, or even to see whether the infant dripped with gore or molasses. Away he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward, down the Borough, heedless alike of porter's load, baker's basket, and butcher's tray.

"I say," muttered the errand boy as he staggered from the collision.

"Do that agin," growled the placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're goin'" bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares; whilst a dandy, suddenly thrust into the kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missiles which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launch them.

But on, on, on scampered the Teatotaller, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a he Camilla, to the shop, number 240, with the red, blue, and green bottles in the window,—the Chemist and Druggist's, into which he darted, and up to the little bald man at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My wife!" "Poison!" and "Pump!"

"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the Surgeon-Apothecary, with professional coolness.

Both—all sorts—ladnum—assnick—oxalic acid—corrosive sublimity"—and the Teatotaller was about to add pine-apple rum, amongst the poisons, when the Doctor stopped him.

"Is she sick?"

"No." But remembering the symptoms overnight, the Teatotaller ventured to say, on the strength of his dream, that she was turning all manner of colours, like a rainbow, and swelling as big as a house.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Esculapius, and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus—a sort of elephantine syringe with a very long trunk—he set

off at a trot, guided by the Teatotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian, Mrs. Burrage.

"And did he save her?"

"My dear madam, be content to let that issue remain a little, and accumulate interest, like a sum in the Saving Bank."

CHAPTER X.

Now, when the Teatotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bed-room; which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of the stranger, nay even without exactly knowing how it was done, she suddenly found herself seated—more zealously than tenderly or ceremoniously—in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with a tube of something, which was certainly neither macaroni, nor stick-licorice, nor yet pipe-permint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representations of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colours that he had described,—if she was not yet quite so blue, green, yellow, or black, as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure that she soon would be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation, against her own consent; so with a vigorous kick and a push, at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and indignantly demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It's to save your life—your precious life, Ellen," said the Teatotaller, very solemnly.

"It's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle," retorted Mrs. B., who would have added "stick," but the doctor, watching his opportunity, had dexterously popped the tube again into her open mouth: not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," entreated the Teatotaller, confining her hand, "do, do, pray do sit quiet."

"Pob—wob—wobble," said Ellen. "Hub—bub—hub—bubble," attempting to speak with another pipe in her throat besides the windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am, to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," said the Teatotaller, "you know what you have taken."

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," put in the doctor.

"Assnic and corrosive sublimity," said the Teatotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly water and laurel water," said Mr. Burrage.

"Vitrified, prussic acid, and aqua fortis," continued the druggist.

"I've took no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"Why, that your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter. "No more it shall, for I've took—"

"What, ma'am; pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven! What?"

"Why then—I've took the PLEDGE!"

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

(A faint Impression of Hogarth.)

THE old man is dead!—Toll heavily ye bells!
The son, the heir is coming, hark!—the music how it swells!
That roar and shock of merriment strikes sadly on the heart:
Joy is here, almost ere Death has yet had leisure to depart:
And the last of that dark funeral (the holy rite scarce done)
Cries out—"The father's buried, friends: Long life unto the Son!"

From out the miser mansion is swept the black array:
The windows are unbarred, and straight in dances merry Day;
The cold grim hearth is blazing: the cellars shed their wine;
The chests give up their hoarded souls, and the rake saith—"All is mine;"
Yet the first debt that he pays is with an oath,—for virtue won,
(And lost, alas!)—and so begin the triumphs of the son.

The Rake dawns forth in scarlet: his ears are deaf with praise;
The fencer and the fiddler, and the jockey court his gaze:
The poet mouths his stanzas; the bully, with a curse,
Swears how he'll cut a throat for him, and only asks—his purse.
O, Steward of the needy, be careful of thy prize;
Above thee beams the firmament: Thy way is to the skies:—

No, no: his doom is earthly; coarse, earthly are his joys,
Black wine, and wild-eyed women round him stun the night with noise,
And one, a painted Thais, doth fire a painted world,
And others round the dizzy room in drunken dance are whirled:
Foul songs are met by fouler gibes; mad screams by curses bold;
Till even the drowsy watchman wakes, and—claims his bribe in gold.

But pleasures are not endless, however far we range;
 And summer friendship faileth, and golden seasons change:
 And then the fierce-eyed creditor, ~~comes~~ clamouring for his debt;
 And all who fed upon the Rake are eager to forget.
 The bailiffs are upon him,—ah! he's saved:—A gentle heart
 Redeems him:—'tis a Magdalen who plays an angel's part.

For once the rescue serveth: But blacker days may be;
 And how to live, he ponders, and still riot with the free:
 He sells his youth, his manhood: takes sour Old Age to wife,
 And thus (for a nauseous respite) twists a serpent round his life:
 That sting must drive him frantic:—ay! the dice are in his hands;
 And the terrible eye of Morning sees him beggared where he stands.

What followeth in the story? Why, Horror and the Jail,
 Where food is not; and fire is not; and every friend doth fail;
 Where each jailor is a robber, and each prisoner 'round a foe;
 Where nothing linketh heart to heart,—not even the common woe.
 His play—sole hope!—rejected, he sits down, with vacant stare,
 And the game of life abandons, with the quiet of despair:—

And then—THE MADHOUSE opens! Look round: he cannot: Blight
 And Frenzy hang about his brain, and blind his staring sight:
 In vain pope, king, sit crowned; in vain the martyr raves;
 In vain pale herds of idiots sit chattering o'er their graves:
 He heareth not; he seeth not:—all sense is dimmed by pain:
 Ambition, Pride, Religion, Fear, scream out to him in vain.

And yet,—Oh, human Virtue!—*Thou* never canst escape:
 Thou comest here, as everywhere, in woman's angel shape.
 The loved—the lost—the ruined One—*She* quits him not, at last:
 But soothes and serves about him, till the damps of death are past;
 His limbs she then composes,—weeps,—prays,—(they heed her not),
 Then glides away in silence,—like a benefit forgot!

LIFE IN THE SICK ROOM.*

OF all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce: one who has lost the greatest lesson in life; who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the Sick Chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, a bachelor of arts, or even a doctor in divinity, yet is he as one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in wholesome knowledge to the mortal who has had but a quarter's gout, or a half-year of ague—how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his *tic douloureux*, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply red in the scarlet fever! And yet what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow, bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and the bullock, the generality of which die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition.

To such a monster of health the volume before us will be a sealed book; for how can he appreciate its allusions to physical suffering, whose bodily annoyance has never reached beyond a slight tickling of the epidermis, or the tingling of a foot gone to sleep? How should he, who has sailed through life with a clean bill of health, be able to sympathise with the feelings, or the quiet sayings and doings, of an Invalid condemned to a life-long quarantine in his chamber? What should he know of Life in the Sick Room? As little as our poor paralytic grandmother knows of Life in London.

With ourselves it is otherwise. Afflicted for twenty years with a complication of disorders—the least of which is elephantiasis—bedridden on the broad of our back till it became narrow—and then confined to our chamber as rigidly as if it had been a cell in the Pentonville Penitentiary, we are in a fit state, body and mind, to appreciate such a production as Mr. Moxon—not the Effervescing Magnesians, but the worthy publisher—has forwarded with so much sagacity, or instinct, to our own sick ward. The very book for us! if, indeed, we are not actually the Anonymous of its dedication—the very fellow-sufferer on whose sympathy—"confidently reckoned on though unasked," the Invalid Author so implicitly relies. We certainly do sympathise most profoundly; and as certainly we are a great sufferer,—the greatest, perhaps, in England, except the poor incurable man who is always being cured by Holloway's Ointment.

Enough of ourselves:—and now for the book. The first thing that

* Life in the Sick Room. By an Invalid. Moxon.

struck us, on the perusal, was a very judicious omission. Most writers on such a topic as the sick-room would have begun by recommending some pet doctor, or favourite remedy for all diseases; whereas the author has preferred to advise on the selection of an eligible retreat for laying up for life, and especially of a window towards that good aspect, the face of Nature. And truly a long term of infirm health is such a very bad look out, as to require some better prospect elsewhere. For, not to mention a church-yard, or a dead wall, what can be worse for a sick prisoner, than to pass year after year in some dull street, contemplating some dull house, never new-fronted, or even insured in a new fire-office, to add a new plate to the two old ones, under the middle window. What more dreadful than to be driven by the monotony outside to the sameness within, till the very figures of the chintz curtain are daguerreotyped on the brain, or the head seems lined with a paper of the same pattern as the one on the wall? How much better, for soul and body, for the Invalid to gaze on such a picture as this:—

“Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the Prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the Priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the Prior's fish-pond, the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the light-houses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid,—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and finally they part off on the village green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath, stretches the railroad; and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a windmill now in motion and now at rest; a lime-kiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way, and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer-evening ride, pricking on in the lanes where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat

till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over head (for it is now chill evening), and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I, there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the spirit of the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, and among country people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing."

Here is another:—

"The sun, resting on the edge of the sea, was hidden from me by the walls of the old Priory: but a flood of rays poured through the windows of the ruin, and gushed over the waters, strewing them with diamonds, and then across the green down before my windows, gilding its furrows, and then lighting up the yellow sands on the opposite shore of the harbour, while the market-garden below was glittering with dew and busy with early bees and butterflies. Besides these bees and butterflies, nothing seemed stirring, except the earliest riser of the neighbourhood, to whom the garden belongs. At the moment, she was passing down to feed her pigs, and let out her cows; and her easy pace, arms a-kimbo, and complacent survey of her early greens, presented me with a picture of ease so opposite to my own state, as to impress me ineffaceably. I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment: but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated—as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore."

The mention of pictures reminds us of certain ones, and a commentary whence the reader may derive either a recipe, or a warning, as he desires to be, or, not to be, an invalid for the remainder of his life. O! those beautiful pictures by our favourite Cuyp, with their rich atmosphere as of golden sherry and water! That gorgeous light flooding the wide level pasture,—clinging to tree and stone, and trickling over into their shadows—a liquid radiance, we used to fancy we could wring out of the glowing herbage, and catch dripping from the sleek side of the dappled cow! Sad experience has made us personally acquainted with the original soil and climate of those scenes, and has painfully taught us that the rich glowing atmosphere was no such wholesome aerial negus as we supposed, but a mixture of sunshine and humid exhalations, lovely but noxious—a gilded ague, an illuminated fever, a glorified pestilence,—which poisons the springs of life at their source. Breathe it, in bad health, and your fugitive complaints will become chronic,—regular standards, entwined in all their branches by the parasitic low slow fever of the swamp. "In short, you will probably be set in for a long season of foul bodily weather, and may at once consult our Invalid how to play the part in a becoming manner, and "enjoy bad health" with something of the cheerful philosophic spirit of the family man, who on being asked if he had not a "sick-house," replied "Yes—but I've a *well* staircase."

The first grand step towards laying up in ordinary is to get rid of the superb egotism and splendid selfishness of the condition. Lamb, in one

of his *Essays*, has vividly described the gloomy absolutism of the sick man, obsequiously waited on by his household slaves, eager to anticipate his every want and wish, and to administer to his merest whims and caprices. And, for a short reign, such a tyranny may pass, but the confirmed invalid must prepare for a more moderate rule; a limited monarchy instead of a despotism. It requires some self-sacrifice to renounce such autocratical power, and will need much vigilance to prevent a relapse. But who, save a domestic Nero, would wish to indulge in such ill behaviour as the following, for a permanence?

"I have known the most devoted and benignant of women call up her young nurse from a snatch of sleep at two in the morning to read aloud, when she had been reading aloud for six or seven hours of the preceding day. I have known a kind-hearted and self-denying man require of two or three members of his family to sit and talk and be merry in his chamber, two or three hours after midnight: and both for want of a mere intimation that it was night, and time for the nurse's rest. How it makes one shudder to think of this being one's own case!"

It is rather difficult to believe in the habitual benevolence or considerateness of the parties who needed a broad hint on such matters; and yet real illness may make even a self-denying nature somewhat *exigeant*, when mere fanciful ailments render selfishness so intensely selfish. Ask the Physician, Surgeon, and Apothecary, and they will tell you, that for every hard-hearted medical man, who refuses or delays to attend on the urgent seizures and accidents of the poor, there are thousands of practitioners dragged from their warm beds at night, through wind, rain, snow, sleet, hail, and thunder and lightning—over heaths and through marshes, and along country cross-roads—at the risk of catarrh, rheumatism, ague, bronchitis, and inflammation—of falls, fractures, and footpads—on the most frivolous pretences that wealth and the vapours can invent. There is even a perversity in some natures that would find a dirty comfort in the muddy discomfort of an Esculapius soused in provincial muck, like Doctor Slop, by an encounter with a coach-horse—for, what right has the physician to enjoy more bodily ease than his patient? For such a spirit we imperatively prescribe a chapter of "*Life in the Sick-room*," night and morning, until he learns, that the very worst excuse a man can offer for selfishness is, that he is "not quite himself."

There is, however, another peril of invalidism, akin to the "damning of sins we have no mind to" described in *Hudibras*:—

"We are in ever-growing danger of becoming too abstract,—of losing our sympathy with passing emotions,—and particularly with those shared by numbers. There was a time when we went to public worship with others,—to the theatre,—to public meetings; when we were present at picnic parties and other festivals, and heard general conversation every day of our lives. Now, we are too apt to forget those times. The danger is, lest we should get to despise them, and to fancy ourselves superior to our former selves, because now we feel no social transports."

True. We have ourselves felt a touch of that peril in our weaker moments—on some dull cold wet day, when our pores, acting inversely, instead of throwing off moisture, take in as much as they can collect

from the damp atmosphere, well chilled by an easterly wind. At such times a sort of Zimmermannishness has crept over us, like a moral gooseskin, inducing a low estimate enough of all gregarious enjoyments, public meetings, and public dinners; and above all, those public choruses on Wilhelm's method, at Exeter Hall. What sympathy can We-by-ourselves-We have with Music for a Million? But the fit soon evaporates, when, looking into the garden, we see Theophilus Junior, that second edition of our own boyhood, in default of brothers or playmates, making a whole mob of himself, or at the least a troop of cavalry, commanding for the captain, huzzaing for the soldiers, blowing flourishes for the trumpeter, and even prancing, neighing, and snorting for all the horses! 'One dose of that joyous Socialism is a cure for our worst attack of the mopes. The truth is, an invalid's misanthropy is no more in earnest than the piety of the sick demon who wanted to be a monk, or the sentence about being weary of existence, to which Hypochondriasis puts a period with a Parr's Life Pill!

A more serious peril, from illness, concerns the temper. When the nerves are irritable, and the skin is irritable, and the stomach is irritable,—not to be irritable altogether is a moral miracle; and especially in England, where, by one of the anomalies of the constitution, whilst a man cannot be tried twice for the same offence, his temper may be tried over and over again for no offence at all. Indeed, as our author says, "there are cases, and not a few, where an invalid's freedom from irritability is a merit of the highest order." For example, after soot in your gruel, tallow-grease in your barley-water, and snuff over your light pudding, to have "the draught as before" poured into your wakeful eyes, instead of your open mouth, by a drunken Mrs. Gamp, or one of her stamp. To check at such a moment the explosive speech, is at least equal to spiking a cannon in the heat of battle. There is beyond denial an ease to the chest, or somewhere, in a passionate objurgation—"Swear, my dear," said Fuseli to his wife, "it will relieve you"—so much so, that a certain invalid of our acquaintance, doubly afflicted with a painful complaint, and an unmanageable hard-mouthed temper, regularly retains, as helper to the sick nurse, a stone-deaf old woman, whom he can abuse without violence to her feelings.

How much better to have emulated the heavenly patience in sickness of which Woman—in spite of Job—has given the brightest examples:—Woman, who endures the severest trials, with a meekness and submission, unheard of amongst men, the quaker excepted, who merely said, when his throat was being cut rather roughly—"Friend, thee dost haggle."

It must not be concealed, however, as regards irritability of temper in the sick room—there are faults on both sides—captious nurses as well as querulous nurselings. Cross-patches themselves, they willingly mistake the tones and accents of intolerable anguish, naturally sharp and hurried, for those of anger and impatience—and even accuse pain, in its contortions, of making faces, and set up their backs at the random speeches of poor delirium! Then there are your lecturers, who preach patience in the very climax of a paroxysm, when the sermon can scarcely be heard, certainly not understood—as if a martyr, leaping mad with

the toothache, could be calmed by reading to him the advertisement of the American Soothing Syrup! And then there is the she-dragon, who bullies the sufferer into comparative quiet! Not that the best of attendants is the smooth-tongued. Our invalid objects wisely to the sick being flattered, in season or out, with false hopes and views. As much panada, sago, or arrowroot as you please, but no flummery.

"Let the nurse avow that the medicine is nauseous. Let the physician declare that the treatment will be painful. Let sister, or brother, or friend, tell me that I must never look to be well. When the time approaches that I am to die, let me be told that I am to die, and when. If I encroach thoughtlessly on the time or strength of those about me, let me be reminded; if selfishly let me be remonstrated with. Thus to speak the truth with love is in the power of us all."

And so say we. There is nothing worse for soul or body than the feverish agitation kept up by the struggle between external assurances and the internal conviction; for the mind will cling with forlorn pertinacity to the most desperate chance, like the sailor, who, when the ship was in danger of sinking, lashed himself to the sheet-anchor because it was the emblem of Hope. Till the truth is known there can be no calm of mind. It is only after he has abandoned all prospects of pardon or reprieve, that the capital convict sleeps soundly and dreams of green fields. So with ourselves: once satisfied that our case was beyond remedy, we gave up without reserve all dreams of future health and strength, and prepared, instead, to compete with that very able invalid who was able to be knocked down with a feather. Thenceforward, free of those jarring vibrations between hope and fear, relieved from all tantalizing speculations on the weather's clearing up, our state has been one of comparative peace and ease. We would not give one of our Pectoral Lozenges to be told, we are looking better than a month ago—not a splinter of our broken crutch to be promised a new lease of life—a renewal of our youth like the eagle's! Such flatteries go in at one ear, the deaf one, and out at the other. We never shall be well again, till broken bones are mended with "soft sawder."

Are we, therefore, miserable, hypped, disconsolate? Answer ye bookshelves, whence we draw the consolations of Philosophy, the dreams of Poetry and Romance,—the retrospections of History,—and glimpses of society from the better novels; mirth, comfort, and entertainment even for those small hours become so long from an unhealthy vigilance. Answer ye pictures and prints, a Portrait Gallery of Nature!—and reply in your own tones, dear old fiddle, so oft tuned to one favourite sadly-sweet air, and the words of Curran:—

"But since in wailing
There's nought availing,
But Death unfailing
Must strike the blow,
Then for this reason,
And for a season, ●
Let us be merry before we go!"

It is melancholy, doubtless, to retire in the prime of life, from the whole

wide world, into the narrow prison of a sick room. How much worse if that room be a wretched garret, with the naked tiles above and the bare boards below—no swinging bookshelf—not a penny coloured print on the blank wall! And yet that forlorn attic is but the type of a more dreadful destitution, an unfurnished mind! The mother of Bloomfield used to say, that to encounter Old Age, Winter, and Poverty, was like meeting three Giants; she might have added two more, as huge and terrible, Sickness and Ignorance—the last not the least of the Monster Evils; for it is he who affects pauperism with a deeper poverty—the beggary of the mind and soul.

“I have said how unavailing is luxury when the body is distressed and the spirit faint. At such times, and at all times, we cannot but be deeply grieved at the conception of the converse of our own state, at the thought of the multitude of poor suffering under privation, without the support and solace of great ideas. It is sad enough to think of them on a winter's night, aching with cold in every limb, and sunk as low as we in nerve and spirits, from their want of sufficient food. But this thought is supportable in cases where we may fairly hope that the greatest ideas are cheering them as we are cheered: that there is a mere set-off of their cold and hunger against our disease; and that we are alike inspired by spiritual vigour in the belief that our Father is with us,—that we are only encountering the probations of our pilgrimage,—that we have a divine work given us to carry out, now in pain and now in joy. There is comfort in the midst of the sadness and shame when we are thinking of the poor who can reflect and pray,—of the old woman who was once a punctual and eager attendant at church,—of the wasting child who was formerly a Sunday-scholar,—of the reduced gentleman or destitute student who retain the privilege of their humanity,—of ‘looking before and after.’ But there is no mitigation of the horror when we think of the savage poor, who form so large a proportion of the hungerers,—when we conceive of them suffering the privation of all good things at once,—suffering under the aching cold, the sinking hunger, the shivering nakedness,—without the respite or solace afforded by one inspiring or beguiling idea.

“I will not dwell on the reflection. A glimpse into this hell ought to suffice, (though we to whom imagery comes unbidden, and cannot be banished at will, have to bear much more than occasional glimpses;) a glimpse ought to suffice to set all to work to procure for every one of these sufferers, bread and warmth, if possible, and as soon as possible; but above everything, and without the loss of an hour, an entrance upon their spiritual birthright. Every man, and every woman, however wise and tender, appearing and designing to be, who for an hour helps to keep closed the entrance to the region of ideas,—who stands between sufferers and great thoughts, (which are the angels of consolation sent by God to all to whom he has given souls,) are, in so far, ministers of hell, not themselves inflicting torment, but intercepting the influences which would assuage or overpower it. Let the plea be heard of us sufferers who know well the power of ideas,—our plea for the poor,—that, while we are contriving for all to be fed and cherished by food and fire, we may meanwhile kindle the immortal vitality within them, and give them that ethereal solace and sustenance which was meant to be shared by all, “‘without money and without price.’”

Never, then, tell a man, permanently sick, that he will again be a perfect picture of health when he has not the frame for it—nor hint to a sick woman, incurably smitten, that the seeds of her disease will flourish and flower into lilies and roses. Why deter them from providing suitable pleasures and enjoyments to replace those delights of health and

strength of which they must take leave for ever? Why not rather forwarn them of the Lapland Winter to which they are destined, and to trim their lamps spiritual, for the darkness of a long seclusion? Tell them their doom; and let them prepare themselves for it, according to the Essays before us, so healthy in tone, though from a confirmed Invalid—so wholesome and salutary, though furnished from a Sick Room.

ALBUMS.

At the present day, when every fine lady has an equally fine album, and inexorably levies contributions from each of her fine acquaintance, it is dangerous to appear in the drawing-room, unless duly victualled and crammed with elaborately prepared impromptus, and carefully finished fragments, ready for adorning "the virgin page." (I don't mean the button-boy.) The fair one's good word for you may depend on your own *bon mot*, and a judicious *jeu d'esprit* may give you a *locus standi* among the gownsfolk before all the senior wranglers of the season. You had better forget your card case, than your scrap case; and to be prepared with a new bit of scandal is less important than to be primed and loaded with a brilliant "pellet of the brain" for the album. If, however, you are too dull or too indolent to manufacture a scrap out of your own raw materials, you must "call up spirits from the vasty deep" of some needy author, who, for a consideration, will make them respond to the call. But be sure you get the entire copy-right for your coin, and that the impromptu-seller does not supply a duplicate to some other dunce. I shall never forget the laugh of a lively young lady, on her showing to me the same poetical offering to her beautiful charms, laid upon her scriptorian altar, in different places, by divers worshippers, who, unknowingly to each other, had purchased the same goods at the same workshop, each inscribing it as born of his own spontaneous mother wit. But, as the young beauty remarked, who ever heard of *three* Minervas issuing, fully armed, from Jove's head? I remember the first verse ran thus:—

"Fair lady, when my hand you ask,
Your album to embellish,
You offer a delightful task,
Apollo's self might relish."

My fair informant told me that one of the would-be-witty contributors happened to forget the fourth line. He was fairly stumped. In vain he bit the feather end of his goosequill; the line had flown from his memory;—in vain he plunged his pen into the ink again and again, knuckle-deep; he only darkened his fingers, without enlightening his faculties. At last he was closing the book in despair, when his eye was caught by the gorgeous splendour of the red, green, and gold cover,

—a thought struck him,—he was suddenly inspired, and dashed off the really original line—

“’Tis *bound* uncommon swellish.”

Such an accidental bit of opportune inspiration may not always be your fortune; and therefore take care to get your scrap well by heart, so that every word shall flow currently and smoothly, without hitch or blot, from your fingers' ends.

There was once related to me another case of lapse of memory at the important moment. A rare album writer was in the constant habit of repeating over his intended impromptu addresses to the fair this, or charming that, while shaving himself at his glass. On one occasion the album was presented to him, but alas! it was in vain he had made ready, for he could not fire—he had forgotten his couplets. The barrel was charged, but the leaden contents remained as harmlessly quiet as wet gunpowder. What was to be done to restore suspended animation? He feigns sudden illness, retires to another room, gets a servant to bring him warm water and a razor, and prepares for a shave. The experiment is quite successful; for no sooner does the glass reflect his face in a lather, than his memory revives, and the lost effusion is recovered. This was but an awkward piece of business after all; and I should say, if you *must* have some association to fix your memory, avoid making that association with a razor, lest some day or other you chance to cut a ridiculous figure.

The old adage, that we may judge of the character of another by the character of his or her associates, with some exceptions—and no rule is without exceptions—applies to an album, whose contents generally form a tolerably correct index of the peculiar society and character of its possessor. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, and we should scarcely find the album of a she-Friend seasoned with any spicy morsel about love or wine, of the flavour of Anacreon or Tom Moore. As well might we expect to hear, “Friend of my soul this goblet sip,” sung in full chorus by a Quaker congregation in a meeting-house. A Friend's scraps are for the most part peculiarly characteristic. One spinster of pallid complexion and petulant temper, who dwelt in the street called Whitecross, is said to have obtained from a Friend on the eve of his departure to Bombay the following:—

“For export to India no ale can be fitter

“Than thee Betsey Butt, thou ’rt so pale and so bitter.

“Thy friend,

“OBADIAH HOGG.”

This was no flattery. It was decidedly uncivil towards Miss Butt, who, however, ought to have known better than expect wit or good manners from a hogshead more accustomed to pale ale than politeness.

Professional jokes in a lady's album are generally outrageous violations of all propriety. They are frequently not understood, or misunderstood, or unappreciated by the fair one, who usually prefers, to the most pointed of such witticisms, any jingle, how lackadaisical soever it may be, about eyes and flies, hearts and darts, dove and love,

single and mingle, arms, charms, kisses, blisses, willing, thrilling, billing, killing, &c. &c. &c.

One young lady, who had recently taken Father Mathew's pledge, was entirely horrified when I translated for her a prescription, which a rattle-brained medical student of Guy's had written in her album, gravely assuring her that it was an excellent tonic: it was as follows:—

“ R. Vin adusti fl : ʒviij
Potūs e sacharo collecti fl : ʒxi
Sacchari ʒviij
Succi mal. cit. fl : ʒiij
Mal. cit. corticis ʒiv
Aq. ferv. fl : ʒxij

“ Misce. cap. cochlearia magna octodecem post prandium, et cochlearia magna viginti hora somni.
“ PUMILIO OBESUS, M.D.”

But of all professional jokers the legal witlings are the worst, as well in an album, as everywhere else; and yet there is no class of professionals more incurably possessed with the vicious spirit of joke-trying than the lawyers, whether nisi-prius tourists, or those equity “Wigs whom Bruce has often led.” Their quasi jests are for the most part too shallow to get above low-water mark; they are usually poor conceits, and mostly wretched puns, bearing about the same proportion to true wit, as a disciple of Father Mathew does to a choice spirit. As surely as Doe rhymes with Roe, so surely is the close of a lawyer's conversational wit bounded on all sides thereof by a defenceless pun. An instance was afforded at the late turnpike trials at Cardiff, when one of the learned limbs triumphantly asked “What would become of the gates without a *Bar*?”

As a specimen of the long-robe style of album-inscription, I extract a scrap by a young member of Lincoln's Inn:

“ That satin dress,
Which you possess,
Makes me to observe, Miss Brown,
That 't will be said
When we are wed,
Jack Jones has got a silk gown.”

I suppose it was because Mr. Jones's law was no better than his lyrics, that he never received Her Majesty's patent to plead “in silk attire;” and Miss Brown, as well as the Queen, entirely disdained all association with such stuff.

The scarcest autographs in a lady's album are the foxhunter's. Accustomed to “witch the world with noble horsemanship,” he scorns such a feeble pitiful mode of bewitching the fair as that of scrap scribbling. He and his leathers understand a cover of quite another sort than gay morocco binding. We would give a specimen of his hand; but that neither industry nor chance, nor an intimate acquaintance with Melton Mowbray, has yet thrown one in our way. If he ever dies for love, like the fox he dies mute.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.—IN PROSE.

BY C. DICKENS.

IF Christmas, with its ancient and hospitable customs, its social and charitable observances, were in danger of decay, this is the book that would give them a new lease. The very name of the author predisposes one to the kindlier feelings; and a peep at the Frontispiece sets the animal spirits capering at once along with Mr. Fizziwig at his Benthamite Ball, in his warehouse adapted to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. If ever Comfort was personified, there she is, dancing with Hospitality in a white waistcoat, and close beside her the domesticated Robin Redbreast, transformed for the occasion into a little boy. His coat is blue, indeed, instead of brown; but you can swear to him notwithstanding—to the cock of his bill and the cut of his tail, and to the hop that he will give when his turn comes!

It was a blessed inspiration that put such a book into the head of Charles Dickens; a happy inspiration of the heart, that warms every page. It is impossible to read, without a glowing bosom and burning cheeks, between love and shame for our kind, with perhaps a little touch of misgiving, whether we are not personally open, a crack or so, to the reproach of Wordsworth,

“The world is too much with us, early and late,
Getting and spending.”

Whether our own heads have not become more inaccessible, our hearts more impregnable, our ears and eyes more dull and blind, to sounds and sights of human misery; if our Charity altogether is not too much of a Clari, thinking of Home, home, home, and no place but home. In a word, whether we have not grown *Scroogey*?

“Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days, and didn’t thaw it one degree at Christmas.

“External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to intreaty. Foul weather didn’t know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often ‘came down’ handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

“Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, ‘My

dear Scrooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?' No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, 'no eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!'

"But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call 'nuts' to Scrooge."

Yes, *screw-nuts*. There was a figure to sit busy in his counting-house, as unmoved as a calculating machine, on the very threshold of Hilarity Term, that is to say on Christmas Eve! On that gracious Eve when knocking at every door and every hearts' door in gospel-lighted lands the gentle Spirit of Christianity craves admittance, not to chide or rebuke, but to comfort, to pardon, to redeem—to bless the lintel and the hearth, the bed, and the board, and to play with the little children! There was a man, to be visited by that divine Spirit, or by Charity and Mercy, who called on him in human shape.

"They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"'Scrooge and Marley's, I believe,' said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. 'Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?'

"'Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years,' Scrooge replied. 'He died seven years ago, this very night.'

"'We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner,' said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

"'It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word 'liberality,' Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed back the credentials.

"'At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge,' said the gentleman, taking up a pen, 'it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.'

"'Are there no prisons?' asked Scrooge.

"'Plenty of prisons,' said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"'And the Union workhouses?' demanded Scrooge, 'Are they still in operation?'

"'They are. Still,' returned the gentleman, 'I wish I could say they were not.'

"'The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?' said Scrooge.

"'Both very busy, sir.'

"'Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course,' said Scrooge. 'I am very glad to hear it.'

"'Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude,' returned the gentleman, 'a few of us are endeavouring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?'

"'Nothing!' Scrooge replied.

“ ‘You wish to be anonymous?’

“ ‘I wish to be left alone,’ said Scrooge. ‘Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don’t make merry myself at Christmas, and I can’t afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough: and those who are badly off must go there.’

“ ‘Many can’t go there; and many would rather die.’

“ ‘If they would rather die,’ said Scrooge, ‘they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don’t know that.’

“ ‘But you might know it,’ observed the gentleman.

“ ‘It’s not my business,’ Scrooge returned. ‘It’s enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people’s. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!’

“ Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labours with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.”

But perhaps by degrees, as the advent of the Holy Day drew nearer and nearer, the miser’s misanthropy thawed, his temper mended, and his temperature rose to blood heat: no, not a fibre, or a nerve—not one moral degree, above the freezing point. He kept hardening and stiffening with the weather.

“ ‘Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit’s nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then, indeed, he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge’s keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol: but at the first sound of,—

‘ ‘God bless you merry gentleman!
May nothing you dismay!’

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action, that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

“ At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

“ ‘You’ll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?’ said Scrooge.

“ ‘If quite convenient, Sir.’

“ ‘It’s not convenient,’ said Scrooge, ‘and it’s not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you’d think yourself ill-used, I’ll be bound?’

“ The clerk smiled faintly.

“ ‘And yet,’ said Scrooge, ‘you don’t think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day’s wages for no work.’

“ The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

“ ‘A poor excuse for picking a man’s pocket every twenty-fifth of December!’ said Scrooge, buttoning his great-coat to the chin. ‘But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!’

“ The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honour of its being Christmas-eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman’s-buff.”

Poor fellow ! And yet, compared with his master, he was as bright as the clerk that goes out "like winkin," on a piece of burnt paper. He had a spark of soul in him at any rate. And poor as he was there was a happy, aye and a merry Christmas before him ; and a dinner we would rather have dined with, than with Duke Humphrey—certainly no ancestor of the alderman of that ilk. First, a Christmas picture.

"The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground ; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and waggons ; furrows that crossed and re-crossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear heart's content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad, that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. For the people who were shovelling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee ; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snow-ball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great round pot-bellied baskets of chesnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth, like Spanish Friars ; and winking from their shelves, in wanton slyness, at the girls as they went by and glanced demurely at the hung up mislétie. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids ; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shop-keeper's benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed ; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings, ankle deep, through withered leaves ; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on ; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement. The Grocers' ! oh, the Grocers' ! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one ; but through those gaps such glimpses ! It was not alone that the scales, descending on the counter, made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and so straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar, as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress : but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tum-

bled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humour possible; while the Grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts, with which they fastened their aprons behind, might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose."

Now for the dinner; enough to make the mouth of a stone cherub water, like a fountain.

"'Why, where's our Martha?' cried Bob Cratchit looking round.

"'Not coming,' said Mrs. Cratchit.

"'Not coming!' said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse, all the way from church, and had come home rampant. 'Not coming upon Christmas Day!'

"Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"'And how did little Tim behave?' asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"'As good as gold,' said Bob, 'and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.'

"Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession. Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last!

Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose: a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed. Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house, and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing. At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chesnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chesnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!”

“Which all the family re-echoed.

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.”

What a party in a parlour—and all blest! But how did Scrooge the miser spend his Christmas Day?—how did he get over his twenty-fifth of December? Of course in his office, gloating over that gloomy composition, with only half a plum in it, his ledger. Not so: he never even looked into his banker's book to check the balance. He dressed hastily in all his best, and sallied into the street, walking with his hands behind him, exchanging greetings with beggars! patting children on the head!! and smiling blandly and kindly on every body he passed!!! Nay, he actually hurried his steps to meet that very Charity (disguised as a stout gentleman) whom he had repulsed so rudely the evening before.

“He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said, ‘Scrooge and Marley’s, I believe?’ It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

“My dear sir,” said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old

gentleman by both his hands. 'How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir!'

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge, 'that is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness'—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. 'My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?'

"If you please," said Scrooge; 'not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favour?'

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him; 'I don't know what to say to such munificence—'

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. 'Come and see me. Will you come and see me?'

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it."

There's a change!—a moral trick of metamorphosis as astounding as any mechanical one in the Christmas Pantomimes!—the parish cage into a Refuge for the Destitute—Newgate into the Philanthropic—a Pawnbroker into a Samaritan—a Scrooge into a Samaritan!—a Nero overnight, a Titus in the morning!

"But he was early at the office next morning. Oh he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

"And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

"His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. 'What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?'

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Bob, 'I am behind my time.'

"You are?" repeated Scrooge; 'yes, I think you are. Step this way, if you please.'

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank, 'it shall not be repeated; I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.'

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, 'I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And, therefore, he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat, that he staggered back into the Tank again: 'and, therefore, I am about to raise your salary!'

"Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. 'A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob!'

If that is not the most wonderful Bowl of Bishop ever promised—the most marvellous promise ever made—there is nothing Extraordinary in this world except an occasional Gazette! How the miraculous

change was effected (it was not exactly by Faith, Hope, and Charity), by what spiritual Trio (not Gin, Rum, and Brandy) the Worldly Wiseman was converted into a Christian, must be unriddled by the book itself; and haply there shall come a change over the reader also, in the perusal. Ours is rather a selfish, luxurious age. "The world is too much with us"—there is too much abroad of a cold calculating utilitarianism, far too much of the hard harsh spirit of the money-grubber, who, being asked if he had ever done a good action in his life, replied, "Yes. he once detected a woman in a sham fit."

ODE TO THE WYE.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO HAY.

If on thy banks, fair Vaga, I could dwell,
Yon fields, and fleecy flocks, my only care;
Soft would'st thou ceaseless murmur to my shell,
For ever bright my tranquil spirit share.

Ah no—true symbol of a chequered life,
Not thine to flow in smooth, unvaried song;
Now tumbling, foaming, with tumultuous strife,
Now pouring clear thy glassy tide along.

Cradled on huge Plinlimmon's craggy height,
Dark, rugged toils, thy early youth assail;
Till in thy changeful course, subdued and bright,
At length thou gently glid'st along the vale.

What feats of valour, and what deeds of love,
On thy famed banks awake the patriot's fire;
Here fierce Glendowr amid his Britons strove,
There Ross in triumph lifts her storied spire.

Or where, in rude and solemn grandeur, sleep,
Yon mouldering piles by time grey-mantled o'er;
The light-arched fane, the castle-crested steep,
That silent tell th' eventful tales of yore.

Yet these shall pass; while thou, fair Vaga, still,
Unchecked, unwearied, pour'st thy ample stream;
Responsive murmuring to th' Eternal will,
That led thee forth, and bade thy waters gleam.

AN IRISH REBELLION.

IT is impossible to divine for what reason all mention of the outbreak alluded to in the following letter has been suppressed in the daily papers of either kingdom; but whatever may have been the purpose of the journalists, the Rebellion described is, in the phrase of the *Times*, "A Great Fact."—*Ed.*

"To Miss * * * * * Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

"MY DEAR JANE,

"This cums hopin your well and cumfortable, which is more then I am or ever hope to be in this distracted country. Lord forgive me for repinin. But I wish I had married any wheres except to the Emerald Jem. My nerves is litterally shook to peaces, for won mite as well xpect to sleep in Sow Ameriky without Rockin by erthquakes, as to live in Ireland without Agitashuns. Its always in Convulshuns like a teething Babby!

"Sich mobbins & publick meetins, & violent speechifyins witch encourages murderin English, & marchins & counter marchins, & bonfires without Guys to them—& blowin Horns, & Irish thretnin letters from men as cant rite to men as cant read. Sich squabblings between Repeelers & No Repeelers, & Romans & Protestants, and exclusiv dealin, not like Mrs. Mullins at wist as used to deal all the Honners to herself, but not byin nuthin from noboddy except your own perswashun. Sich searchin for Harms & many factering Pikes and Repeel Wardins, & callin hard names, big Beggars, & mity big liers, and a surplus of rough uns, and a lion in blood Langwage & religun,—and as they've bilt a grate Hall for Irish Concilliashun there will be fighten of course. In witch case Lord help us, for when it comes to Battle royal, an Irish Justis always throws up his commission & his Hat along with it rayther then keep the peace! O Jane never never marry into Ireland. Singleness is better than Dublin.

"Thank goodness I'm not a Saxon but from Shropsheer, or my days wouldn't be long in the Land. Wat the Saxons has dun to displease the Irish xcept desertin from Boney at the Battle of Lipsick is more then I know, but they are as bitter as Bark agin the hole race. This very blessid mornin there was poor Patrick Maguire the tailor was shillallid amost into nine parts of a man for only havin a peace of cloth in his winder marked Saxony superfine. Its shockin to stir up sich nashunal anymositties between cristians. For my own part altho I am a English woman I dont hate Ireland and indeed was once quite attached to the country being stuck fast up to my middle in a Bog.

"Then theres party cullers. Sum of them runnin as mad at Orange as a bull at scarlet, because King William of Orange was a Dutchman and wanted to introdeuce Hollands instid of Wisky. And so they must

upset poor Widder Grady & her baskit into the gutter for sellin Oranges instied of Greens & others agin cant abide Green—so you cant even suit your complexion xcept by goin in Newtral Tint like a Quaker. But that cums of leaving my own country for an Island surrounded as I may say with hot Warter and witch sum mornin I may get up and find repeeled off to the Continent and a next to France. Or wats was simpatheisin off to Ameriky. But before sich a repeel I hope I shall be Repeeld to my grave! As may be I may be eithir pitch fork't to deth by a Protistant rebel or shot by a Poppish one with a barrellful of slugs. But who can expect behav'g as armless as Doves as Doctor Watts says in a country where a Pigeon House means a place full of sogers.

“As to my Husband insted of bein a cumfit in my allarms hes quite the Reverse, wat with his repeel pollytics & his Irish blud which is so easy set up he never goes out to spend an evenin & meet his frends but I look to see him cum home with a black eye or a pugnashus Nose,—if he ant sent sudden to heaven with a holy Head. Witch is rather alarmin for if thats his Friendship wat will his love be if it ever cums to Blows. Praps its sumthing in the soil for they do say you may no a real Irish tater by its havin black eyes. How sumever fighten & shillallyin is meat & drink to the Natives. But its his pollyticks as scars me out of my sensis. O if you could only hear him talk of goin to the Skaffold as he will sum day without his Hod—& crackin every Crown in the Wurd for the cause of Irish poverty he says is soverins raining over it, in short, sich speeches as must be Ketchd up, for State Persecutions, if luckly there wasnt so menny all talking in the same stile, for Strong language is one of their Weaknesses. And witch is why they praps want to have a Parliment of their own, for as to the House of Communs they say theres nothin Irish about it xcept a Speaker as dont speak. And so I supose they will have a Parliment in Collige Green, or else the Fifteen Akers witch is a better Place to pair off in. For you know theyre dredful Duelists & always so reddy for challengin, if you only look hard at a deaf Irishman he considderes it a callin out. Not but wat theyre a generous Pepel otherways as well as in fighting and would give away their last Rap in the wurd wether in munny or a stick, & whether a stick with a stick or with a pike. And I must say very gallant to the sects, even poor Thady when he's overcum by his Licker and sees dubble, Oh Nelly, says he, its a trate entirely it is to see two of your swate purty Faces insted of one. Witch is all very well in the way of complementin but whats it all Wuth when it cums to Pollyticks if he wants to repuddiate me like an Amerikan Det, and repeel all Unions between the English & the Irish. But a Marriage is a Marriage, & nayther him nor Mister O Daniel O Connel with Mr. Ray and Mr. Steel into the Bargin can get quit of three Axes & the Halter, Witch reminds me of the prejudis agin English males, I mean to say the Crole Coaches. Wat I suspects they wants is busses to jine on to their Blunders. For theres shockin reports about a General risin with the lark some mornin in the disturbed distrix. I supose the Peep o'day Boys, & sum plot gettin up. There certainly has been seizers of arms, & sum talk of Rebecca cummin over to giv lessons in levellin Pikes,

& they do say theres an uncommun stickin of Pigs by way of practisin for civil War. Likewise Rock letters, & as to land you mite as well take Leasis of the Goodwin Sands. There is poor Patrick Dolan, but I must call him Pat in futer for they've burnt his rick. Well he's as good as killd, for he's a prescribed-man. And all for wat? Why for havin a cow as wouldn't toss up with the Procter for the Tithes. To be shure as Thady says there's a Commisshun appinted to enquire how Irishmen hold their own, But wat's the use of a Commisshun to inquire out wat we all know beforehand namely that if so be every farmer in Ireland gives up his farm, the only Tennant left will be the Lord Left-tenant.

"What a friteful state of Things! Property not safe nor life nayther for if your killd the murderer always gets an Irish alibi witch is being in two other Places at the time. No law—no justis—no nothing. And in such an age as ours for all sorts of larning. Looking from England at Ireland, who would believe he sees the Eighteenth sentry enlitened by Gas! But sumboddy's cum—Sergeant Flanigan.

"O Janq, wat news for the poor Ile of Hearin! I ort to say hes a Sergeant in the Cunstabulabulary Force and as sich knows every thing—and he says there's a breaking out at sum place that begins with Killin; its only a small Villige, but you know very bad erupshuns begins with little spots. I was too flurrid to ketch the particlars, but theres a reglar rebellion, & Lord nose how many thowsand Irish all harmed with sithes a-going to take the field. And theyre to take Dublin & to plow up the Fenix Park & repeal King Williams statute, & raise the Pigeon House down to the ground. In short he says the Police apprehends every thing thats bad. Theres news and Thady not come home yet! If he jines the disinfected I shall be misrable. I must go and look up Thady, so Adeu in haste,

"Your luving Sister,

"ELLINOR * * * *."

"P.S. Thady is just come in dredfully up in his spirrits, witch confirms the truth. He is as close as wax tho about it, & only says its a grate Day for Ireland, but theres rebelling in his very looks, & the way he wistles & snaps his fingers, and walks up & down the room like Marchin & keeping step. He longs & means he does to jine in the skrimmage, & lord help him if he does wether he gets shot or slashed or took Prisonner for the Law never spares Inn Serjeants. If he does jine them I shall go mad. But wat am I to do for hes as willful & hobstinate as an Irish Pig, witch wont be driv in the right road & witch makes their Pork so dangerus to eat its so apt to go the wrong way."

"P.S.S. More allarms! Sich drummins & fiffing, and trumpiting, and prancing of horses, & rumblin of cannons, And Thady rubbing his hands & grinning & looking happy enuff to drive one delirius! O Jane, never marry into a civil warring Fammily! And wats wus, he wont listen to a janting Car to go off with tho we're sittin as I may say on Barrils of Gunpowder & red hot Pokers!"

No. II.

From the same to the same.

"DEAR JANE.—This is to say I am safe & well. No thanks to the Rebeling for the very day after I rit my last it broke out. But Guvernment having had timly notis the Millitary was all Mustard, and very strong. And no dout would have committed dredful slorter of the pore miss guided cretures, if they hadn't been misgided themselves by a traterus wretch as undertook to lead them the rite road. Insted of witch he led them clean contrary into a peacable common full of geese & asses so that nothin actionable took place xcept givin the guide a sound floggin. If the soggers had quarterd him on the spot it would have served him rite, But thenk Provedins wat was ment for our ruin was our preservin! It seems wen the rebbels cum to Donny Brook they halted & drew up in order of Battel' for a fite with the troops witch in course did not arive. You may gudge how that tride their Irish tempers & in partickler in such a famus spot for fiting and connected with Shillallyin Associations ever since the creation. So after waitin as long as they could & no signs of a skrrmmage till their patience was wore out entirely with the disapintment, the Rebbels fell a fiting among themselves, the rite wing agin the left, & then both jining together attackt the center boddy & gave each other sich routs & got so dissipated that they quite defeated themselves, & so there's an end of the Irish Rebellion. Praise goodness Thady wasn't there, having a Job on a house top, and I took away the ladder.

"I am, dear Susan,

"Your loving Sister,

"ELLINOR

EPIGRAM

ON THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE STATUES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

IF Nelson looks down on a couple of Kings,
 However it pleases the Loyals;
 'Tis after the fashion of nautical things,
 A Sky-scraper over the Royals.

A SONG FOR THE MILLION.

ON WILHEM'S METHOD.

THERE'S a Music aloft in the air
 As if Cherubs were humming a song,
 Now it's high, now it's low, here and there,
 There's a Harmony floating along !
 While the steeples are loud in their joy,
 'To the tune of the bells' ring-a-ding,
 Let us chime in a peal, one and all,
 For we all should be able to sing
 Hullahbaloo !

We are Chartists, Destructives and rogues,
 We are Radicals, Tories, and Whigs,
 We are Churchmen, Dissenters, what not,
 We are asses, curs, monkeys and pigs,
 But in spite of the slanderous names
 Partisans on each other will fling,
 Tho' in concord we cannot agree,
 Yet we all in a chorus may sing
 Hullahbaloo !

We may not have a happy New Year,
 Be perplex'd by all possible ills—
 Find the bread and the meat very dear,
 And be troubled with very *hard bills*—
 Yet like linnets, cock-robins and wrens,
 Larks, and nightingales joyous in Spring,
 Or the finches saluting their hens,
 Sure we all should be able to sing
 Hullahbaloo !

We may have but a Lilliput purse,
 And the change in the purse very small,
 And our notes may not pass at the Bank,
 But they're current at Exeter Hall !

Then a fig for foul weather and fogs !
 And whatever Misfortune may bring,
 If we go to the dogs—like the dogs
 In a pack, we are able to sing !
 Hullahbaloo !

Though the coat may be worn with a badge—
 Or the kerchief no prize for a prig—
 Or the shirt never sent to the wash—
 There's the Gamut for little and big !
 O then come, rich and poor, young and old,
 For of course it's a very fine thing,
 Spite of Misery, Hunger, and cold,
 That we all are so able to sing,
 Hullahbaloo !

There are Demons to worry the rich,
 There are monsters to torture the poor,
 There's the Worm that will gnaw at the heart,
 There's the Wolf that will come to the door !
 We may even be short of the cash
 For the tax to a queen or a king,
 And the broker may sell off our beds,
 But we still shall be able to sing
 Hullahbaloo !

There's Consumption to wither the weak,
 There are fevers that humble the stout—
 A disease may be rife with the young,
 Or a pestilence walking about—
 Desolation may visit our hives,
 And old Death's metaphorical sting
 May dispose of the dearest of wives,
 But we all shall be able to sing
 Hullahbaloo !

We may farm at a very high rent,
 And with guano manure an inch deep,
 We may sow, whether broadcast or drill,
 And have only the whirlwind to reap ;

All our corn may be spoil'd in the ear,
 And our barns be ignited by Swing,
 And our sheep may die off with the rot,
 But we all shall be able to sing. †

Hullahbaloo !

Our acquaintance may cut us direct,
 Even Love may become rather cold,
 And a Friend of our earlier years
 May look shy at the coat that is old :
 We may not have a twig or a straw,
 Not a reed where affection may cling,
 Not a dog for our love, or a cat,
 But we still shall be able to sing

Hullahbaloo !

Some are pallid with watching and want,
 Some are burning with blushes of shame ;
 Some have lost all they had in the world,
 And are bankrupts in honour and name.
 Some have wasted a fortune in trade—
 And by going at all in the ring,
 Some have lost e'en a voice in the House ;
 But they all will be able to sing

Hullahbaloo !

Some are deep in the Slough of Despond,
 And so sick of the burthen of life,
 That they dream of leaps over a bridge,
 Of the pistol, rope, poison and knife ;
 To the Temples of Riches and Fame
 We are not going up in a string ;
 And to some even Heaven seems black,
 But we all shall be able to sing

Hullahbaloo !

†
 We may give up the struggle with Care,
 And the last little hope that would stay,
 We may strive with a Giant Despair—
 From the very blue sky we may drop,

By some sudden bewildering blow
Stricken down like a bird on the wing,—
Or with hearts breaking surely and slow—
But we all shall be able to sing
Hullabhaloo!

Oh ! no matter how wretched we be,
How ill-lodg'd, or ill-clad, or ill-fed,
And with only one tile for a roof,
That we carry about on the head :
We may croak with a very bad cold,
Or a throat that's as dry as a ling,—
There's the Street or the Stage for us all,
For we all shall be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

There's a Music aloft in the air,
As if Cherubs were humming a song,
Now it's high, now it's low, here and there,
There's a Harmony floating along !
While the steeples are loud in their joy,
To the tune of the bells' ring-a-ding,
Let us chime in a peal, one and all,
For we all should be able to sing
Hullahbaloo !

THE REGULAR AND THE IRREGULAR DRAMA.

A WRITER in the *Times* lately attributed the decline of the public taste for Theatrical Exhibitions to the superiority of the Dramatic Scenes, serious and comic, which are so admirably got up and performed daily in the Bankruptcy Courts, the Old Bailey, Guildhall, Westminster Hall, the Police Offices, the Courts of Conscience, and other Houses, major and minor, in London and the Provinces. And there is certainly some truth in the theory; for the snatches of Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce, furnished by such places, are much more interesting and amusing, and infinitely more instructive than the pieces fabricated by most of our modern play-wrights. Some of the Judges and Counsel show quite as "fiery off" as any stars on the boards, and the Jurors, common or

G 2

special, are quite as clever and entertaining as the walking gentlemen. The want of music and dancing in the places alluded to, makes them less strong in Opera and the Ballet, and Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, prospers accordingly, from the absence of competition. The Police offices, however, are powerful rivals to the Adelphi, Surrey, &c., in pieces of strong and sometimes very domestic interest, the plots of which are duly recorded in some of the daily prints:—and Melodrama flourishes at the Sessions-house and in the Inquest-room. Here and there a Coroner is also a very respectable performer in the funny line; and Constables, Beadles, and Bumpkin witnesses are capital low comedians.

How far it might be practicable to retrieve the fortunes of the Patent Theatres, by allowing a certain portion of the public business to be transacted on the stage, is left for the Proprietors to discuss with the Lord Chamberlain; nothing else, probably, will ever raise the shares of either to a profitable premium—for, who would pay to sit at their fictitious shows, when he might, gratis, see such exhibitions of real life elsewhere, and listen to the genuine dialogue of human nature? Here is a brief example:—

MISAPPREHENSION.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE.—*A Club Room at the Hare and Hounds. At the table sits the county Coroner with his Clerk. The Jurors are arranged round the board. The Constable, &c. fill the background. TIMOTHY GUBBINS, a witness, is under examination.*

Cor. Did you know the defunct?

Wit. Who's he?

Cor. Why, the dead man.

Wit. Yes.

Cor. Intimately?

Wit. Wery.

Cor. How often have you been in company with him?

Wit. Ony once.

Cor. And do you call that intimately?

Wit. Yes—for he were wery drunk, and I were wery drunk—and that made us like two brothers.

Cor. Who recognised the body?

Wit. Jack Adams.

Cor. How did he recognise him?

Wit. By standing un on his head to let the water run out.

Cor. I mean how did he know him?

Wit. By his plush jacket.

Cor. Anything else?

Wit. No: only his face were so swelled, his own mother wouldn't have knowed him.

Cor. Then how did you know him?

Wit. 'Cause I warn't his mother. [*Applause in court.*]

Cor. What do you consider the cause of his death?

Wit. Drowning in course.

Cor. Was any attempt made to resuscitate him?

Wit. Yes.

Cor. How?

Wit. We sarched his pockets.

Cor. I mean did you try to bring him to?

Wit. Yes—to the public house.

Cor. I mean to recover him?

Wit. No. We warn't told to.

Cor. Did you ever suspect the deceased of mental alienation?

Wit. Yes—the whole village suspected un.

Cor. Why?

Wit. That he alienated one of the Squire's pigs.

Cor. You misunderstand me. I alluded to mental aberration.

Wit. Some thinks he was.

Cor. On what grounds?

Wit. I believe they belonged to Squire Waters.

Cor. Pshaw. I mean was he mad?

Wit. Sartenly.

Cor. What, devoid of reason?

Wit. He had no reason to drown himself as I know of.

Cor. That will do, Sir. (*To the Jury.*) Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, and will consider of your verdict.

Foreman. Your worship, we are all of one mind.

Cor. Well—what is it?

Foreman. We don't mind what. We're agreeable to anything your Worship pleases.

Cor. No, gentlemen,—I have no right to dictate,—you had better consult together.

Foreman. We have, your Worship, afore we came, and we're all unanimous.

Cor. I am happy to hear it, gentlemen. (*To the Clerk.*) Mr. Dicks, take down the verdict. Now then, gentlemen.

Foreman. Why, then, your Worship, it's "Justifiable Suicide;" but begs to recommend to mercy;—and hopes we shall be allowed our expenses.

S K I P P I N G.

A Mystery.

Little Children skip,
 The rope so gaily gripping,
 Tom and Harry,
 Jane and Mary,
 Kate, Diana,
 Susan, Anna,
 All are fond of skipping !

The Grasshoppers all skip,
 The early dew-drop sipping,
 Under, over,
 Bent and clover,
 Daisy, sorrel,
 Without quarrel,
 All are fond of skipping.

The tiny Fairies skip,
 At midnight softly tripping.
 Puck and Peri,
 Never weary,
 With an antic,
 Quite romantic,
 All are fond of skipping.

The little Boats they skip,
 Beside the heavy Shipping,
 While the squalling
 Winds are calling,
 Falling, rising,
 Rising, falling,
 All are fond of skipping.

The pale Diana skips,
 The silver billows tipping,
 With a dancing
 Lustre glancing
 To the motion
 Of the ocean—
 All are fond of skipping !

The little Flounders skip,
 When they feel the dripping ;
 Scorching, frying,
 Jumping, trying
 If there is not
 Any shying,
 All are fond of skipping !

The very Dogs they skip,
 While threatened with a whipping,
 Wheeling, prancing,
 Learning dancing
 To a measure,
 What a pleasure !
 All are fond of skipping !

The little Fleas they skip,
 And nightly come a nipping
 Lord and Lady,
 Jude and Thady,
 In the night
 So dark and shady—
 All are fond of skipping !

The Autumn Leaves they skip,
 When blasts the trees are stripping,
 Bounding, whirling,
 Sweeping, twirling,
 And in wanton
 Mazes curling,
 All are fond of skipping !

The Apparitions skip,
 Some mortal grievance ripping,
 Thorough many
 A crack and cranny,
 And the keyhole
 Good as any—
 All are fond of skipping!

But oh! how Readers skip,
 In heavy volumes dipping!
 * * * * * and * * * * *
 * * * * * and * * * * *
 * * * and * * * *
 * * * *, * * * *,
 All are fond of skipping!

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

At a dinner party.

BLACK, White, and Brown, were young men; in some respects very young—the two first especially, for they were inexperienced, thoughtless, and giddy, to a great many degrees beyond the average. But they were generous, warm-hearted fellows, notwithstanding, and would rather have had a toothache apiece, than have given pain, wilfully, to man, woman, or child,—to horse, dog, or cat.

The trio lived together in the same boarding-house, more like brothers than friends, united in everything but one,—a desperate passion for Miss Theodora Wilmot. That was Brown's secret, in which the other two young men, however, went partners; and many a rallying the lover had to bear on the subject from his heart-whole companions.

“He jests at scars who never felt a wound.”

But, like Benedict, the innamorato was too far gone in love for “a whole college of witcrackers to flout him out of his humour.” With such a flame as he had in his bosom, burning as he did, one of Love's martyrs, he might well despise a few squibs; besides, the wags would give over when he was once married. But there was the rub: he was one of the most shy and diffident of mankind—the most bashful bachelor that ever blushed all the shades of *mauvaise honte*, from a warm flesh colour up to a rose damask—the most shrinking of all the race of the Sensitives. How could such a man propose? A thousand

times he determined to break the ice, but the ice always broke him. A million times at least he resolved to speak his mind, but first his speech went out of his mind, and then his mind seemed to go out of itself, it was so mad at the failure. At all other times boiling, broiling, frying, burning, piping hot, salamandered till done brown by the warmth of his affection, and eloquent as a young barrister alone in his own chambers, in the presence of the lady his blood ran as cold, and his tongue was as dumbfounded, as if the Circean enchantress had actually transformed him into a cod-fish. His very passion seemed to have died suddenly, and left him to stand Mute at the door.

If Miss Wilmot would but have helped him out with a leading question, such as whether he was ever in love, or, if that was too bold for her delicate nature, how he liked such a sogg as "Crudel," or "Come live with me and be my love;" if she had only looked at him a little less like the ladies at Madame Tussaud's—had she merely seemed to understand his case—but no; she was either naturally ignorant of his symptoms, or wilfully, like Aberfeldie, when he said to a fanciful patient, who hinted something about ossification,—

"Young man, bring me your heart, on a plate, and I'll tell you what's the matter with it."

In vain he tried the usual expedients with which bashful young men seek to reinforce their resolves; his case was beyond brandy. If he had seen a double Miss Wilmot, it would only have turned him into two codfish, instead of one. In vain taking a hint from Schiller's "Fight with the Dragon," he dressed up a lay figure of the Lady, for his courage to practise on—he never succeeded beyond the rehearsal. When he came on he was damned. Poor Brown!

In the meantime his two friends, whether pitying his condition, or for the sport's sake, tried their utmost to egg him on; but it was anything but eggng a game chicken. Like some vicious horses, the more he was urged forward, the more he backed—or jibbed off the road—or turned short round and bolted. They even offered to go with him and help him, in the legal phrase, in delivering the declaration, or to propose for him by proxy; but to both proposals he gave a decided negative. There seemed no chance, in fact, of his ever offering himself to the lady's acceptance, except by a posthumous bequest. Black suggested this course, and White offered, with Black's assistance, to draw up the will, but Brown, as usual, would not accede to the proposition, and determined to die intestate, in spite of the additional duty on the administration.

At last, it occurred to his two backers, that perhaps the appearance of a rival in the field might induce their man to rush into the ring, and accordingly, in the absence of any real competitor, they invented one, as formidable a Heart-catcher in personal graces and accomplishments as ever was manufactured for a novel. A six foot fellow in his stockings,—White even estimated his height at another inch taller—and then such black glossy ringlets, and black eyes, with an aquiline nose, and a finely-chiselled mouth, and a capital chin, and such an exquisite complexion, and what a noble bust, and yet so quiet and gentlemanly; for Black and White, to avoid inconsistency, agreed to describe their

imaginary hero from a certain figure in a certain hairdresser's window. And the bait took. Brown metaphorically swallowed his rival, ringlets and all—how happy could he have done so in reality.

Poor Brown! If that phantom had been a diabolical one, such as is said to haunt and torture the consciences of guilty mortals, it could not have caused him more perturbation. He thought of him, talked of him, swore, but trembled at him, shot at him, fenced at him, got the best and then the worst of him, and above all, he dreamt of him. His nights were terrible—for go where he would, and especially if walking, rowing, sailing, dancing, singing, declaring his love, or even saluting Miss Wilmot, there was the odious rival, turning the duet to a trio, or taking her other arm, protesting in her other ear, squeezing her other hand—zounds!—kissing her other cheek! That was unendurable; so to it they went, foot and fist, tooth and nail, shovel and poker, hammer and tongs, swords, pistols, and blunderbusses, rugging, riving, kicking, smashing, stabbing, shooting, wrestling on the ground, up and down, over and over, biting each other like dogs, till the Brown one's teeth were entangled with the vile ringlets—at least, as he found upon waking, with the fleece of the blanket!

What a life it was! Death at the stake would have been preferable whether the stake was tender or not. Annihilation would have been still better, provided always that the rival was annihilated along with him—like an “infinite deal of nothing!” Why had he ever been at all!

In the mean time a solitary gleam of comfort sometimes visited him. From a cause that may be guessed, Black and White, whilst eloquent in praise of the face and chest of the handsome pretender, were unconsciously rather silent about the rest of his figure, in particular never saying a word of his legs. Perhaps they were bowed, like Bacchus's, from riding cock-horse on a barrel, perhaps knock-kneed, like the baker's, or unnaturally short—a happy idea! Brown jumped at it, and indulged it, till in fancy he had twisted the lower limbs of his rival into a brace of right and left corkscrews, with a pair of club feet. That decided him. He resolved to walk with his own legs straight to the lady's house, to kneel, to throw himself, if necessary, at her feet, and with as much advantage as possible display his crural members, and hint that there were men who were only fit to approach a fair lady by jumping in a sack. Away he went: but first he communicated a hint of his purpose to his two friends, swaggering not a little, in his utter ignorance of the share they had in screwing him up to the desperate pitch. Of course Black and White laughed in their sleeves; but they said nothing but what was equivalent to a pat on the back, or the policeman's “move on.”

“Good bye,” shouted White; “remember faint heart never won fair lady.”

“Nor a brown one, either,” bawled Black.

“She's mine!” shrieked Brown, cutting a caper with his right leg, and flourishing one arm above his hat, like a colonel at the head of the forlorn hope, going to storm a fort—for example, Badajos. And no hero could have borne himself more bravely, for a few rods, poles, or perches—but then he faltered—then rallied—then wavered—and then

marched on again. For whenever he thought of Miss Wilmot he lingered, but then he remembered the rival, and that spurred him forward; and sometimes he thought of both together, which brought him to a stand still, that he might stamp a little, and vow vengeance a little, and shake his fist a good deal at some unconscious cow, or innocent donkey, or still more innocent empty air. No man ever went so many paces to the mile, besides occasionally going no pace at all. But the slowest coach, even if you lock one wheel, will get to somewhere at last, or still further, and on the same principle, at so many minutes to what-you-please o'clock, the peripatetic lover arrived at the door of his lady-love, and raised his hand towards the lion's head, his heart, though, forestalling him, and with a rapid series of little thumps and big ones, giving as good an imitation as human heart can, of a footman's thundering double knock. His hand tried to copy it, but it was a sad bungle, for after two or three little uncertain, unmeaning taps, as if the wind had done it, and then a pause, he let the iron knob fall with a loud abrupt bang as if it had burnt his fingers. The moment afterwards he repented, and wished there was such a thing as unknocking, as well as unbuttoning or unpicking; but the irrevocable sound went its course through the hall and down the kitchen stairs, and through the ear of John Footman, till it played a tattoo on its drum. And so John went up the stairs, and through the hall, and opened the door, catching Mr. Brown in the very act of turning away, to sneak off, as the mere perpetrator of a run-away knock. What an abominably fast Footman! If he had but stopped to yawn, and stretch, and inquire, was that the knocker? through the regular three times of asking—but there he was, and there was no escape from him. So Mr. Brown walked in, or rather stumbled over the threshold, and having stropped his shoes on the mat, from heel to point, for at least two minutes, and hung up his hat twice, for the first time it fell down—without his catching it,—well, after that, having first had a tedious attack of influenza, he pocketed his handkerchief again,—and at last—what a nasty short nervous cough he had, with a sort of an aguish fit from coming over the Flats—at last he got up the drawing-room stairs, heard his name announced and a hive of bees swarming at the same time—saw a carpet, then a ceiling, and then a table with two candles dancing on it, apparently for the amusement of Miss Wilmot. She was alone, and as he wished to be alone with her, so we leave him.

In the meantime Black and White, over their tea, discussed the chances for and against the success of the wooer, and settled that the odds were something like all St. George's, Hanover Square to a Dissenting chapel in his favour. In reality he was rather well looking than otherwise, with an elegant figure, a good address, and pleasing manners—such a person as few young ladies, if disengaged, would be likely to refuse. And as to any rival, they had never heard of or seen any trace of one, except the fellow with the black ringlets, and of him only his figure-head. It was a favourable sign besides, that Brown's visit was such a long one: hour struck after hour, but he did not return—how could he? Doubtless, having told his love, he had extorted a mutual confession in return, and was enjoying that sweet confidence

between young hearts, for which the Longest Day and a bittock would hardly seem long enough!

Nine! Ten! Eleven! and still he came not—nor yet at Twelve—when the pair determined to wait no longer, but to return to their beds. In the way to their rooms they had to pass Brown's chamber, the door of which stood wide open,—and amongst other prominent objects within, Black's eye was attracted by a very large stout hook projecting from a beam on the wall. The hint was enough. In his own room he kept a stout cord, to escape by from his first-floor window, in case of fire. This rope he fetched, made a slip noose in it, most scientifically, and then fastened the other end to the hook. White looked on, till the apparatus was complete, and then with the burnt end of a stick, inscribed on the wall—

“FOR A REJECTED LOVER.”

It was a capital joke, to judge by the amount of their laughter, but White suddenly turned rather grave. “Suppose,” said he, “that by any chance she should refuse him—he will perhaps take it in dudgeon,—and besides, he would be terribly cut up, poor fellow, and I should be sorry to vex him.”

“Not he!” said Black. “She is sure to have him, and he will return in such raptures, that the worst joke in the world would seem the best in it, and set him crowing like a cock! But he will want something to throw himself off from”—and with a chuckle he pushed a chair immediately under the rope. The friends then shook hands, bade each other good night, and went to bed,—and from bed to sleep, as sound as tops. Black dreamt of nothing: White had a vision of Brown's wedding, and that he fell in love with the bridesmaid; but all the amenities of the dream gradually vanished, till after several obscure entanglements he found himself tied neck and heels with that infernal cord. But that was not the worst—by-and-bye the rope seemed to become endowed with life, and began twisting about him like a serpent, now encircling one limb, then another, then tightly compressing his chest and lungs till he could hardly breathe, and finally coiling round his throat so tightly that he felt all but strangled. In short, he suffered under a terrible nightmare.

It was nearly two in the morning before Brown came home. He let himself in with his key, crept up to his bed-room, and struck a light. What a face it flashed upon! Haggard and pale as death! His eyes were hollow, and his blue lips quivered as if with intense cold. The skirts of his coat were torn; his pantaloons, up to the knees, were stained with mud. Never did human wretch look so utterly forlorn! He had been rejected—somewhat harshly—by the lady; and with a crushed heart had hurried out into the Waste, a type of the wide world to him, over the dreary Flats. He had rambled, at random, through mire, and marsh, and thicket—unable to confront a human face—to bear the sound of the human voice. Poor fellow! What long distracting hours he must have spent thus; darker in hope than the night—colder at heart than its wintry wind. At last some dubious impulse had led him home; perhaps to seek the consolations of friendship; the

sympathy of those two, the very two, who had unconsciously prepared for him such a pang! For all at once his eye glanced on the rope, and the mocking inscription.

Oh! what trivial things determine the greatest turns of a mortal's destiny! Many a man, doubtless, in the first frenzy of despair or disappointment, has contemplated suicide—but some deliberation on the mode, and the absence of the means, have afforded time for reflection and repentance. If that fatal rope had not been there, ready fixed—the noose prepared:—if even the chair had been to fetch,—a minute gained, one precious minute might have sufficed for the birth of a better thought:—that petty fragment of time might have influenced the fate of a soul for eternity—but there was, alas! no such saving pause! Unexpectedly probed to the quick in the recent wound, the anguish was too keen for a brain already maddened by mental agony—the doomed man, muttering the stinging motto, stepped on the seat, seized the rope—opened the noose; put his head through it; closed his eyes, clasped his hands; kicked away the chair———and that was a Practical Joke.

A DISCOVERY IN ASTRONOMY.

ONE day—I had it from a hasty mouth
 Accustom'd to make many blunders daily,
 And therefore will not name, precisely, South,
 Herschell, or Baily—
 But one of those great men who watch the skies,
 With all their rolling, winking eyes,
 Was looking at that Orb whose ancient God
 Was patron of the Ode, and Song, and Sonnet,
 When thus he musing cried—"It's very odd
 That no Astronomer of all the squad
 Can tell the nature of those spots upon it!"

"Lord, master!" muttered John, a liveried elf,
 "To wonder so at spots upon the sun!
 I'll tell you what he's done—
 Freckled hisself!"

THE POST-OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY FOR 1844.*

"WHEN Adam delved and Eve span," among all the things whereof they little thought, the least was a Post Office London Directory, comprising no end of names, instructing folk in all manner of ways, and putting people (as they do in schools and on railways) into all sorts of classes. In this huge volume, numerous as are the names, every one of them is a marked man or woman; and even the most courtly are here, like Charity children and policemen, each separately and particularly lettered and numbered. Lords and leather-sellers, physicians and pork-butchers, milliners and millwrights, are all regularly ticketed here, cheek by jowl, like fellowship-porters. In vain can the most dainty exclusive hope to escape from the enormous circle of society into which her Majesty's Postmaster-general has here introduced him. No master of the ceremonies could be so careful to exclude the nobodies as the Postmaster-general to include all the bodies, including "Mr. Martin Body, timber merchant, Lower Salisbury Place, Lock's Fields"; and to show that his lively volume is not "a corporation without a soul," he has animated page 924 with a couple of "Souls" from Finsbury, and page 923 with two from Aldermanbury. But since he has thus hospitably "brought them together," at Christmas time, it must be admitted that due care has been taken in telling them off again conveniently into the different parts of this biblical mansion. It may, however, be as well to give the compilers of such a useful tome a hint of an improvement which may serve to facilitate the reference to each particular class. It is this. Let each have a distinct colour stained on the edge, as is done with French works of a similar character. Thus, the Law Directory might have a black edge, the Court Directory red, the Physic Directory blue, &c. Any one then wanting to refer, could, guided by the colour, instantly open the volume at the particular part he required.

We cannot close this notice without referring to an omission which we regard as personal and quite unaccountable in a literary man like the Postmaster-general. Under the letter A we found "artists" and "awl-blade-makers," but we looked in vain for "authors." Oh Col. Maberley, Col. Maberley, could you not find a local habitation for Selves and Co. in your bills of mortality? Are we indeed become a "dead letter" in your office? Do you really regard us as defunct; or, because Grub Street is grubbed up, that we are removed to some *terra incognita*, some bourn, not mentioned in Bourne's Gazetteer, whence no traveller returns? What! since the Penny Postage reform, has an increase of letters really produced a decrease of authors? There must be something wrong in your book, Col. Maberley, which you must reform altogether before 1st January, 1845.

* Post-Office London Directory for 1844. W. Kelly & Co.

REAL RANDOM RECORDS.

(TO THE EDITOR.)

SIR,—I do not know whether it has ever occurred to you, but it has struck me very forcibly, that the reminiscences of a bad memory might be quite as amusing, if not so instructive, as those of a good one. Certainly, some of the things published under the titles of Recollections, Records,* Reminiscences, Retrospectives, &c. &c., have been extremely dull and tame; so much so as to make one wish that the authors, like Peter Pindar's George the Third, had remembered to forget them. For my part, I confess I set very little value on the historical embalming of mere names and dates; regarding them like preserved mummies, as rather dry matters of fact. At any rate, I have Mrs. Malaprop on my side, who did not approve of violent memories any more than myself. The level railway progress of such a powerful faculty must surely be less interesting and romantic than the rambles of a weak one, straying unconsciously from the path of reality into the great forest of fiction, and losing itself like a Babe in the Wood!

Now, my own memory was never a good one. Mnemosyne when I was born must have forgotten her invitation to the gossiping, or to bring me those organs with which she endows mankind in general, and the Poet of her Pleasures in particular, Mr. Thomas Campbell. Like him

“Wafted by her gentle flow,
Oft up the stream of time I try to row,”

but without his rudder and compass. My memory, as I think I said before, was never a good one, and from age and natural decay is not even what it was. It especially fails me as to names, dates, places, and persons; but as Pope says to Eloise, or to the New Heloise,

“Give all you can and we will give the rest.”

I don't profess to be a regular Retrospective Reviewer like what's-his-name who used to edit it; but shall be guilty, I know, in my recallings of the past of a great many errors and anacronisms, or anachronisms—which is it? It is easy, as Curran said to Dean Swift, if it wasn't Swift to Curran, it is easy for futurity to predict for posterity—I forget the exact words, but remember the sense; and on the same principle, when an octogenarian like myself is in the case—where was I? O! about Rogers's “Pleasures of Imagination.” I remember Rogers well, though I forget where I met him, or on what occasion. But it was either at Lord Nelson's funeral in Westminster Abbey, or at George the Third's attempt, when he was out of his mind, on the life of Peg Nicholson. But I am sure it was Rogers; for he had just brought out

either his "World before the Flood," or the World before that. There was to be a great party at Hannah Porter's, the authoress of "Evelina"—yes, "Evelina"—I believe I ought to have said Sir Charles Grandison; but at any rate the Bristol Milkwoman that Cowper patronised, was of the party. I recollect asking her what she thought of "Lallah Rookh." All the Johnsons were present. The great Doctor, Mrs. J., and all the little ones—they had just come up from Ludlow, or Lincoln, or Leicester, or Liverpool, or some place with an L, and had the provincial accent very strong. His patron was with him, Bubb Doddington, since Lord Melbourne Regis—of whom it was said he was a Lord amongst Lords, and a Wit amongst Wits. I quite forget what public service procured him his title. Horace Walpole was to have been there too, but could not come. I am not sure that he was not dead. But it was either Horace Walpole, or Horace Mann, or Horace Smith, or Horace Twiss—I'm sure as to the Horace. We played at whist, and I remember having paid five times running—but the amount of my winnings has escaped me. What else passed is, alas! as obliterated from my mind as if I had been dipped in the Styx—no, the Lethe. Yet slight as they are, these memorials of such celebrated Personages may do for a contribution to their Memories *poor servir*—perhaps the last word but one ought to be spelt pour, or perhaps pore. But I forget my French. As such, if you think, Sir, that a few Retrospective Sketches in the same style would suit your Metropolitan Magazine—I beg pardon, Blackwood's Miscellany—they are most heartily at your service; and, hoping for the favour of an early reply,

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

E. TYRRELL.

[The writer of the foregoing letter, a namesake, but no relation surely, of the City Remembrancer, is requested to forward his address.—ED.]

A NEW BERRY.

A FEW evenings since, at a small party in Gardiner's Lane, where of course not one of the company had any knowledge of Horticulture, the mention of the Service Berry (or Sorb) gave rise to a discussion as to what sort of berry it was. One person thought it was either the hip or haw; another that it was a species of "cramberry;" a third that it grew on the elder tree—nobody appeared to have had any acquaintance with the fruit; till at last an old half-pay officer guessed—and was held to have solved the riddle—that it was a sort of Berry you got in the Service, commonly called a kullet.

A DREAM BY THE FIRE.

It is impossible, as every one knows, to sit by the fire in winter-time without gazing at it very earnestly; and the more you gaze, the more you see in it,—strange faces, and one of your love, perhaps, like a very “red, red rose”—a flamingo, or a whole flock of them,—Mount Vesuvius, with the neighbourhood overrun by the molten lava; a distant view of the Potteries, or the Carron Iron Works, by night, with the furnaces at full work; there is no end of the glowing objects you may see between or above the bars, if you have the least spark of imagination to eke them out with.

It is not a pleasure, however, without its price; in the course of time the eyes become parched by the heat, the eyelids grow heavy, and in a moment or two you will inevitably go to sleep; to avoid which I jumped up, though with some effort, and determined to look in at the Coal Hole—not the one in the cellar, but the one in the Strand. Still, from the name, the reader may run away with the notion, or rather be run away with, the notion that the Coal Hole goes the whole coal, at some shed or dingy wharf down those dark arches or narrow lanes in the neighbourhood of the Adelphi—that it is a depository for Wallsend, Russell’s Main, and Adair’s; Hetton, Pontops, and Tanfield’s, and all the other varieties of the black diamond. Whereas, if they take the right Rhodes, they will find a well-known house of entertainment in Fountain Court, celebrated for its good cheer and comic singing, to which a little deaf-and-dumb waiter,—call him page if you please—played a mute accompaniment.

Well, I walked in, passing the bar on the right, to the large room, where some voice in three volumes was singing a glee, with as much good-will as if it had been earning three suppers. O what a rich jolly triple chorus it was, singing of wine and Bacchus, and Venus and myrtles,—while with every line some bright glorious image rose up in the mind’s eye,—fauns skipping and nymphs dancing, grapes clustering, flowers springing, birds singing, and the sun shining from the clear blue sky with a fervour that made the blood bound through the heart, and run with a sensible thrill through every vein! And when the song ceased, the genial feeling did not cease with it, for though there was no sun there, or blue sky, or clustering vines, there was abundance of radiant lamps, and the fire glowed like a furnace, and the generous juice of the grape shone in amber and ruby through the crystal, and shed a light as from the painted windows of the Temple of Bacchus on the snowy table-cloths. And then those social little nooks round the room! Mirth occupied one; you could hear him laughing till his sides shook and his voice quavered. Friendship had taken possession of the next one; and was giving out hearty toasts and sentiments, followed

by hip, hip, hips! and loud hurrahs! Harmony sat in the third: he had joined in the *trio*, a capital *fourth*—and in the other boxes sat dozens of Sociables, and United Brethren, and Odd Fellows enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, over the good things, solid and liquid of this world. What comfortable steams rose over the tops of the partitions; what savoury odours streamed around; what a cheerful clatter of knives and forks and plates; what a merry jingle of bottles and glasses as they kissed each other in their hospitable journeys—like gossips laden with drink; what a tinkling, as if of little bells, between the glass and the busy spoon! What fumes of gin, rum, and brandy mingling in the air and making a sort of aromatic punch for the benefit of the nose! And what rattling peals of laughter that seemed to come from some fat fellow with two hearts—one mocking the other! And all the while the deaf-and-dumb page, inspired by the spirit of the place, grew more and more intelligent, till he seemed to hear with every feature but his ears, and to speak with every feature but his mouth.

And better than all, in a corner box there was my very crony, my bosom friend, the friend of my soul, my other self, old Mann—or Old Humanity as we used to call him, sipping from a huge goblet to which he invited everybody who only looked at him—for he had a large heart and a liberal hand, loved everybody in the world but himself, and deserved to be as largely loved in return. Yes—there he was, smiling and looking like a father to every one in the room. It was impossible not to drink with him when he asked you, which he was as sure to do, if you were within hearing, as that Burton ale is not Burton's Melancholy. So to it we went, glass for glass, hob and nob, here's to thee, and fill again,—and the wife and children, down to the baby in arms, were pledged in humming ale. At least that was *his* liquor, as it was Adam's, though of a weaker sort, for before A. B. was invented, double X would have been an anachronism. However, strong ale was his drink, and of all songs he best loved that old one, which sings of “jolly good ale and olde.” But every man else might call for what he liked and welcome,—even the stranger whose face he had never seen before was a brother by descent to old Mann, and treated accordingly. So to it, I say, we went, with a will as the sailors say, like the jovial toppers in Rabelais, taking great draughts of the stingo, and rare slices of the brawn, and huge trusses of the green salad, in which two or three lobsters had lost themselves, like tars in the country parts; and, meanwhile, the singing began again, first only one voice, then two, then three, then a fourth chimed in, and then more and more till the room rang again with the lusty chorus! Oh 'twas a glorious place that Coal Hole!—warm, bright, joyous with song and laughter,—you quite forgot there was such a thing as care, dull care in the world!

Well, we drank on, old Mann and I, till my head became so heavy with the ale that had mounted into it, that I could not hold it up, but do what I would, it must needs drop first on my bosom, and then lower and lower till it bobbed on the table; and lo, when it bobbed up again I was all in the dark, pitch dark. Every lamp had gone out; and as to

the fire, it had died of apoplexy, or something as sudden, for there was not a spark left of it. I never felt so cold and dreary in my life, for with the light and the warmth, the voices had died away too. Instead of the jovial chorus, the joyous jest, the many tongues, all clattering together, and the multitudinous laughing, one jolly cock crowing to another, like the chanticleers of the village, . . . all mute—not a tongue wagged—silent as death! I stretched out my hand for my ale, it was gone, table and all. I felt for old Mann and he was gone too; or turned into something cold, damp, and hard, like a wall. As soon as I could fetch my breath and voice, I called him: "Mann! Mann! Mann! Where are you?"

"Here I am," answered the voice of Mann, as from somewhere under the floor.

"What, are we down stairs?"

"I believe we are," grumbled the voice.

"What, down in the cellar?"

"Yes."

"Good God! How did we come there?" said I. "We had not such a great deal of ale! Why we were up in the great room, with a blazing fire, and the lamps, and Hudson or somebody was singing a comic song. For the Lord's sake, Mann, let's get up again! Where are you—what are you doing?"

"Here—getting coal!"

"Getting coal!"—(how drunk he must have been!)—And again I called to him by name—"Mann! Mann!"

"Here."

"Where?"

"Here."

Following the sound, I struck my head against a beam or a wall, with a crash that almost stunned me. I was in a low passage, so low that I was obliged to bend almost double. But there was a glimmer of light before me, and I crept towards it, till at last I saw Mann, lying on his back in a sort of black cupboard, or gigantic coffin, at the top of which he was pecking with a pickaxe, as if he had been buried alive and was trying to break out. He was almost naked, and had his head bound up with a dirty cloth.

"Gracious Heaven! Mann! how came you there?—how came we here? I thought we were in the Coal Hole!"

"And so we are," said Mann, without turning his head or stopping for a moment in his labour. Pick, pick, pick—as if his return to the world depended on it. And I longed for a pickaxe, too, the black earth seemed to be closing upon me so oppressively. What a mystery it was! As if I and Mann had actually passed, by death, from the upper world, its light, its warmth, and human society, to the dark chambers of the grave! And was it really so?—had we bidden adieu for ever to the sun, for ever and ever to the blue skies and the green earth, and the sweet elastic air on which we used to live? Were we really sundered from all dear social ties, till the earth crumbled away, and the heavens rolled up like a parchment before the fire? It wanted not demons to convert it to a place of torment—the horrors of retro-

spection were sufficient to make that gloomy vault, or whatever it was, the abode of exquisite anguish. O how vividly returned upon me the blessed warmth and light, the communion with my kind from which I was so suddenly and unaccountably cut off! Perhaps—so whispered a remorseful, misgiving thought—I had enjoyed these too much, too selfishly, too heedlessly, without asking or caring what portion others of my fellow-men had in the bounties of Providence. Perchance, for that sin, I had been condemned to an immortal solitary confinement, in the bowels of the earth—for I was solitary—Mann was too much occupied with his tool, pick, pick, pick, to be a companion. And something told me, that there he might work for a thousand years without obtaining a glimpse of the blue sky. Mann, who on earth had so enjoyed the fellowship of man! and for very loneliness I could not help calling to him, occasionally, only for the sound of his voice, but he was too much absorbed in his dreary task to attend to me; sometimes he briefly answered me, sometimes not. Pick, pick, pick: he was so abstracted from me, by his labour, it was as if he had not been there. Oh, for but one human being that would speak if spoken to,—that would look at me, feel with me; and as I prayed, a faint light approached, from some unfathomable distance, nearer and nearer, till a woman, or the ghost of a woman, stooping, partly because of the low channel, and partly, it seemed, from some heavy burden on her back, came crawling past me. Another victim of Divine wrath, doomed to dreadful penance in the chambers of the earth. Oh, how squalid she was—how worn by woe—how haggard, how gaunt, how utterly withered from all that is womanly into all that is witch-like! And yet, even in that wasted form, and those wretched features, I recognised one I had known above—she was the wife of Mann!

“Elinor!”

But she made no answer, save a mournful shake of the head, and crept slowly on; she had not breath or heart to speak. Methought, now perhaps Mann will turn towards her, and pause in his work; but pick, pick, pick, pick, he let his wife, his miserable wife, pass on without a word or a glance. There was no time *there*, then, even for love! My soul sank within me. What an eternity was before me; dead even to hope! Nay not yet, for two more forms approached, strangely harnessed, and painfully dragging behind them some ponderous load, that made them stop to pant for breath—if it could be called breath, that was inhaled in that awful subterranean prison. And as they stopped I knew them, a girl and a boy—but oh, how sadly disfigured! In years and size so young, in face so carefully old, like pain-ridden dwarfs! They were Mann’s children! But the father looked not at his children; the children glanced not at their father! there was no time for love, conjugal, paternal, or filial, in that terrible place!

The ways of Providence are inscrutable! It is not for us to pry into the secrets of Heaven, and yet I could not help asking in my soul, by what awful guilt Mann, his wife, and his poor children, could have incurred so stupendous a punishment, such an appalling infliction of the Divine wrath? Above ground, on the living earth, they had seemed amongst the better examples of human nature: generous,

charitable in word and deed, honest, industrious, tenderly affectionate to each other. I had known them under various phases, in sickness, in poverty, and oppressed, and yet how unrepining they were, how patient, how forbearing! Above all, in their days of want, how munificent, bestowing the half of their little on those who had less! As I thought of it, a crushing sense of my own unworthiness, compared with their worth, completely overwhelmed me. There was no juggling *there*, no self-deceit in that pitch-black prison, the Condemned Cell of the Soul! Weighed, even in my own balance, against poor Mann, conscience declared me deficient,—that I ought rather to have been condemned to pick, pick, pick, picking at that sable roof, to gain a glimpse, if I could, of the blessed face of Nature! “Mann,” I cried, “Mann!”

“Well.”

“Let me work for you a bit. You must be cramped in that narrow cell—and worn out with labour.”

“Yes—my back’s a’most broke—and my neck aches as if it had been twisted.”

“Give me the pick.”

He put the tool into my hand—how heavy it was! And I crept into the black niche; but it was so like getting into the narrow home, that I lay paralysed with cold and dread, unable to lift my arm. In the mean time a faint light appeared as before, but from the opposite direction: it might be that Mann’s wife and children were on their return—but no! a secret whisper told me that they were my own partner and our little ones, and I involuntarily closed my eyes against a spectacle, painted beforehand, on the blank black air. I dared not look at my wife or children—it was agony, unutterable agony, only to think of them in those depths of desolation.

But I was not to be spared that infliction. Through my eyelids, supernaturally transparent, I beheld a sight that filled my soul with bitterness. Oh, those dear young faces, so prematurely old, hunger-pinched, and puckered with cares—precociously informed of the woes of the world—children, without childhood. And, oh! that sad, forlorn matron’s face, once the sunniest on earth; now, with hair so gray, eyes so dull, lips so thin—misery, misery! The sight was unbearable, and I shrieked out, “I am, I am in ——”

But before I could pronounce the unmentionable word, my eyes suddenly opened, and I saw before me my winter fire, with that great black block of the mineral fuel on the top, which, by its intense contrast with the glowing mass beneath, had led me into such a dream of the DARK and BRIGHT of the world, and that transition from the Coal Hole to the Coal Mine.

THE MARY.

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

Lov'st thou not, Alice, with the early tide
 To see the hardy Fisher hoist his mast,
 And stretch his sail towards the ocean wide,—
 Like God's own beadsman going forth to cast
 His net into the deep, which doth provide
 Enormous bounties, hidden in its vast
 Bosom like Charity's, for all who seek
 And take its gracious boon thankful and meek?

The sea is bright with morning,—but the dark
 Seems still to linger on his broad black sail,
 For it is early hoisted, like a mark
 For the low sun to shoot at with his pale
 And level beams:—All round the shadowy bark
 The green wave glimmers, and the gentle gale
 Swells in her canvas, till the waters show
 The keel's new speed, and whiten at the bow.

Then look abaft—(for thou canst understand
 That phrase)—and there he sitteth at the stern,
 Grasping the tiller in his broad brown hand,
 The hardy Fisherman. Thou may'st discern
 Ten fathoms off the wrinkles in the tann'd
 And honest countenance that he will turn
 To look upon us, with a quiet gaze—
 As we are passing on our several ways.

So, some ten days ago, on such a morn,
 The Mary, like a seamew, sought her spoil
 Amongst the finny race: 'twas when the corn
 Woo'd the sharp sickle, and the golden toil
 Summon'd all rustic hands to fill the horn
 Of Ceres to the brim, that brave turmoil
 Was at the prime, and Woodgate went to reap
 His harvest too, upon the broad blue deep.

His mast was up, his anchor heaved aboard,
 His mainsail stretching in the first gray gleams
 Of morning, for the wind. Ben's eye was stored
 With fishes—fishes swam in all his dreams,
 And all the goodly east seem'd but a hoard
 Of silvery fishes, that in shoals and streams
 Groped into the deep dusk that fill'd the sky,
 For him to catch in meshes of his eye.

For Ben had the true sailor's sanguine heart,
 And saw the future with a boy's brave thought,
 No doubts, nor faint misgivings had a part
 In his bright visions—ay, before he caught
 His fish, he sold them in the scaly mart,
 And summ'd the net proceeds. This should have brought
 Despair upon him when his hopes were foil'd,
 But though one crop was marr'd, again he toil'd

And sow'd his seed afresh.—Many foul blights
 Perish'd his hardwon gains—yet he had plann'd
 No schemes of too extravagant delights—
 No goodly houses on the Goodwin sand—
 But a small humble home, and loving nights,
 Such as his honest heart and earnest hand
 Might fairly purchase. Were these hopes too airy?
 Such as they were, they rested on thee, Mary.

She was the prize of many a toilsome year,
 And hardwon wages, on the perilous sea—
 Of savings ever since the shipboy's tear
 Was shed for home, that lay beyond the lee;—
 She was purveyor for his other dear
 Mary, and for the infant yet to be
 Fruit of their married loves. These made him dote
 Upon the homely beauties of his boat,

Whose pitch black hull roll'd darkly on the wave.
 No gayer than one single stripe of blue
 Could make her swarthy sides. She seem'd a slave,
 A negro among boats—that only knew
 Hardship and rugged toil—no pennons brave
 Flaunted upon the mast—but oft a few
 Dark dripping jackets flutter'd to the air,
 Ensigns of hardihood and toilsome care.

And when she ventured for the deep, she spread
 A tawny sail against the sunbright sky,
 Dark as a cloud that journeys overhead—
 But then those tawny wings were stretch'd to fly
 Across the wide sea desert for the bread
 Of babes and mothers—many an anxious eye
 Dwelt on her course, and many a fervent pray'r
 Invoked the Heavens to protect and spare.

Where is she now? The secrets of the deep
 Are dark and hidden from the human ken;
 Only the sea-bird saw the surges sweep
 Over the bark of the devoted Ben,—
 Meanwhile a widow sobs and orphans weep,
 And sighs are heard from weatherbeaten men,
 Dark sunburnt men, uncouth and rude and hairy,
 While loungers idly ask, "Where is the Mary?" B.

THE ECHO.

To avoid mistakes, be it understood that our Echo is not intended to be like the monotonous Repeater of the Lurlei Berg, which says the same thing over and over some dozen times; nor yet like Mr. Rogers's famous Echo at Ware, that only answers "Where?" It will not merely mock the last word or syllable addressed to it, but play at question and answer, after the manner of the celebrated Irish Echo, recorded by Joe Miller. There will be meaning and matter in its responses, as in those of the very original Echo, in Hudibras, which replied so pertinently to the queries of Orsin on the loss of his bear. Nay, on occasion, our Echo will speak without being spoken to, and whisper its own mind in a still *wee* voice, like the Ghost of an Editor. For example:—

"SIR: If the following Verses," &c. &c.

"ECHO: *Sir, we wish you a very harmonious New Year.*"

"SIR: would you like a series of Essays on Bacon?"

"ECHO: *Yes; at breakfast, subject to the advice of our Physician.*"

Mr. B. is referred to Downing-street for the "Armorial Barings" he inquires about. If that fails, he may try Sir Charles Young, or the *Morning Herald*.

Our Foreign Correspondents are counselled to be cautious in the selection of conveyances for the transmission of their MSS., and to be careful in the packing. Two parcels of *broken English* have come to hand from abroad.

We remember reading in a recent notorious work, not otherwise very remarkable for originality, of a boat being forced through "a *serf*." Is the "Nautical Tale" from the same manufactory? There is certainly a resemblance of style in the following passage: "Our ship had struck on the *Sillies*. The sea was making *breeches* over her, and we were buried in *serge*."



THE MODERN BELINDA.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

Comic Miscellany.

Lil
His —

THE LADY'S DREAM.

THE lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still ;
For turning often and oft
From side to side, she mutter'd and moan'd,
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she startled up,
And gaz'd on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme ;
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam ;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried :—
“ Oh me ! that awful dream !

“ That weary, weary walk,
 In the churchyard's dismal ground !
 And those horrible things, with shady wings,
 That came and flitted round,—
 Death, death, and nothing but death,
 In every sight and sound ! /

“ And oh ! those maidens young,
 Who wrought in that dreary room,
 With figures drooping and spectres thin,
 And cheeks without a bloom ;—
 And the Voice that cried, ‘ For the pomp of pride,
 We haste to an early tomb !

For the pomp and pleasure of Pride
 We toil like Afric slaves,
 And only to earn a home at last,
 Where yonder cypress waves ;—
 And then they pointed—I never saw
 A ground so full of graves !

“ And still the coffins came,
 With their sorrowful trains and slow ;
 Coffin after coffin still,
 A sad and sickening show ;
 From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
 Of such a World of Woe !

“ Of the hearts that daily break,
 Of the tears that hourly fall,
 Of the many, many troubles of life,
 That grieve this earthly ball—
 Disease and Hunger, and Pain, and Want,
 But now I dreamt of them all !

“ For the blind and the cripple were there,
 And the babe that pined for bread,
 And the houseless man, and the widow poor
 Who begged—to bury the dead ;
 The naked, alas, that I might have glad,
 The famished I might have fed !

“The sorrow I might have soothed,
 And the unregarded tears ;
 For many a thronging shape was there,
 From long forgotten years,
 Aye, even the poor rejected Moor,
 Who rais'd my childish fears !

“Each pleading look, that long ago
 I scann'd with a heedless eye,
 Each face was gazing as plainly there,
 As when I passed it by ;
 Woe, woe for me if the past should be
 Thus present when I die !

“No need of sulphureous lake,
 No need of fiery coal,
 But only that crowd of human kind
 Who wanted pity and dole—
 In everlasting retrospect—
 Will wring my sinful soul !

“Alas ! I have walked through life
 Too heedless where I trod ;
 Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
 And fill the burial sod—
 Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
 Not unmark'd of God !

“I drank the richest draughts ;
 And ate whatever is good—
 Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
 Supplied my hungry mood ;
 But I never remembered the wretched ones
 That starve for want of food !

“I dressed as the noble dress,
 In cloth of silver and gold,
 With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
 In many an ample fold ;
 But I never remembered the naked limbs
 That froze with winter's cold.

“ The wounds I might have heal'd !
The human sorrow and smart !
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part :
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart ! ”

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream ;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme ;
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream !



CHURCH PORCH THE SCENE OF GRAY'S "ELEGY."

THE STRANGE STUDENT.

WHEN I studied at Edinburgh one of my special comrades and classfellows was a young Highlander—a Divinity student, who bore the high Celtic cognomen of Torquil Maclellan.

Now this young man was a character; that is, he had many points of peculiarity in his disposition and habits of thinking and acting which marked him out from among his fellows with more distinctness than the generality of men stand out withal from their kind. These points I shall endeavour to bring before you.

He was young, about nineteen, I think—slight but well made, and very gentlemanlike. He had soft curly black hair, indications of black whiskers, hazel eyes, and a clear white complexion, with a brown bloom on either cheek, where, by-the-bye, the cheek-bones stood out with a discernible but not unpleasing prominence. The expression of his countenance struck me always as eminently Celtic. There was in it a mixture of the pensive and the mild, the fierce and the shy; there would be a bold haughty stare, which would dissolve in a moment into a timid, bashful, almost silly, smile.

He was not at all a clever student, but got along with the rest pretty well by strong efforts, for it was evident he had no enthusiasm for learning. His whole ambition, he told me often, was to dream away his life the humble and contented pastor of some sunny Highland valley. But he had enthusiasm for poetry and the most poetical superstitions of his country. In these subjects his whole spirit was wrapt, so that he walked the world hardly like one of ourselves, but rather like one of those beings of another order, of whom he had exhaustless legends, and in whom fervently he believed. Oh, often have I listened for hours to his tales, each wilder and more original than the one it followed, of second sight, fairies, enchantments, ghosts, wraiths, water-kelpies, banshees, and seraphs, descending and holding converse with holy men, far secluded in lonely valleys among the hills! In these he placed implicit credence, and would have been grievously offended had I doubted them; and for each he had an authority within his own knowledge. A grand-uncle of his had the second-sight, and foresaw and foretold many remarkable events. His mother's third cousin, who was a chief, had a wailing night-spirit that announced death in the family, and which had been heard by his own father on three several occasions: and an aunt had frequent interviews with the enemy of mankind, who came in the shape of a small dark man, and mocked her while at prayer.

Torquil was a poet, but from his bashful disposition I could get sight of but few of his productions; and what I did see were quite in the Ossianic strain—ghosts riding on meteors, and delicate mountain maids with their hair floating abroad on the night-wind, recognising in them the

misty forms of their lovers, slain in distant fields. Some were in the Gaelic language, others in measured English prose, but all unfinished; and he guarded them with so much scrupulous jealousy, that there was no securing a copy of any of them.

He was quite a solitary; society was a burden to him, he shunned it in every possible way, and when forced into it his sheepish awkwardness was as painful to others as it was to himself. He had formed a most exalted idea of the female character, and, when in the company of ladies, was so overwhelmed with the sort of ethereal halo wherewith his imagination had invested them, as to be utterly unable to address them in conversation. His greatest pleasures appeared to be to walk alone about the country of a sunny day, or about the lonely streets of the city on a moonlight night; or to sit for hours alone by his fire, looking into it between the bars. Thus have I found him often in his chamber, with his back turned upon his books, his candle long burnt out, and his head bending over the fire, into the glow of which his eyes were intently gazing, while ever and anon a smile of delight or a look of compassion or sorrow would pass over his face at the events of the ideal world that was moving around him. He would always sigh deeply when his reveries were thus broken in upon; but if I had come to listen to his dreams, a new pleasure would re-animate his countenance. He appeared to have no friends or acquaintances, either in the university or in the town. I alone was in his confidence; how this came about I cannot account for, save from the fact that I too, when young, had my whims, and was generally considered a sort of eccentric, half-cracked being, and "like," says the proverb, "draws to like;" probably, it might have arisen from our mutually understanding and appreciating each other's characters.

But, be that as it may, I certainly have had few friends to whom I have been more attached, or whose loss I have mourned so deeply.

In temper he was the mildest of creatures, and the gentlest in manners. No one could be more at the command of his emotions than poor Torquil, or more variable in spirits—now he was all mirth and cheerfulness—within an hour he seemed a very picture of melancholy. He was strongly imbued with religion—the pure Calvinism of the North; but had interwoven with it a strange texture of superstitious Mythology, and firmly believed in an intermediate state without all the bliss of Paradise, and with but little of the pains of the other place—which was allotted to that class of half-fallen spirits, who have sported by moonlight in the imagination of his countrymen, from time immemorial.

No person, one would think, could be more apt than he to fall deeply in love, or, when he fell, to be more completely lost in the enchantment of the passion. He seemed cut out for its very victim, and yet, strange to say, he appeared always entirely proof to it; and while I, as in duty bound, was sighing away in a manner becoming my years, and creditable to my discretion, he, though he certainly did not laugh at me, appeared quite callous and devoid of sympathy, and altogether at a loss to perceive the precise nature or *modus operandi* of my pangs. I used to speak to him about this, and, while expatiating in glowing terms on the more glowing eyes and lips of Miss A., the golden tresses of Miss F., (ah, there's a sigh even now!) and the swimming carriage and magnificent

voice of Miss S., would take him to task on the subject in expressions now of envy, now of pity.

"Ah!" he would say, "don't hurry me—it is coming yet, I know; and, I fear—for if ever that passion drove a man mad, I am such a man—it will be my death."

There is a certain village on the coast of Argyllshire much frequented as a watering-place, or summer residence, by the Cotton, Sugar, and Iron Lords of Glasgow and Paisley. South-west from it the coast has a singularly bold aspect, consisting of steep rounded promontories in succession, enclosing small narrow bays. These promontories are covered with wood, among which, where there can be found horizontal space enough, there are perched one or two villas of a castellated appearance, to make them harmonise with the rude bluff nature of the scenery. Along the foot of these projecting steepes runs the shore road, generally at about a hundred feet above the water level, often overhung by trees or rocks, and with another wood beneath it; down, through which several little pathways lead over the rocks to quiet little bits of hidden beach, most pleasant for bathing. I have travelled much since those days, and to several out-of-the-way places in sunny climates, but a more beautiful walk for a summer's day I have not seen than this lonely road, winding round among rock and wood, with the smooth sea sleeping below, and a fair prospect of fertile low-land basking in the sun beyond it.

To a cottage near this village my father used to remove every summer, and hither I invited my friend Torquil, to pass with us a week or two of June.

He came, and appeared to enjoy himself mightily. The weather was beautiful—clear sunny days and starry nights, and daily and nightly he was out alone, following his own fancy, up among the hills, down that romantic shore road, or out in our small boat upon the waveless sea. At first, for a day or two, I was often with him; after that I hardly saw him at all, and about this I began to be a little piqued, though I said nothing, but went fishing, rambling, and sailing by myself.

But one afternoon, rather late, indeed about an hour before sunset, when the heat of summer was no more to be felt, though all the brightness remained; when the perfume of the flowers, plants, and blossoms, that had been burnt dry at noon, was just beginning to steal freshly forth, aided by the balmy dewiness of evening, that was soon to fall completely over the scene—when a small pale crescentic shadow, which you know to be the moon, was faintly visible aloft in the sky—but the bright sparkle of Hesperus was not yet discernible; at this season, I was slowly returning toward the village, from a walk of several hours, down the winding shore road. Just as I was about to round an abrupt turn, I was awakened from a reverie by the sound of clear cheerful voices talking a little in advance of me. I looked up, and, to my amazement, beheld my friend Torquil strolling leisurely along with a young lady, while a second was walking a little in the rear, apparently twisting a sort of garland with wild flowers. I say to my amazement, for I knew his invulnerability, his power of looking unscathed on the brightest beauty, as well as his bashfulness and total incapacity for female society;

yet here he 'was walking along, talking and smiling with an utter absence of all *mauvaise honte*, to one who, though certainly strange looking, was still a most lovely and lady-like creature.

He was so rapt—so completely to appearance under the spell of his companion's presence—that he did not observe me as I fell respectfully to one side of the road to let them pass. His features were animated by an expression totally new to them, as he looked with an ardent smile down into her face, for she was small and slight—it was an expression of admiration and love, amounting to worship, like what one might fancy on the countenance of a fanatical devotee about to sacrifice himself to his divinity, and it was blended with the shy, tameless, wild-deer sort of look his strongly Celtic face usually wore. He passed me altogether unconscious of my presence—not so did his companion. You have often observed, reader, how a woman, who is conscious of extreme beauty, and withal of a coquettish turn, glances at a stranger, into whose neighbourhood she may for a little be thrown. She gives you a sudden momentary look full in the face or side-long—enquiring, half admiring, and somewhat sweet and kind—next instant it is withdrawn from you, and succeeded by an appearance of ordinary influence—and not all you could say or do, were you foolish enough to try, would ever recall to you that delicious glance—no, it has done its work in her opinion, and one is enough to settle your business, they are too precious to be thrown away. Such a glance full flashing and instantaneous did this lady cast upon me, and in another moment she was lavishing in smiles all her sweetness upon my fascinated friend.

I never in all my life saw a being like her—smallness was the only drawback from the perfection of her beauty; for I hold with the ancients that stature, if not bulk, is a decided constituent of that quality. She was slight and little, yet through the light texture of her dress as she walked, the eye, aided by the fancy, could make out the complete symmetry of her most graceful figure. Her foot was exceedingly small—disproportionately so it would have seemed did not the sight move from it to the slender, beautifully shaped, and the flowerstalk-like springy ankle it supported. Her face, again, in its extreme and ripe loveliness, betokened the perfection of womanhood, albeit the slight elastic undulating form might have looked the girl—and it had even in a greater degree the peculiar expression which I have called Celtic, and described as animating the face of Torquil—indeed so strong was this expression, that it seemed almost to border on that of insanity. She wore a dress of some silken stuff of a beautiful green colour, not quite in the fashion, nor yet in that prior to it, yet deviating from them only in those particulars in which they seemed to have as usual left pure and classic grace behind them. A small green velvet bonnet, with lining of a lighter shade of the same colour, was allowed to fall back upon her neck, exposing her face and the top of her yellow head to the full glow of the low-fallen sun, as if she little dreaded or cared for aught but the ripening effect of its rays upon the mingled roses of her face, neck, and brow. A shawl of deep green tint was thrown with much elegance, plaidwise, about her shoulders—her shoes were of green leather, and she wore a snood or narrow band of some glittering cloth of the same hue round her

head, as if to bind her golden tresses. Her whole person was glistening with gold and precious stones—every part of her dress, that afforded any excuse for a jewel, bore many and dazzling ones, especially the band over her forehead, that round her waist, her wrists, and her fingers, and the emerald seemed to be of all the most especial favourite. Moreover there hung with careless grace from her waist down round the skirt of her dress a very light and slender garland of little wildflowers, similar to that the other young lady behind appeared to be twining.

This latter person I had not time to observe, so occupied were my eyes and thoughts with the other, the immediate companion of my friend. I had merely time to notice cursorily that she too was slight and small, and was dressed in a style somewhat similar, before they were all out of sight from me behind the rock at the corner of the road. Her face I did not see.

As I walked along the way homeward, my mind was agitated by a thousand doubts and conjectures—who or what these ladies could be, or how my strange, shy, solitary friend had managed to procure or accomplish an introduction to their acquaintance. The conclusion I came to was, that the first was the daughter of some of the princely merchants who had villas in the neighbourhood, and *insane*; for on no other supposition could I account for the singular outlandish strangeness of her looks and dress; and that the second was either a hired keeper or companion, or some kind sister who performed out of affection that office.

I was on thorns till I got an opportunity of talking with Torquil on the subject, which was not till next day at noon; for not till then did he come home to our cottage. He asked me to take a walk with him down the shore road, and as we went he talked in glowing terms of this his first mistress.

"Alas! Peregrine!" said he, "it is come upon me at last, and I am lost. I am become but a secondary being, a poor insignificant satellite to that bright orb you saw. I have now no separate existence from her—where she goes I must go, and if she put me from her I must die."

"Tuts! nonsense man!" said I, "wait awhile and you will wonder—laugh—at your present ecstasies; I have an idea how you feel, but let me tell you, from actual experience, there is nothing makes a man feel so cheap as when returned to his sober senses he looks back upon the vagaries and antics he has been made to play by that most powerful, most unstable, and most ridiculous of the passions, love."

"Ah! you talk only as far as you know—my passion you can never understand—its object is not like the daughters of this earth, she is an ethereal being, a creature as much superior to womankind as is yonder blue empyrean to this thick air."

"Just so I thought of my own Laura, till I found her lunching on cold roast pork and bottled porter. But how the deuce did you get acquainted with her let me ask?"

"I will tell you," said he, "the first day after my arrival here I had wandered away down this road to about a mile beyond the last of the villas—that with the tower and clock attached, and, leaving the road, went down the rocks under the trees to the water's edge. It was about noon, and I had thoughts of bathing; at all events the spot looked so

romantic that I was inclined to explore it. But, when about halfway down, I was arrested by the sight of two nymphlike creatures, who with mirth were laving the snow of their unclad feet in the little waves that washed a small nook of white sandy beach, and picking their tottering, but most graceful steps, among the sharp pebbles and shells—for some moments I watched them unseen—I ought not in honour, but I could not help it, I was fascinated. At length they left the beach, and ran quickly up the rocks in the opposite direction from where I was,—suddenly one of them, with a small suppressed scream, fell,—I sprang from where I was concealed, bounded across the bushy rocks, and in a minute more had raised her in my arms. One of those small white feet was bleeding, and a few drops were on a sharp slaty point of the rock that had grazed it as it flew over. I came back afterwards, and broke off that bit of stone, and here it is.”

As he spoke he drew from the bosom of his waistcoat a small fragment of stone, marked with a deep red stain. When I had looked at it here placed it.

“At her own request I helped her companion to bear her up to the road behind a turn of which a small open green carriage, with two cream-coloured ponies, was waiting. She would not let me leave her, and we drove down about three miles farther to where her home is——”

“Ah,” said I, “and where is it, and what sort of folks are her friends?”

“You have walked down, have you not, to a place where you lose sight of the sea, where the road goes round behind a small rather low-lying and wood-covered promontory,—here we dismounted, and entering the wood by a narrow-tangled path, came at length to a stone wall, ivy-covered, and concealed by small trees and thick brushwood. A small green door in the wall opened, and we entered a garden,—it is in a most singular taste,—there is no appearance of art, all the flowers and bushes seem to spring naturally and spontaneously, and it is only when you can perceive no weed, nor any plant devoid of its beauty or its fragrance, that you acknowledge the hand of art has been there. The walks are grass-carpeted, and bordered with the most beautiful flowers, native to our country, and many of the richest tints and odour that I have hitherto been a stranger to. Through this, by many a winding, we went past many a flowery arbour and many a fantastic fountain, and statue of woodnymph or satyr in marble or bronze, till we reached her home. It is an extensive dwelling of one story, facing the south-west, and with an open area of green-sward in front, shut in all round by fruit trees of all descriptions. It is on the plan of a cottage, and the front and roof, which is thatched with heath, are covered with flowering creepers, ivy, and wood-lin—the walls completely, and the roof partially. But how can I make you know the splendour, the luxury of the interior, where everything that could be contrived by the most voluptuarian Sybarite, or executed by the slaves of the lamp, is offered to the ravished senses; where every organ meets everywhere with some new and not hitherto dreamed of gratification.”

“Bless my soul!” cried I, “I have been here every summer for this eight years past, and never before heard of a villa down this road farther

than Mr. M——'s, the cotton broker; and such a Paradise, too, and so secret, I'm afraid you have found your way to the Cumnor, and stumbled on the Amy Robsart of some great man. You'd better mind your eye, Torquil, or you will get into trouble, as sure as fate."

"No," cried he, with an enthusiastic smile, "the lady of my life is mistress of the mansion, and owns no lord of any kind. There is none within those bounds, save in her service, or by her invitation."

"It is strange," said I, "that I did not find out this demesne. I know perfectly the low jutting land you mean. Now I last year went down there and entered the wood, but in place of a stone wall, I came to a rocky ledge, about twelve feet high, and shelving outwards over me so as to be inaccessible without a ladder, or without climbing a tree, and dropping from a branch—a proceeding from which, had I been inclined to it, I would have been deterred by the sight of a very respectable adder uncoiling itself among the bushes."

Here we had a long dispute, about whether I had been to the same place or not, or whether his stone wall did not fill up a gap in the rocky ledge I spoke of; and I resolved to make every inquiry in a quiet way at the village, whether anybody knew of the existence of the villa, or whether any servant from it was in the habit of coming there to make purchases of necessaries. At last I proposed to him, that as the day was fine, we might walk down together, and he could at least show me the wall with its door. With some reluctance he consented, and we went down the road together; but we had scarcely gone a hundred yards, when one of those bright insects, called in the language of the country witch-butterflies, caught my eye, and giving chase up the rocks beside the road, my foot missed a point I was stepping to, and falling, I hurt my side so severely, as to be glad to crawl home as speedily as with his assistance I could. I was confined to bed, or to the house, for more than a week after.

Whilst I was so confined, Torquil appeared to be revelling in the society of this, his charmer, about whom he seemed to be love-mad. She, her villa, her youthful friends, their music,—so much beyond anything we had ever heard together in church, theatre, or concert-room—the viands, the wines, the sporting, and the dances, formed the sole subjects of the conversation the few hours he was with me; whilst, at other times, my mind was in a continual ferment about what could be the common-sense meaning of all this so romantic affair, and what was likely to be the upshot.

At length, when I had got so far well as to be able to sit up dressed in my room—though I could not walk much without pain—one evening Torquil came in, and after sitting a little, rose, and pressing my hand between his two, while the tears stood in his eyes, bade me "good night," and left me. I was wondering what could be the matter, and I began to associate his present demeanour with his mysterious love in green, when a servant entering, gave me a letter. I opened it, and the hand at once, before I had looked at the signature, told me it was from Torquil.

He told me he had left me, and that I should never see him more; that he was not going home to his father's house in the Highlands, nor to Edinburgh, but to a very distant country, from which, if he should

ever return, it would be many years thereafter. He was deeply sorry, it said, to part from me—he had been very happy with me; but he was going to be happier now—very happy, indeed, and very powerful; possessed of a power which he would continually exert for *my* welfare. He had taken this method of parting with me to avoid the deep pain of a parting,—in words—a bidding farewell—to both of us; and wished me every success and happiness in this and another world.

When I read this, springing from my seat, I spoke unconsciously aloud—

“At length it has occurred, and Torquil has committed the folly I feared—he has made a runaway match, and allied himself to that girl, who I am now convinced is insane—but hardly more so than he!”

All the evening and night I was in a state of the utmost anxiety, and next day feeling much stronger I took a staff and set out, the weather being warm and beautiful, to seek this secluded villa, and make enquiries to ascertain what had become of my friend.

After a long walk I reached the spot where the road left the shore, and went behind the peninsula of land; I looked around me, and was now sure, from particulars Torquil had mentioned in our former dispute, that this was the place both of us meant. Leaving the highway I entered the wood between it and the sea, and soon came to the ledge of rock I had before remarked. Moving cautiously along beneath it I at length reached a spot where it appeared accessible. Still there was no appearance of any artificial wall; I mounted over this portion with more ease than I had expected, but found no difference on the one side from the other. There was the same wood of low trees which appeared likely never to reach much beyond their present dwarfish stature, and between and around them there was an abundance of brambles, furze, stinging-nettles, and other brushwood.

Through this I made my way doubtfully with the end of my stick, and at length reached an open space, where I perceived a bare, grassy hillock, quite rounded and regular in shape. I now began, in spite of me, to entertain somewhat strange ideas, which were increased to inexpressible awe and feeling of insecurity—of mysterious danger—when moving round it I saw, on its south-west side, an open level space, with a very large thorn-tree in the midst, and close by it one of those scathed circles on the grass denominated *fairy wings*. I could not withstand the feelings that took possession of me, but taking to my heels fled through the wood. In a minute or two I heard the murmur of waves, and reached the line of rocks that formed the shore, over which I resolved to scramble till I should find my way back to the road without again traversing that enchanted wood.

But here as I was moving along, stepping from one point to another, my progress was arrested by a sort of half-covered wide-mouthed cave, that had a floor of sand and pebbles stretching up from the sea-brink to about twenty feet back under the rocks. Just as I was thinking of stepping over this at a narrow part my eyes were attracted by a figure laid at length on the sand, with the head and shoulders washed by the tiny waves of the ebbing tide, and the face downwards.

Struck with new dread and curiosity, I made my way down over the

rough points and angles of the rocks, and coming close to the body could at once perceive, by the dress, though drenched with wet and stained with sand, that it was my poor friend Torquil.

I raised the body, and though the features were a little disfigured, apparently by having lain against the pebbles, yet I directly knew them; his black hair, his eyes, nose, and mouth were foul with sand, and among the locks some glutinous sea-weed had got entangled and hung drooping into the water.

Reader, what were now my thoughts? I cannot tell—they changed every instant—I felt as if in a dream, only I knew I was awake. Amazement, grief, superstitious awe, terror—terror for my own safety—flew through my mind, and I was constrained, leaning against the side of that lonely and fatal cave with the body in my arms, to pray aloud to Heaven for succour and protection.

When I had become somewhat composed, I set about dragging the body up the rocks, out of the way of crabs and other fish. With some trouble I carried it to a grassy spot, where covering the face and upper part of the body with the handkerchiefs from my pocket and neck, which I secured down with stones; and spreading over the whole broken-down branches which I saw about, I left the spot, and made the best of my way to the village.

I had no sooner reached it than I was compelled to take once more to my bed; the trial had been too much for me. But I gave directions to a party of men, who set out that same day by water, and brought the remains round in our boat.

In Scotland there are no inquests, but the Sheriff-Substitute and Procurator-Fiscal, as I believe the officers are called, made an investigation immediately into the case; but on hearing the surgeon's report who had examined the body, and questioning such witnesses as they thought fit to put on oath, came to the conclusion that the death had been accidental, by drowning.

I sent to his father in the Highlands the letter of farewell he had written me, with an account of the circumstances preceding his death. In about four days he himself came on horseback across the country, but his son had been buried in the village church-yard, and he could only see his grave. He came and saw me, and a poor broken-hearted old man he seemed; but he was not allowed to stay or talk much to me, for by that time I was in a state of fever.

Reader,—on inquiry I found there was no villa of any kind south of Mr. M——'s, the one with the small tower and clock. Also, that the point of land is called “Ardshire, or the Fairy's Promontory.”

THE BLIND BRIDE.

THE following Poem derives its origin from a Romance of Real Life, the scene of which is in one of our midland counties. A young lady of great beauty and accomplishments was suddenly deprived, by an inflammation, of the sense of sight. Nevertheless, instead of sinking, under so heavy a dispensation, into listlessness and melancholy, with an admirable spirit she retained her cheerfulness, and continued all her former pursuits, as far as the privation would allow. She continued to play, sing, dance, walk, and even ride out on horseback—preserving a bright mind, amidst her darkness, and a happy countenance. Soon afterwards a gentleman returned from abroad, who had been the companion of her childhood—and her lover in his boyhood. Touched by the noble spirit with which she bore her calamity, and still retaining his old attachment to her, he offered his heart and hand for her acceptance—in spite of the urgent counsel of his friends, and even the remonstrances of the lady herself. But he remained firm to his purpose : and the verses were composed, as if addressed by him to his Blind Bride.

THOU seest me not, my own dear bride ;
 Yet bright thy smile, my Esperance,
 As when we sported side by side,
 Or mingled in our playmates' dance—
 Thy step, as then, is light and free,
 Thy stirrup firm and fearless still :
 Such power abides in constancy
 Of faith and hope, and steadfast will.

I lov'd thee then, my heart's first joy,
 I love thee now, and tenfold more
 Than when the sadden'd stripling-boy
 Left thee and thine, and England's shore.
 One lingering gaze behind I cast :
 Thy young eye watch'd me from the hill :—
 O had I deem'd that look thy last !—
 But here thou art, and dearer still.

Thy mind 's a kingdom all my own ;
 And like the lark, in morning air,
 Thy playful voice, whose minstrel tone
 Can charm away my every care.
 Thy peace which pure high thoughts impart,
 The scents, the sounds of jocund Earth,
 Are thine—and more than all, a heart
 That beats for thee and feels thy worth.

What though alike unmark'd by thee
 The moonbeam and the noontide ray,
 'Tis mind, and heart, and converse free,
 Turn gloom to joy, and night to day.
 Then cheer thee, love ; where'er we go,
 My step, my thought, shall wait on thine :
 Thy spirit, tried in weal and woe,
 My Esperance, shall strengthen mine.

NATURE AND ART.

THE following Correspondence is submitted, without comment, to the reader ; who must discover for himself to which of our Art-Unions it refers. Perhaps it applies indirectly to all Picture Lotteries and raffles for Engravings, in which the very best *designs* are left at the mercy of *chance*.

No. 1.

TO R. A. BRUSH, ESQ., LONDON.

SUR,—About the Hart Unnion. Accordin to yure advice I tuck out for my Prize that are grate Picter as was in the Xibition and am sorry to say It dont give sattisfaction to noboddy, nayther to self and family or any Frënd watsumever. Indeed sum pepel dont scrupple to say Ive been reglarly Dun in ile.

The fust thing I did on its arrival were to stick it up in the back Parler verry much agin my Missis, who objected to its takin too much of her room, witch she likes to have to herself. Howsumever there it were and I made a pint to ax every boddy, custumers, & nabers, to step in & faver with their oppinions And witch am concernd to say is all unanimus Per Contra, And partickly Sam Jones the Hous Painter whom is reckond a judge. As youd say if youd seed him squinnyin at it thro a roll of paper like one of the reglar knowin wuns I see at the Nashunal Gallery. Besides backin & backin funder & funder off to get the rite Distance as he said, till he backt into the fire. Whereby he says theres not a room in the hole Premisis big enuff to get at the focus. And sure enuff the nigher you look into it the funder youre off from diskivering the meanin. And my Missis objects in to-to to landskips in doors witch sounds resonable and agreeable to Natur only it would spile in the open air. So wat to do with the Pictur lord nose. Why Id better have had a share in the Boy's Distributing, with a chance of gittin a hactive one, to go round with the Tray.

As for Dadley, he wont have it at no price—not even for a sign—for says he theres no entertanement in it for man or horse. And witch I am almost converted to myself, arter lookin at it for three Days runnin. So you see it dont impruve on acquaintance. Rigsby the Carpenter is of the same mind as the others ; He have won a Prize himself, that are

Print as you see in every House I goes to, like the Willer patten chaney Namely the yung Female with the Lion walkin into the Cottage —why he don't walk into her & the old oman too is astonishin.

Well, there it is in the littel back parler, & as Jones says, "bein kill'd for want of space," & advises to stick it in the slortorous, But witch I cant spare for a Pictur Gallery.

As such havin follerd your proffeshinal advice witch makes you respon-sibel for the same Beg to know wether the Pictur cant be took back at a redeuced Wallyation Or by way of swop for the same length & Bredth, by the foot square, of littel paintings In witch case Sporting subjex would be preferd. Or would be agreeable to take out the Amount in fammily likenesses, includin my grey mare.

Hopin for the faver of an early reply I am

Sur

Your very humbel sarvent

RICHARD CARNABY.

No. 2.

(THE ANSWER.)

SIR,

IN reply to your communication I beg to state, that having afforded you the benefit of my professional knowledge and experience in the selection of a Picture, I am quite as deeply concerned as I ought to be that the result has not proved satisfactory to yourself, Mr. Jones the House Painter, and the rest of the provincial connoisseurs.

As to taking back the Picture, under any of the arrangements you propose, it is quite out of the question; and indeed altogether inconsistent with the rules and views of a Society expressly instituted for the encouragement of a taste for the Fine Arts.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

R. A. BRUSH.

No. 3.

TO MR. BRUSH.

SUR,

AM sorry you decline to take the Pictur off my hands havin proposed such Fair Terms. As to my encurragin a taste for the Fine Harts, as my missis say, its my bisness to encurrege a taste for fine meat Witch is the fact. And as such ort praps to have confined my attentions to butcherin Whereby I mite sit cumfitable in my own parler But a 200 ginny Pictur, and a greasy blue jacket & red nite cap don't match no how. Howsumever I shant put in agin At least not till sich time as theres a Hart Union for Hagriculture & a raffle for a Prize Ox.

I remane

Sur

You verry humbel sarvent,

RICHARD CARNABY.

P. S. Since ritin the abuv, Jones have found a customer, on condition of paintin some annimals into the landskip, whereby the Pictur stands a chance of showing off, on the outside of a Wild Beast Carrywan.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

JAMES O'LEARY was a schoolmaster of great learning, and still greater repute; his school was the most crowded of any school within fifty miles of Killgubbin—yet he modestly designated it his “Small College”—and his pupils “his thrifle of boys.” O'Leary never considered “the Vulgarians”—as he termed those who only learned English, writing, and arithmetic—worth counting. No boy, in his estimation, merited naming or notice until he entered Virgil; he began his school catalogue with “the Vargils;” but was so decidedly proud of “the Homarians,” that he often regretted he had no opportunity of “taking the shine out of thim ignorant chaps up at Dublin College” by a display of his “*Gracians*”—five or six clear-headed, intelligent boys, whose brogues were on their tongue; whose clothes hung upon them by a mystery; and yet, poor fellows! were as proud of their Greek, and as fond of capping Latin verses, as their master himself.

James O'Leary deserved his reputation to a certain extent, as all do who achieve one. In his boyhood he had been himself a poor scholar, and travelled the country for his learning; he had graduated at the best hedge school in the kingdom of Kerry, and at one time had an idea of entering Maynooth; but fortunately or unfortunately, as it might be, he lost his vocation by falling in love and marrying Mary Byrne, to whom, despite a certain quantity of hardness and pedantry, he always made a kind husband, although Mary, docile and intelligent in every other respect, never could achieve her A, B, C; *this* he was fond of instancing as a proof of the inferiority of the fair sex. James looked with the greatest contempt at the system adopted by the National Schools, declaring that Latin was the foundation upon which all intellectual education should be raised, and that the man who had no Latin was not worthy of being considered a man at all.

Donnybeg, the parish in which he resided, was a very remote, silent district—an isolated place, belonging chiefly to an apoplectic old gentleman, whose futher having granted long leases on remunerating terms, left him a certain income, sufficient for himself, and not distressing to others. The simple farmers had so long considered Master O'Leary a miracle, and he confirmed them in this opinion so frequently, by saying in various languages, what they had not understood, if spoken in the vernacular, that when a National School was proposed in the parish by some officious person, they offered to send up their schoolmaster, attended by his Latin and Greek scholars—tail fashion—to “bother the boord.” This threw James into a state of such excitement, that he could hardly restrain himself; and indeed his wife does not hesitate to say, that he has never been “right” since.

The old landlord was as decided an enemy to the National School system as James himself; and the matter dropped without O'Leary's having an opportunity of "flooring the board," which he bitterly regrets. James, for many years after his establishment at Donnybeg, was exceedingly kind to the itinerant class, of whose merits he was so bright an example; for a long time his College was the refuge of every poor scholar, who received gratuitous instruction from "*the Master*," and the attention and tenderness of a mother from "*the Mistress*." This generosity on the part of James O'Leary increased his reputation, and won him a great many blessings from the poor, while pupils thronged to him from distant parts of the kingdom—not only the itinerant scholar, but the sons of snug farmers, who boarded in his neighbourhood, and paid largely for the classics, and all accomplishments. This James found very profitable; in due time he slated his house, placing a round stone as a "pinnacle" on either gable, representing, the one the terrestrial, the other, the celestial globe; he paved the little court-yard with the multiplication table in black and white stones; and constructed a summer-house, to use his own phrase, on "geometrical principles," whose interior was decorated with maps and triangles, and every species of information. If pupils came before, they "rained on him," after his "*Tusculum*" was finished; and he had its name painted on a gothic arch above the gate, which, such was the inveteracy of old habits, always stood open for want of a latch; but somehow, though James's fortunes improved, there was something about his heart that was not right; he began to consider learning only valuable as a means of wealth; he became civil to rich dunces, and continually snubbed a first-rate "*Gracian*," who was, it is true, only a poor scholar. This feeling, like all others, at first merely tolerated, gained ground by degrees, until Master O'Leary began to put the question frequently to himself—"Why he should do good, and bother himself so much, about those who did no good to him?" He had never ventured to say this out aloud to any one, but he had at last whispered it so often to himself that one evening, seeing Mary busily occupied turning round some preparation in a little iron pot, reserved for delicate stir-a-bout, gruel, or "*a sup of broth*,"—which he knew on that particular occasion was intended for the "*Gracian*," who had been unwell for some days,—after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and closing and clasping his well-thumbed Homer, he said, "Mary, can't ye sit still at the wheel, now that the day's a'most done, and nature becomes soporific?—which signifies an inclination to repose."

"In a minute, dear; it's for poor Aby—he's sick entirely, and has no one to look to him—the place where he lodges has no convayniance for a drop of whey—and if it had, they've nothing to turn it with, and nothing to make it of,—so I'll sit down at onct."

"Then why don't you sit down at onct?"—[A corruption of "at once," means, at this moment—it is the present tense—now—instantly.] "Why do you sit—wasting your time—to say nothing of the sweet milk—and the"—he was going to say "the sour," but was ashamed, and so added, "other things—for one who does no good to us?"

"No good to us!" repeated Mary, as she poured off the whey, keeping the curd carefully back with a horn spoon. "No good to us, dear?—"

why, it's for Aby-the-What is it you called him—Aby Gradus? No; Aby the Gracian—your top boy—as used to be—he that his old grandmother—(God help us!—he had no other kith or kin)—walked ten miles, just to see him stand at the head of his class, that she might die it an easy heart—it's for him, it is.

"Well," replied the Master, "I know that, I know it's for him—and I'll tell you what, Mary, we are growing—not to say ould, but advancing to the region of middle life—past its meridian, indeed—and we can't afford to be throwing away our substance on the like of Aby —"

"James!" exclaimed Mary.

"Ay, indeed, Mary, we must come to a period—a full stop, I mean—and"—he drew a deep breath, then added—"and *take no more poor scholars!*"

"Oh, James, don't say the likes o' that," said the gentle-hearted woman, "don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I did 'nt feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door a'most opens of itself to let them in."

"Still, we must take care of ourselves, woman, dear," replied James, with a dogged look. Why the look should be called "dogged," I do not know, for dogs are anything but obstinate, or given to it; but he put on the sort of look so called; and Mary, not moved from her purpose, covered the mouth of the jug with a huge red apple potato, and, beckoning a neighbour's child, who was hopping over the multiplication table in the little court yard, desired her to run for her life, with the jug, while it was hot, to the house where Aby stopt that week, and be sure tell him he was to take it after he had said his prayers, and while it was screeching hot. She then drew her wheel opposite her husband, and began spinning.

"I thought, James," she said, "that Abel was a strong pet of yours, though you've cooled to him of late—I'm sure he got you a deal of credit."

"All I'll ever get by him."

"Ob, don't say that! sure, the blessing is a fine thing—and all the learning you give out, James, honey, does 'nt lighten what you have in your head, which is a grate wonder. If I only take the meal out of the losset, handful by handful, it wastes away, but your brains hould out better than the meal: take ever so much away, and there's the same still."

"Mary, you're a fool, agra!" answered her husband—but he smiled. The schoolmaster was a man, and all men like flattery, even from their wives.

"And that's one reason, dear, why you can't be a loser by giving your learning to them that wants it," she continued—"it does them good and it does you no harm."

The schoolmaster made no answer, and Mary continued. She was a true woman, getting her husband into a good humour before she intimated her object.

"I've always thought a red head lucky, dear."

"The ancients valued the colour highly," he answered,

"Think of that, now!—And a boy I saw to-day had just such another lucky mole as yourself under his left eye."

"What boy?" inquired the master.

"A poor fatherless and motherless craythur, with his Vosters and little books slung in a strap at his back, and a purty tidy second shute of clothes under his arm for Sunday. It put me in mind of the way you tould me you set off poor scholaring yerself, darlin'!—all as one as that poor little boy, *barrin' the second suit of clothes.*"

"What did he want?" inquired O'Leary, resuming his bad temper, for Mary made a mistake in her second hit. She judged of his character by her own. Prosperity had rendered her more thoughtful and anxious to dispense the blessings she enjoyed, but it had *hardened* her husband.

"Just six months of your*taching to make a man of him, that's all."

"Has he money to pay for it?"

"I'm sura I never asked him. The thrifle collected for a poor scholar is little enough to give him a bit to eat, without paying anything to a *strong** man like yerself, James O'Leary;—only just the ase and contentment it brings to one's sleep by night, and one's work by day, to be afther doing a kind turn to a fellow-christian."

"Mary," replied the schoolmaster, in a slow and decided tone, "*that's all botheration.*"

Mary gave a start—she could hardly believe she heard correctly; but there sat James O'Leary looking as hard as if he had been turned from a man of flesh into a man of stone. Under the impression that he was bewitched, Mary crossed herself; but still he sat there looking, as she afterwards declared, 'like nothing.'

"Father of Mercy!" she exclaimed, "spake again, man alive! and tell us, is it yerself that's in it!"

James laughed; not joyously or humorously, but a little, dry, half starved laugh, lean and hungry—a niggardly laugh; but before he had time to reply, the door opened slowly and timidly, and a shock of rusty red hair, surmounting a pale acute face, entered, considerably in advance of the body to which it belonged.

"That's the boy I tould you of," said Mary. "Come in, *ma-bouchal*; the master himself's in it, now, and will talk to you, dear."

"The boy advanced his slight delicate form, bowed both by study and privation, and his keen penetrating eyes looking out from beneath the projecting brows which overshadowed them.

Mary told him to sit down; but he continued standing, his fingers twitching convulsively amid the leaves of a Latin book, in which he hoped to be examined.

"What's your name?—and stand up!" said the master, gruffly.

The boy told him his name was Edward Moore.

"What do you know?" He said, "He knew English and Voster†—a trifle of Algaabra and Latin—and the Greek letters—he hoped to be a priest in time—and should be," he added confidently, "if his honour wuld give him the run of the school, an odd lesson now and agin—

and let him pick up as much as he could." "And what," inquired O'Leary, "will you give me in return?"

"I have but little, Sir," replied the boy, "for my mother has six of us, paying to one, whose face we never see, a heavy rent for the shed we starve under. My father's in heaven—my eldest sister, a cripple—and but for the kindness of the neighbours, and the goodness of one or two families at Christmas and Whitsuntide, and, above all, the blessing of God—which never laves us—we might turn out upon the road—and beg."

"But all that is nothing to me," said O'Leary, very coldly.

"I know that, Sir," answered the boy; yet he looked as if he did *not* know it, "though your name's up in the country for kindness, as well as learning; but I was coming to it—I have a trifle of about eighteen shillings—besides five, which the priest warned me to keep, when I went for his blessing, as he said I might want it in case of sickness; and I was thinking, if yer honour would take ten out of the eighteen, for a quarter, or so, I know I can't pay ye'r honour as I ought, only just for the love of God, and if ye'd please to examine me in the Latin, his reverence said, I'd be no disgrace to you."

"Just let me see what ye've got," said the schoolmaster. The boy drew forth from inside his waistcoat the remnant of a cotton night-cap, and held it towards the schoolmaster's extended hand; but Mary stood between her husband and his temptation.

"Put it up, child," she said; "the masther doesn't want it, he only had a mind to see if it was safe,"—then aside to her husband—"Let fall ye'r hand, James, it's the devil that's under ye'r elbow keeping it out, nibbling as the fishes do at the hook; is it the thin shillings of a widow's son you'd be afther taking? It's not yerself that's in it at all,"—then to the boy—"Put it up, dear, and come in the morning." But the silver had shone in the master's eyes through the worn-out knitting, the "*thin shillings*," as Mary called them, and their chink aroused his avarice the more. So, standing up, he put aside his wife, as men often do good council, with a strong arm, and declared that he would have all, or none, and that without pay he would receive no pupil. The boy, thirsting for learning, almost without hesitation, agreed to give him all he possessed, only saying, that "the Lord above would rise him up some friend who would give him a bit, a sup, and a lock of straw to sleep on." Thus the bargain was struck, the penniless child turned from the door, knowing that, at least, for that night, he would receive shelter from some kind-hearted cotter, and perhaps give in exchange tuition to those who could not afford to go to the "great master," while the dispenser of knowledge, chinking the "*thin shillings*," strode towards a well-heaped hoard to add thereto the mite of a fatherless boy. Mary crouched over the cheerful fire, rocking herself backwards and forwards, in real sorrow, and determined to consult the priest as to the change that had come over her husband, turning him out of himself, into something "not right."

This was O'Leary's first public attempt to work out his determination, and he was thoroughly ashamed of himself; he did not care to encounter Mary's reproachful looks, so he brought over his blotted

desk, and sat with his back to her, apparently intent on his books; but despite all he could do, his mind went wandering back to the time he was a poor scholar himself, and no matter whether he looked over problems, or turned the leaves of Homer, there was the pale gentle face of the poor scholar, whom he had "fleeced" to the uttermost.

"Mary," he said, anxious to be reconciled to himself, "there never was one of them poor scholars that had not twice as much as they pertended."

"Was that the way with yerself, avick?" she answered. James pushed back the desk, flung the ruler at the cat—bounced the door after him—and went to bed. He did not fall very soon asleep—nor when he did, did he sleep very soundly—but tossed and tumbled about in a most undignified manner. So much so that his poor wife left off rocking, and, taking out her beads, began praying for him as hard and fast as she could; and she believed her prayers took effect, for he soon became tranquil and slept soundly: but Mary went on praying; she was accounted what was called the steadiest *hand* at prayers in the country, but, on this particular night, she prayed on without stopping, until the grey cock, who always crowed at four, told her what the time was, and she thought she might as well sleep for a couple of hours, for Mary could not only pray when she liked, but sleep when she pleased, which is frequently the case with the innocent-hearted. As soon, however, as she hung the beads on the same nail that supported the holy water cross and cup, James gave a groan and a start, and called her—"Give me your hand," he said, "that I may know it's you that's in it." Mary did so, and affectionately bade God bless him.

"Mary, my own ould darling," he whispered, "I'm a gräte sinner, and all my learning isn't—isn't worth a brass farthing." Mary was really astonished to hear him say this. "It's quite in airnest I am, dear, and here's the key of my little box, and go and bring out that poor scholar's night-cap, and take care of his money, and as soon as day breaks intirely, go find out where he's stopping, and tell him I'll never touch cross nor coin belonging to him, nor one of his class, and give him back his coins of silver and his coins of brass; and Mary agra, if you've the power, turn every boy in the parish into a poor scholar, that I may have the satisfaction of taching them, for I've had a DREAM, Mary, and I'll tell it to you, who knows better than myself how to be grateful for such a warning,—there, praise the holy saints! is a streak of daylight; now listen, Mary, and don't interrupt me:—

"I suppose it's dead I was first, but, any how, I thought I was floating about in a dark space—and every minute I wanted to fly up, but something kept me down—I *could not rise*—and as I grew used to the darkness, you see, I saw a great many things floating about like myself—mighty curious shapes—one of them, with wings like a bat, came close up to me, and, after all, what was it but a Homer; and I thought, may be, it would help me up, but when I made a grab at it, it turned into smoke; then came a great white-faced owl, with red bothered eyes, and out of one of them glared a Voster, and out of the other a Gough, and globes and inkhorns changed, Mary, in the sight of my two looking eyes into vivacious tadpoles, swimming here and there and making

'game of me as they passed——oh, I thought the time was a thousand years, and everything about me talking bad Latin and Greek that would bother a saint, and I, without power to answer or to get away. I 'm thinking it was the schoolmaster's purgatory I was in."

"May be so," replied Mary, "particularly as they would n't let you correct the bad Latin, dear."

"But it changed, Mary, and I found myself, afther a thousand or two years, in the midst of a mist—there was a mistiness all around me—and in my head—but it was a clear, soft, downy-like vapour, and I had my full liberty in it, so I kept on going up—up for ever so many years, and by degrees it cleared away, drawing itself into a *bohreen* at either side, leading towards a great high hill of light, and I made straight for the hill; and having got over it, I looked up, and of all the brightnesses I ever saw, was the brightness above me the brightest; and the more I looked at it the brighter it grew, and yet there was no dazzle in my eyes, and something whispered me that that was heaven, and with that I fell down on my knees and asked how I was to get there, for mind ye, Mary, there was a gulf between me and the hill, or, to speak more to your understanding, a gap; the hill of light above me was in no way joined to the hill on which I stood. So I cried how was I to get there. Well, before you could say twice ten, there stood before me seven poor scholars, those seven, dear, that I taught, and that have taken the vestments since. I knew them all, and I knew them well. Many a hard day's work I had gone through with them, just for that holy, blessed pay, the love of God—there they stood, and Abel at their head."

"Oh yah malla! think of that now, my poor Aby; didn't I know the good, pure drop was him!" interrupted Mary.

"The only way for you to get to that happy place, masther dear,' they said, 'is for you to make a ladder of us.'

"Is it a ladder of the ——"

"Whisht, will ye," interrupted the masther. 'We are the stairs,' said they, 'that will lead you to that happy mansion—all your learning of which you were so proud—all your examinations—all your disquisitions and knowledge—your algebra and mathematics—your Greek—ay, or even your Hebrew, if you had that same, all are not worth a *traneen*. All the mighty fine doings, the greatness of man, or of man's learning, are not the value of a single blessing here; but we, masther jewel, we ARE YOUR CHARITIES; seven of us poor boys, through your means, learned their duty—seven of us! and upon us you can walk up to the shining light, and be happy for ever.'

"I was not a bit bothered at the idea of making a *step ladder* of the seven holy cratures, who, though they had been poor scholars, were far before myself where we were now; but as they bent, I stept, first, on Abel, then on Paddy Blake, then on Billy Murphy; but any how, when I got to the end of the seven, I found there were five or six more wanting; I tried to make a spring, and only for Abel I'd have gone—I don't know where—he held me fast. O the Lord be merciful! is this the way with me afther all," I said. "Boys—darlings! can ye get me no more than half way afther all?"

“‘Sure there must be more of us to help you,’ makes answer Paddy Blake. ‘Sure ye lived many years in the world after we left you,’ says Abel, ‘and, *unless you hardened your heart*, it isn’t possible but you must have had a dale more of us to help you.’ Sure you were never content, having tasted the ever-increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and lave your task unfinished? Oh, then, if you did, masther,’ said the poor fellow, ‘if you did, it’s myself that ’s sorry for you.’ Well, Mary, agra! I thought my heart would burst open, when I remembered what came over me last night—and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plinty, of what the little you gave and I taught camé to—and every niggard thought was like a sticking up dagger in my heart—and I looking at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart, and just then I woke—I’m sure I must have had the prayers of some holy creature aboijt me to cause such a warning.”

Mary made no reply — but sank on her knees by the bed-side, weeping—tears of joy they were—she felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. “And now, Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We ’ll have the poor scholars to breakfast—and darling, you ’ll look out for more of them. And, oh! but my heart ’s as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my blessed dream.”

PASTORAL.

THE girl I love is lowly born ;
 She is not rich, she is not fair ;
 And yet her presence is to me
 Like the breath of the morning air.

’Tis fresh with thoughts all innocent,
 ’Tis fragrant with the words of love,
 And her eyes shed blessings, like the dawn
 Opening Heaven above !

For these and other things I love
 The lowly love-born child of earth :
 Scorn not :—How many love for less
 Than a thousandth part her worth !

THE INSTALLATION.

BY SUUM CUIQUE, ESQ.

- datus in Theatro
Cum tibi plausus.—HORACE, Ode xx. Lib. 1.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT do you think of that old fellow?" inquired GREAT TOM, alluding to the tale he had just toll'd.

"Capital," I replied.

"Capital? Then why did you not applaud it? What are your hands made for, eh?"

"I could not imagine *you* could want a *clapper*. You are so full of anecdotes, and tell them so amusingly, that I wonder you have never brought out a magazine or a paper," said I.

"What, a new *Bell Assemblée*, or *Bell's Life* in Oxford?—No, no: I am dependent on beams of solid oak, and not on beams from fair ladies' eyes. I will make you the 'happy medium' of giving to the world my extensive views of Life in Oxford. Should you like to hear another story?"

"There can't be a doubt about it," said I. "Pray oblige me."

"Well, just wait until that heavy hammer pats me on the back.—Here he comes—Bom, bom, bom!—there's encouragement! I'm off."

"This is abominable, shameful—I'll not endure it longer," said an irate Welsh squire of the county of Glamorgan. "Half-past nine of a fine May morning, and breakfast not ready yet! Here have I been up these three hours, ridden round my farm, scolded all the labourers, and threatened to discharge my bailiff; and when I come home, expecting to find my wife and her niece waiting breakfast for me, I find myself waiting for them and breakfast too. I'll let them know my mind, and directly too."

Mr. Cadwallader Price rang the bell violently, and walked to the window, which was open. The peacock came up and uttered a peculiar note, implying a request for a bit of bread.

"Go to the —; but no, it ain't your fault. Although my breakfast is not ready, your's is. There, poor Tom," said the kind-hearted old gentleman, "There, eat that, and enjoy yourself."

The peacock picked up his crumbs, unfurled his tail, and strutted about to show his hundred eyes, as proudly as Argus.

"Confound that Wilkins—won't he answer the bell? I will see." Pull, pull, pull—tingle, tingle, tingle. "There, I think that *must* fetch him. No! Well, here goes again. Confound the bell-pull! They don't know how to make bell-pulls now-a-days, or this would not have come off in my hands."

"Wilkins! Wilkins!!" shouted Mr. Price at the door, after he had

thrown the delinquent bell-pull out of the window. A triple-voiced echo, proceeding from the throats of the housemaid, cook, and scullion-wench, answered, "Wilkins, Wilkins, Wilkins!"

"Well, hur 's a comin'. What dost make a pother for?" replied Mr. Wilkins.

"Master's in his tantarums, and has rung twice fit to bust the bell," said the cook.

"He's been a swearing like mad," said the housemaid. "And a holloring like winkin'," said the scullion.

"I heard hur all the time, but I know'd what hur wanted, and I could not get the urn to bile. Hur won't hiss, do all I can," said Wilkins, as he wended his way to the breakfast-room.

"Won't hiss? what won't hiss, you old fool?" said his master.

"Why this here urn, hur won't hiss a bit, though hur knows hur biles. Hur's as silent as the grave."

"It is tacit-urn, that's all," said Mr. Price; and, in laughing at his own shocking bad pun, he forgot to abuse Wilkins for five minutes. At last his laughter was exhausted, and his rage broke out.

"Where is your mistress?"

"Hur don't know."

"Where is her niece, Mary Owen?"

"Hur can't say."

"Where is the post-boy?"

"Hur's putting up hur pony."

"Where are the letters and papers?"

"Hur's got him in hur's pocket."

"There, leave off fiddling about the table, and go and fetch the letters, and call the ladies, and go—anywhere you like afterwards."

Wilkins deliberately altered the position of every knife, fork, plate, dish, and teacup; coolly surveyed the effect of the new arrangement, and walked slowly out of the room. His master thrust his hands to the very bottom of his breeches pockets, whistled a Welsh air—not a very lively one—called Wilkins an old fool, and told him he would discharge him the moment breakfast was over.

Wilkins heard the threat, but he had heard it so often before that he thought nothing about it. As he happened to meet the scullion-wench in his way to his pantry, he told her to tell the cook to let the housemaid know that she was to inform the ladies' maid that the squire was waiting breakfast for their mistresses. He then sauntered into the stable-yard, and after inquiring of the letter-boy all the news he had heard at the post-town, asked for the letters. When he had carefully examined the post-marks, speculated on the handwriting of the directions, and inspected the seals, he walked leisurely into the house to deliver them; but on his way it struck him he might as well have the first look at the newspaper, so he turned into his pantry, burst the envelope, and spelt the leader while he was pretending to air the paper. Having satisfied himself that there was no prospect of an immediate change of government, and that the funds were not likely to be affected by any political event, he took the toast-rack and the contents of the letter-bag up to his master.

"Give the letters to me, and the paper to your master," said Mrs. Price.

"Put them all down together here, by my side, sirrah, and leave the room," mumbled Mr. Price, through the folds of a large slice of ham.

Wilkins looked first to his mistress, and then at his master; and, as he did not wish to offend either of them, gave the letters and papers to Miss Mary Owen, and vanished.

"Pack up!" screamed the 'squire; "you go directly after breakfast."

"How can you, Mr. Price? Really, you put yourself in *such* passions, that, what with anger and hot tea, your face looks apoplectic at this moment. You'll have a fit, depend upon it," said the lady. "Mary, my love, give me the letters."

"At your peril!" screamed the 'squire: you—you, who are living here upon my bounty—you dare to disobey! pack up! that's all."

"Dear uncle, dear aunt," said Mary, bursting into tears, "what *am* I to do? how am I to act?"

"Pooh! nonsense, girl—Mary—my dear child—I did not mean—there, don't cry; give your aunt all the letters directed to her, and hand the rest to me—there, don't be a fool—leave off crying—give me a kiss, and another slice of ham."

Mary obeyed all the orders as well as she could; but as the tears made her eyes dim, she could not read the directions clearly, and gave one of her uncle's letters to her aunt.

"Delightful!" said the lady; "here is the Oxford post mark—a letter from dear Owen."

"Not directed to *you*, I'll take my affidavit; my son Owen always writes to *me*. Give it me. Mary, it is abominable." But Mary was too much interested in the contents of her cousin's letter to heed her uncle.

"What can it matter to which of his parents Owen writes? It equally concerns us both," said Mrs. Price, as she broke the seal.

The 'squire said something which sounded very like an oath, and, seizing the paper, dashed it open with his right hand, just as players think it proper to open a letter on the stage, and pretended to be deeply interested in its contents.

"Cadwallader, my dear, Owen tells us that he has taken his degree," said the lady.

"Ha! hum! he! Stocks a degree worse, I see," said Mr. Price, quoting the paper.

"And he says that there are to be grand doings at Oxford this summer. The Duke is to be installed as Chancellor."

"Ha! hum! first of May—grand procession of sweeps."

"He wishes us to pay him a visit."

"Hum! ha! the visiting justices complained of great extravagance, and —"

"He has hired lodgings for us."

"And lodged a complaint against the governor."

"Cadwallader, my dear, do you hear? Hand the letter to your uncle, Mary."

Mary did so. The old gentleman coquetted for a time; but his

curiosity, and his anxiety to hear from his only son, induced him to drop his paper to read the letter, parentally and parenthetically, thus:—

"Dear Governor, (disrespectful) I am happy to tell you that I am now an A. B. The fees came to 17*l.* odd (and very dear too.) We are to have a scrummage, (what the deuce is that?) a regular shindy (oh! a slang phrase for a town and gown fight—hope he'll get thrashed) this term. The Duke is to be installed (my coach-horses are in-stall-ed every night—hah! hah!), all the world will be here, so you must come up, and bring the governess (meaning you, mam) and my dear cousin. Lodgings are very dear, but I have hired you a sitting room and two bed-rooms, in the High-street, at only five guineas (a month?) a day. (Oh! Lord!—ruin—ruin.) You can breakfast and dine in the hall, and it will be put down in my battels (yes—and I shall have to pay for it.) We shall have lots of champagne; and you may as well bring your cheque-book with you, as I should like to get rid of my ticks (so would my sheep.) I don't owe much, but should not like to leave the 'varsity (slang again) owing anything—but you know all about that.

Your affectionate son, (yes, very!)

OWEN PRICE."

"Know all about that. Yes," said Mr. Price. "Don't owe much—a hem!"

"Well, my love, Owen seems to have got through his career creditably."

"With a great deal of credit, no doubt. Most men do. There were Hugh Williams, and William Hughes, and Owen Roberts, and Robert Owen, your relations, Madam, left it with great credit—to the amount of 1500*l.* among them."

"Well, my love, you had better write and say what day he may expect us."

"Do, dear uncle; I do so long to see Oxford," said Mary.

"Don't doubt it; but no, I will not go; it would cost me—let me see—post-horses, turnpikes, inns, and lodgings—it would cost at least —"

"What can it matter what it would cost, Mr. Price? You are rich enough to afford it. You have only one child, and plenty of money, which —"

"Which I made by my own exertions. Did not I work like a slave while I was at the bar, to redeem the family estate, and buy out the button-maker from Birmingham, who was mortgagee over the property? I have worked hard, Mrs. Price, and do not intend to squander my money away; besides, what do I care for shows and ceremonies, and —"

"Though you are too old to enjoy such scenes, you ought not to forget that younger persons —"

"Madam—Mrs. Price—although I am twenty years your senior, and made an ass of myself by marrying a young woman, I am not too old to enjoy myself; I can walk ten miles with any one, now—and to

prove it to you, I *will* enjoy myself—I *will* go up to Oxford, renew my old acquaintances —”

“If there are any of them left,” said Mrs. Price, *sotto voce*.

“—and drink champagne to excess, just to oblige—not you, madam, but my niece, there. Wilkins, take away, and bring me the portfolio and inkstand.”

Mrs. Price, having gained her point, beckoned to her niece, and both of them left the room to look over their silks and satins, and to see what would be wanting for their visit to Oxford.

Wilkins, having cleared the table, stood before his master, and, smoothing down his gray hairs, said, “Hur’s packed up, and ready to go.”

“Go! you old fool, where do you mean to go to?” — “Hur don’t know.”

“Who’d engage such a plaguy fellow as you?—an old donkey that has grown gray in my service, eh?—Go? yes, go and get what I ordered you; and hark ye, Wilkins, you must order a new suit of livery, for I mean to take you up to Oxford with me.”

“Oxford!” cried Wilkins, showing as much astonishment at the notion of his master’s going to that beautiful city, as if he had not heard every word of his young master’s letter read. “Oxford! hur should like to see it once more, for hur liked it much when hur was up at college with hur master.”

“Ah, Wilkins, that’s many years ago now,” said Mr. Price; “yet I can recollect many scenes and many familiar faces, that time ought to have blotted out of one’s memory.”

“Does hur recollect carrying away the sign of the Mitre, and nailing it over Dean Jackson’s door?”

“Ah! ah! yes—well—well, it was prophetic, however. He was a bishop soon after!”

“Hur remembers too, stealing the college laundress’s board, and putting it in surgeon Steven’s window, so that every one who passed by saw plainly written up, mangling done here.”

“Ah! ah! yes—Wilkins—poor Jones got expelled for that job; he lost his gown in running away from the Proctor, and was fool enough to offer five shillings reward for its recovery.”

“And hur master escaped, because hur knocked down the bull-dog who was carrying hur off to college.”

“You did—you did—and got your knuckles cut, against his great teeth. You don’t forget the town and gown fight at Carfax, on the fifth of November?” — “Hur never can; how you did knock about that big bargeman,—one, two, three, down he went.”

“Up he was again—right and left—there he had it—he rushed in—I caught him under my left arm and hammered away at his head with my right hand.”

“Hur tried to trip you up.”

“Could not though—I was too strong for him; full of ale and spirits—animal ones I mean—at last he gave in—three cheers for the gown, and home to college before we were caught by the Proctors; hurrah! those were jolly days.”

Both master and man had got so excited by their reminiscences, that, without knowing it, they were sparring at one another as if about to re-enact the fighting scene. Suddenly, however, the 'squire dropped his arms, looked very foolish, and having given a loud cough, said—"This is very silly; we must forget it all, Wilkins; we must forget all our youthful follies—go—go—fetch the inkstand and portfolio."

Wilkins looked more foolish than his master, for as he turned to go, he saw his mistress and her niece standing at the door and laughing at the extraordinary scene they had witnessed, unobserved by the performers. He ran away faster than he had ever done, since he ran away from the Proctors.

Mr. Price, after endeavouring to explain away the strong impression of his youthful improprieties, which he was fearful he had made upon the minds of the ladies, sat down and wrote to his son to tell him the day and hour, when he might expect to see him in Oxford.

CHAPTER II.

"COME, Price Owen," said Owen Price to his cousin Mary's brother, "finish that cold beef and the tankard. I must get all cleared away and made tidy before the governor arrives."

Price Owen was not very long in fulfilling his cousin's wishes. He took a long draught, and handed the silver vessel across the table to show that he had done his duty. Owen Price, finding that there was not above half a pint left, absorbed it. They were both Welshmen, and, as Oxford men firmly believe, Welshmen drink nothing but beer; though they disguise it under the *alias* of *coorook*, or some such queer name. "At what hour will my uncle be here?" inquired Price Owen.

"In time for dinner. I have ordered a neat little spread from that prince of cooks, brother Jubbe, to be ready in his lodgings at six o'clock."

"Where have you put them?"

"At the print-shop just opposite St. Mary's. Capital place to see everything and everybody, and very cheap, considering."

"How do they travel?"

"Post, of course; in the old family tub that the governor calls a carriage. I have taken care to secure four good horses at every stage on this side of Bath."

"*Four*? Why, uncle is doing things more liberally than usual, is he not?"

"Rather so; but when he does make up his mind to do anything out of the common way, he does it handsomely."

"Would it not be as well just to set your rooms to rights a little before he arrives?—just to put these whips, fails, and boxing-gloves out of sight; take down one or two sporting prints, and that spinning opera dancer—eh?"

"No, no. The governor knows I indulge in little follies and fooleries, and I have no wish to play the hypocrite. There is nothing

vicious in driving, riding, fencing, or sparring; and, as to mademoiselle there, he knows I never saw the original of the picture in my life."

"You don't mean to let the ladies criticise your furniture, I presume. Here's a hearth-rug (holding up a thing full of holes and poker-burnings). There's a looking-glass (pointing to a mirror with a diverging crack across it, such as is seen on the ice, when a little boy throws a large stone upon it); just look at those curtains, and that legless sofa."

"Oh! never mind. They know that I am in my last term, and about to third the valuables to the next comer-up, and will make due allowances. Here, however, is a little document that will rather astonish the governor and try his temper," said Owen Price, as he unfolded a long paper with three red lines, filled with figures, extending down to its very bottom."

"What the dickens is that?" inquired Price Owen.

"Merely a list of my ticks—that is all."

"All? What is the amount of the all?"

"Only some 749*l.* 1*s.* 5½*d.*"

"Whew!" whistled Price Owen, with his eyes starting out of his head.

"You may well whistle, considering you are almost a fresh-man. I did not think I had contracted debts to one-quarter the amount. The governor gave me a fair allowance, and I paid bills every term, but, you see—there it is—I cannot dispute an item of it. The ruinous system of ticking is injurious both to the giver and taker of credit. Take warning by this little document, cousin—mind and pay ready-money for everything."

"I have done so hitherto, but I have been sorely tempted to infringe the rule I have laid down; for things are thrust upon you as it were, and you are so politely requested to allow the sellers to book them, with an assurance that you will be allowed to consult your own convenience as to the time of payment, that it is difficult to resist."

"The system is a bad one. Everybody allows it to be so, and no remedy has yet been found to correct it effectually. I am weak enough to fancy that if an act were passed making University-men's debts irrecoverable in any court of law, after they had been contracted more than six months, it would put an end to the long-ticking system altogether."

"And save much misery to both vendor and buyer," said Price Owen.

"But a truce to this. There are the bills, justly due to as honourable a set of tradesmen as any in the country—though it is the fashion to abuse them—and the governor must find the wherewith to discharge them."

"He will be in a terrible passion," said Price Owen. "He will, for a time; a very little puts him out of temper; but I am not afraid; for, let him examine the bills—which he will do, for he is a man of business—and he will find none among them for the effeminacies of Oxford life—tarts, trinkets, and trumpery—but all for manly sports and pastimes, rowing, hunting, shooting, fishing, and driving, in which he himself once delighted."

"I am grateful—especially under these circumstances—that I have as yet managed to pay my way with the income derived from my scholarship, and the allowance which my uncle, your father, kindly allows me. I owe all to you, Owen Price; for if it had not been for your kind and disinterested suggestions in my behalf, I should have been nailed to a lawyer's desk all my life."

"My suggestions were not perhaps so disinterested as you may imagine. You are a mere boy of seventeen, and do not know the world (the speaker was *nearly* three-and-twenty). When you are as old as I am you will look for a motive—a selfish one, too—in the actions of every man."

"I can imagine but one motive, and that only half-selfish, in which you were actuated in your kindness towards me," said Price Owen, taking his cousin by the hand.

"And that is——?"

"An affection—more than cousinly—for my sister Mary."

"You are right. I am not ashamed to tell you that I love your sister, and on her account was anxious to promote the wishes of her brother. We have been brought up together from children, and her beauty—aided by her virtues and amiable qualities—have made an indelible impression upon my heart."

"But my uncle?"

"Does not, I believe, suspect my feelings towards her, although your aunt, my mother, I am persuaded, both sees and encourages them; but I am resolved to speak openly to him on the subject, for I never have a wish to conceal anything from him that is not mean and dishonourable."

"Success attend you! I could not wish for Mary a more desirable lot than to be united to you."

"Enough. Now let us walk out and see what the world—for all the world is here on this occasion—is doing with itself."

The cousins walked arm-in-arm down the quiet Turl without meeting a soul; but when they reached the High-street they found it filled with gownsmen of all ages and degrees; strangers of every rank in life, from the humblest labourer to the titled landowner; from peasant to peer; and ladies, beaming with beauty and dressed with taste and elegance, who walked or rode, attended by their assiduous swains and their watchful chaperons and guardians. A gayer scene was never witnessed; care seemed to be banished; joy sat on every face; delight beamed from every eye. The houses and shops looked as if dressed in holiday garbs, and the windows above the basement stories were filled with gazers on the merry crowd below. Suddenly the tide of strangers seemed to be ebbing from the town, and it appeared as if the High-street would soon be at low-water mark. Horsemen and carriages pressed through the foot-people, and were urged as hastily as the crowd which impeded their way would permit, towards Magdalen Bridge.

"Make haste, or you will be too late," said a college friend to the cousins, as he was hurrying by them.

"Too late for what?" asked Price.

"To meet the Duke—come along—all the men are halfway to Iffley by this time."

With pushing and squeezing, amidst expostulations and apologies, the three young men forced their way down the High-street and over the bridge to the London road. It was lined on either side with an uninterrupted row of spectators, between which were stationed carriages of every description. The eyes of all were directed towards the eminence above Oxford called Rose Hill; and for some time nothing was seen but the dense mass of human beings, and the lines of carriages, waiting to greet the hero of the age. Suddenly, however, a thick cloud of dust appeared, coming like a mist over the hill; a body of horsemen was seen dashing down the ascent, and a cry of 'The Duke! the Duke!' flew from mouth to mouth. The bells from every tower struck up a joyful peal, loud shouts rent the air, and caps and hats were to be seen whirling about in all directions. A space was speedily cleared in the centre of the road by a body of gowmsmen on horseback and on foot. On came the plain green chariot containing the new Chancellor; and as his ear caught the stormy shrieks of welcome, and as his eye gazed on the crowds assembled to greet him, his iron soul, as the papers call it, was subdued; a peculiar muscular action about the mouth, and a nervous application of the tongue to the parched lips, showed that the man who stood calmly and coolly gazing on the plain of Waterloo, while the fate of two mighty nations were suspended in the balance, was moved—painfully moved, by the excitement of the scene before and around him.

"Hurrah! hurrah! the Duke, the Duke! long live the Duke! Three cheers for our Chancellor!—hurrah! hurrah—hurrah—ah—ah!" Amidst crushing, rushing, shrieking, and screaming, the rolling of carriages, the trampling of horses' feet, and the booming of bells, the Duke was borne to the Vice-Chancellor's, whose lodgings were the centre of attraction for the remainder of that memorable day.

Slowly and with difficulty did Owen Price and his cousin extricate themselves from the crowd—they were heated and excited. Both were "hoarse with bawling." Each had suffered a loss; for Owen Price had lost his cap, and Price Owen had had his scholar's gown deprived of half its fair breadth and proportions.

"Never mind," cried the elder, "come along, or we shall be too late to receive the governor—an offence he would never forgive."

Away! up Cat-street, across by the Radcliffe Library, up Exeter Lane, and into the Turl, they sped; a turn to the right, a spring across the street, and they were within the college gates. A rush up stairs into Owen Price's rooms showed them that they were in time to meet their friends, for the apartments were unoccupied.

"Come, come, Price Owen, let us dress as speedily as possible, for we look pretty objects, what with the dust, the perspiration, and the struggles we have been through."

"I have not a dry thread about me, and my mouth, throat, eyes, and ears, seemed filled with burning sand."

"Away with you, then, to your rooms, and as soon as you have made yourself comfortable and presentable, return here to meet and greet your friends; and I say—old fellow—if you *should* see a scot in quad, do just order a tankard from the buttery."

A few minutes sufficed to restore their personal appearances; and

Owen Price was not a little pleased to see his cousin return, followed by a scout, bearing a huge silver cup, filled with mild ale. "The Duke!" shouted he, before he placed the vessel to his lips. "The Duke!" cried the other, ere he handed it—exhausted—to the scout; and bid him go follow their example, at his expense, in the buttery; an order of which John was not slow to avail himself.

"Hark!" cried Owen Price, "hark! I hear the rumble of wheels; that must be the governor; I can swear to that peculiar roll of the tub anywhere. Here they are, pulled up at the gates; let us run and meet them."

Down rushed the eager pair, four or five steps at a spring, and dashed through the portals just as the steps were being let down.

"My dear boy!" cried the squire.

"My dear Owen!" said the mother.

"Dear brother, dear cousin," whispered Mary.

"How do ye do? how do ye do? Glad to see you. Ah! Wilkins, is that you? how are you?"

"Hur's almost choked with the dust."

"Well, never mind, you shall wash that away presently. You know the buttery—eh?"

"Hur used to know it well," said Wilkins, winking.

"It stands just where it used to stand. So, do you and Lucy go on to the lodgings, and get the things unpacked, and we will follow on foot. Post-boy, drive on to the print-seller's, opposite St. Mary's."

Away rumbled the tub with the two servants. The squire, too happy at seeing his son and nephew, and his old college again, had quite forgotten to put himself in a passion with the post-boy for having driven too slow or too fast—he had forgotten which. He grasped the boys' hands, gave a violent rap on the ground with his stick, looked up and down the Turl, gazed on the college gates, and seemed to fancy himself young again. A deep sigh, however, as he dropped his eyes, put his left arm behind his back, and walked into college, leaning heavily on his stick, seemed to show that the fancy had given place to a strong conviction that he had been dreaming of "long, long ago."

"What a room!" cried Mrs. Price. "I declare I never saw such a place in my life."

"It is rather out of sorts—but you know, dear mother, I am just going to give up my rooms—so you see I did not think it necessary to go to any expense in——"

"Quite right, boy, quite right," said the squire. "I recollect when I went down for good, my rooms were not much better."

"But Heavens! what a carpet—what a rug! and Mary, my dear, do not venture to sit down on that sofa, nor on any of the chairs—they will soil your new silk pelisse!"

"Pooh! pooh! madam, sit down, I insist upon it, while I go to call on the Principal. I never came up to Oxford in my life without going to pay my respects to the head of the college before I did anything else."

Owen Price accompanied his father to the door of the Principal's lodgings, and when he had seen him admitted, ran back to his own

rooms to take the opportunity of having a little private talk with his mother and Mary. They had a longer chat than any of them could have anticipated; but the 'squire had got upon "the days gone by" with the Principal, who was a man of his own standing, and forgot the rapidity with which time was flying, until reminded of it by the college clock striking five.

A few minutes sufficed to enable the visitors to reach the apartments provided for them. The dinner was nicely served and admirably cooked. The 'squire pronounced it excellent, and only flew out once to blame his son for not having ordered a brown George and a dish of sausages, forgetting that the latter were out of season, and that the former was only eaten at breakfast. He drank freely of champagne, and urged the ladies to follow his example, but left "the boys" to do as they pleased, knowing any exhortation on the subject would be a mere waste of words. He even insisted on Wilkins's drinking one glass to the health of the Duke; but Wilkins begged to be excused, saying—

"Hur never liked *pop*, and would rather drink to his Grace in the buttery. Hur knew what ale *was* made of."

"Sorry to hurry you, my dear father, but push on the claret; we must not sit over our wine, but take the ladies into Christ Church Meadow to see the boats come in," said Owen Price.

"What! a boat-race?" cried the 'squire; "bumpers round—here's success to the crews—hurrah! I remember the time when I pulled stroke myself."

"There will be no race this evening, uncle, but a splendid sight; all the boats row down to Ifley and up again two or three times, in the order of their flags."

"Flags! Ifley? I don't understand. In my days we had no flags, and always pulled up to Medley or Godstow," said the 'squire.

"Well, never mind, my dear; let us go and see them. Come, Mary Owen will take care of you, and your brother of me," said Mrs. Price.

"And I may take care of myself, I suppose. Well, never mind. One more bumper though, before we go. Oxford! for with all thy faults, I love thee still—Oxford! Glorious old Oxford! hurrah! my boys, hurrah!" The 'squire drank the bumper to the dregs; and, in his excitement, threw the glass over his shoulder, and smashed it to pieces. He then seized his cane, and looked round, as much as to say, "Let any one laugh at me that dares." No one felt disposed to smile even, for his feelings were understood and respected.

What crowds filled thy meadow, oh! house founded by eighth Henry and his chancellor, on this joyful evening! Never had Oxford witnessed such a multitude of all that is great and good in this favoured land before, and never can it again. Royalty trod the same path with the humble artisan. Peers and peeresses mingled with tradesmen and their wives. Lords were shouldered by commoners, and ladies contended with sempstresses to gain the most favourable positions for seeing the procession of boats. Pride had forgotten its own existence, and pomposity was at a most lamentable discount.

"Here they come! Hurrah, Christ Church! Hurrah, Brazenose! Go it Baliol," roared the 'squire. His fine hearty voice was heard above the murmuring of ten thousand tongues, and a universal shout rent the air as boat after boat, manned by crews of as fine young men as are to be seen anywhere, swept by to the barge. Again and again was the shout raised, until Isis trembled within her sedgy banks, and enthusiasm almost grew into madness.

A crowd of young men had, as usual, filled the top of the barge. In a sudden lull of the mighty storm of shoutings, one of them took off his hat and cried, "A cheer for the Duke!" All the other cheers appeared like a mere murmur of distant waves to this. It was astounding—frightful. A dead silence followed, and men gazed in each other's faces as though they would seek there an explanation of the feelings that possessed themselves.

"Come home—come home, boys—I cannot bear it, it is too much," said the 'squire, as the tears coursed each other down his cheeks. "This is worth living for; but come home—come home. What are you snivelling for, you sons of guns?"

A quiet chat over the coffee-tray closed the evening; at which Mr. Wilkins could not officiate, for he was paying his respects to the buttery-tap, and talking over old times with the aged college servants.

CHAPTER III.

MR. OWEN PRICE did not think it right to risk the equanimity of his father by laying before him the account of his ticks on the first evening of his arrival; but on the following morning, after a hearty breakfast in his own rooms, at which the brown Georges were not forgotten, he contrived to induce his mother and cousin to go to their lodgings under the protection of Price Owen, and prepare for the theatre, while he had a little conversation with the 'squire.

"My dear father," said he, as he put the long list of £ s. d.'s into his hand, "I am afraid you will think me very extravagant; but I think it best to confess that I have exceeded the very liberal allowance you made me, and am in debt, as you will see by this paper."

"Hum—hum—let me see. Wine merchants—tailors—dinners at hotels—a new skiff—a sailing-boat—hum—hum—total amount—what? Hang me if I pay it! I never heard of such extravagance. I'll lay it before the Vice-Chancellor, and have the men discommoded. I'll expose it and you to the whole world," cried the 'squire, as he laid his heavy hand upon the document, with a thump that made the breakfast things dance upon the table.

His son did not reply, but stood the very picture of a penitent spendthrift, until his father had exhausted a vast fund of vituperative eloquence, and worked off his passion. He then ventured to hint at his sorrow for his past follies; to which he added a promise of amendment for the future, and a hope that he might not be permitted to disgrace his family by leaving the University in debt.

This last was an able thrust, which the high-minded country gen-

tleman could not parry. After a long lecture on the impropriety of his son's proceeding, and a threat of disinheritance if he ever contracted another debt, he took a cheque out of his pocket-book, and filled it up with an order upon his bankers, sufficient to cover the whole amount.

Just as Owen Price had locked up the cheque in his desk, poor Wilkins made his appearance, looking very seedy indeed, from his over-night's indulgences, to inquire at what hour the carriage would be wanted to take the ladies to the theatre. So favourable an opportunity of getting into a violent passion was irresistible. The 'squire had good grounds to go upon, he thought, and he abused his old servant as a beer-drinking sot, and told him to pack up and quit his service immediately. Wilkins listened respectfully, but without the slightest signs of contrition in his countenance; and, when the order to pack up had been repeated for the third or fourth time, calmly said, "Hur only had a quart or two, and it was impossible hur could taste all the taps, and not get a little fuddled. Hur didn't think, however, that the ale was anything like so good as it was in his honour's under-graduate days."

"Of course not," said the 'squire, and talked himself cool again in proving the degeneracy of everything, since his college days,—even of the brown Georges,—which he attributed to the passing of the reform bill, and the admission of the Roman Catholics into parliament. He ended his oration by ordering the carriage to be at the door in less than half an hour.

As the ladies were not quite ready when Wilkins announced the carriage, Mr. Price had another excellent excuse for displaying his iracundity. He scolded his lady, and poor Mary, not only down the stairs, and as they were getting into the carriage, but during all the tedious half hour that it took the post-boy to drive them, about five hundred yards, to the gates of the theatre. Mrs. Price took no notice whatever of her husband's harangue, but amused herself by looking at the crowds of carriages and the throngs of people that filled Broad-street. Poor Mary, who was sadly afraid of her uncle, would have burst into tears at some of his severe remarks, had not her cousin been present to give her courage to endure them. Even his presence might not have sufficed to repress her rising tears—for the snail's pace at which they progressed made the 'squire more irritable than usual—but fortunately for her, the pole of the carriage next to them in the rank, was driven with such violence against them, that it crushed in the back panel, and justified the owner in calling to Wilkins to get down and let him out, in order to rebuke the coachman for his gross carelessness; from which he was diverted, however, by the apologies of the ladies who filled the interior of the offending vehicle.

At length, Mrs. Price and her niece were placed under the charge of one of the Pro-proctors, and escorted into the theatre; where they were soon seated in the centre of the ladies' gallery. The 'squire went round to the door leading to the area which is set apart for Masters of Arts and strangers, and Owen Price, with Price Owen, who had been riding on the rumble with Wilkins, joined the throng of men who had to make their way into the under-graduates' gallery.

Mr. Price's temper was not improved by having to stand for nearly an hour in a dense crowd, waiting for the doors to be opened. He made many indignant speeches to his neighbours on the right and left; but as they had not been introduced to him, they did not think it necessary to reply—which made him still more angry. At length, however, the bolts were withdrawn, and the doors thrown open. A rush ensued, and with a feeling of suffocation, a sense of painful oppression on his lungs, a throbbing of the heart and temples, as though they were about to burst, the squire found himself in the midst of the area, and gazing on such an assemblage of beautiful women as he had never seen before.

The sight calmed his boisterous temper for a time; but the heat was so great, and the crushing so fearful, that he was about to force his way out of the building, when a noise was heard like the charge of heavy cavalry over rocky ground, or the rumbling of a volcano before an eruption. The mass of people in the area, which had been waving to and fro like a corn-field in a gale of wind, stood immovable, wondering what the awful sound could portend. Louder and louder it grew. Shrieks, cries, and groans were heard, mingled with the crash of broken glass, and loud shouts of "Go on, go on—air, air, give us air—break every window!"

The doors leading to the under-graduates' gallery had been opened, and the young men, eager to gain front seats, were so crowded together on the narrow staircases, that they impeded one another's progress. At length they gained the gallery, and rushed in with loud shouts; some had lost their caps, others had had their gowns torn off their backs. All were as wet with perspiration, as if they had been dragged through a field of Swedish turnips on a dewy morning. What cared they for that? As soon as they had filled the gallery, they agreed to fill up the time that was to elapse before the Chancellor would appear. The name of some political character was mentioned and received with shouts of applause, or groans and hisses, according to the estimation in which he was held by this portion of the rising generation of England. Then followed the names of the University authorities, the Vice-chancellor, Proctors, Pro-proctors, and Heads of Houses. The crews of the various boats were proposed amidst loud hurrahs, and then, "The Ladies!" which elicited such a shout as fairly astounded the fair causers of it.

"Silence! silence!—the Duke!—the Duke!" screamed a man from the area. The theatre was as silent as the grave: a pin might have been heard to fall. The organ struck up a joyous air; the large doors in the centre of the building were thrown open. The procession entered, and Wellington took his seat in the Chancellor's chair.

What pen can describe the awful excitement of that moment! It was fearful; men cried as they shouted. The ladies stood trembling with agitation, as the tears ran from their eyes; and for some ten minutes the Duke sat, nervously touching his parched lips with his tongue, and seemingly deeply affected by the scene before him.

At length he rose to open the business of the convocation. It was a signal for renewed shouts, which lasted so long, that he turned his eyes imploringly to the galleries, and was aided by the authorities present in trying to procure silence. All in vain; shout after shout rent

the air, until the men were completely exhausted, and gave in from a physical inability to continue.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of all that occurred on this memorable occasion. It is fresh in the memory of thousands, and will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. One circumstance I must record, for it made such an impression upon me as no lapse of time can erase. Among the many odes recited in the theatre, complimentary to the Chancellor, was one written and spoken by a clever youth, who ably alluded to all the scenes in which the Duke had been engaged. A vivid and heart-stirring description of all his achievements, in India, Spain, and France, was listened to in breathless silence; but when he ended his ode with the talismanic name of Waterloo, three thousand human beings rose as one individual, so simultaneous was the movement, and a shout was raised that was heard distinctly on Headington hill. The Duke is said to have wept from excitement.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT I must return to my party.

Mr. Cadwallader Price had been one of the most energetic actors in the scenes I have faintly portrayed. He had shouted until he was hoarse, and applauded until his hands were sore. Had any one in his vicinity ventured to give utterance to a dissentient sound, he would assuredly have knocked him down; but as everybody was almost as enthusiastic as himself, he left the theatre in good humour with all the world, and waited for the ladies, the young men, and the carriage, without a murmur.

As soon as a change of dress was effected, which was rendered necessary from the heat of the theatre, Owen Price took his friends to — College, where he had an invitation to an archery meeting and a luncheon in the gardens. The shooting was said to have been remarkably well executed; but, as Owen Price rather despised such performances, he amused himself with talking to his pretty cousin, until the "gentlemen sportsmen" laid aside their bows and arrows and escorted their fair visitors to the pavilion, where refreshments were prepared for them.

Pop—pop—pop—a perpetual popping was heard, as bottle after bottle of champagne was uncorked; indeed, so much of what was called champagne was imbibed in Oxford during this Commemoration week, that the price of perry rose in Herefordshire to an unprecedented height.

Mr. Price was thirsty; the wine was nicely iced. He drank with every lady near him; and when he had exhausted his fair friends, he challenged the gentlemen, and then began to cut jokes and make puns, and finally to deliver complimentary speeches, which he might have prolonged to dinner-time, had not the gentlemen left him to resume their shooting, and taken the ladies with them; so that he was left with only one auditor, his unfortunate nephew, Price Owen, whom he held fast by the button of his coat until his oratory was exhausted.

A dinner at six o'clock, in the College Hall, was followed by a dance. Of course champagne flew about as liberally as possible, and of course the elderly gentlemen who did not join in the dance amused themselves with a quiet talk, and a little claret, in the common room. Old stories were raked up, former pranks recorded, and many a sigh heaved to the memory of companions now "withered and gone."

To say that Mr. Price was in the least degree tipsy would be false, but he was excited by the events of the day, and a little overcome by the strength of his feelings and the number of toasts he had drunk. When eleven o'clock came he retired to his lodgings, with all his party, in one of those queer humours that men are wont to fall into when they have taken a little too much, and not quite enough to make them see everything in its brightest light. He was rather sleepy, and very prosy between his short naps. He would not go to bed, but would have a glass of soda water, and would give a long account of all the proceedings of the day, as he sipped it. At length he talked himself to sleep, and his son took the opportunity of begging his cousin Mary to sit down to the piano-forte and sing him a song.

Mary could not refuse. She struck a few chords, and was about to begin a little Welsh air, when her uncle woke up and expressed his surprise that anybody should think of making a noise at that time of night, when, it was very evident, he was tired and anxious to go to bed. "But it is just like you girls—always wanting to show off!"

Mary explained that she was going to sing merely to oblige her cousin. Mrs. Price corroborated her explanation, and Owen Price and Price Owen gave their evidence to the same effect. The black cloud of ill-humour, however, had spread itself over the mind of the old gentleman, and he grew so cross and peevish at last, that his wife took her niece by the arm and led her from the room.

"There—there," said the squire, "that is the way in which I am treated—not even a parting word—not even a good night."

"My dear father; Mary—"

"My dear uncle, my sister, I am sure—"

"Is a good-for-nothing, ungrateful hussy. I will rid my house of her, and turn her out into the world to gain a livelihood as a governess."

Owen Price was "a chip of the old block," and his passionate disposition, which, according to some theories, he must have inherited from his father, was more uncontrollable than usual, from the excitement caused by the day's proceedings, and the uncalled-for severity of the old gentleman's remarks. In spite of all his cousin could do to prevent him, he "made a clean breast of it," as Old Bailey counsellors call making a confession, and revealed to his astonished paternity his love for his cousin, and his full determination to make of her a Mrs. Price, junior.

Cadwallader was too angry to speak; he whistled vehemently for some minutes, and then rushed to the door and screamed for his wife and niece to come back immediately. They, thinking that something very serious was going on, quickly made their appearance, and demanded the cause of their being summoned so loudly.

"Ask that young gentleman, madam, who is walking about there like a poet in a fit of inspiration," said Mr. Price, thrusting his hands, according to his custom when enraged, to the very bottom of his pockets.

"What is the matter, my dear Owen?" said the mother.

"Cousin Owen, what have you done to offend your father so grievously?" inquired Mary.

"Only what I ought to have done long since—confessed my love for you, and my full determination to make you mine. I know that our affection is mutual, and that my good mother will not throw any obstacles in the way of our union."

Owen seized Mary's hand as he spoke, and she threw herself upon his shoulder and wept. Mrs. Price and her brother bid her be comforted, and not give way to her tears.

"There, madam, there—you hear him; you see him—all this is vastly agreeable, when you, he, and she, know very well that I had set my heart on his marrying Miss Dorothea Williams, the owner of Dingley Park, that joins on to my estate—three hundred acres of freehold land, and without an incumbrance—you know it, madam."

"I know nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Price.

"Then you ought to have known it by instinct, madam," said the squire, bouncing his hand on the table.

"Dorothy Williams, sir!" cried Owen Price; "why, she is an old lady—thirty, if she is a day."

"Yes, sir, and has a thousand pounds in the funds, for every year she has lived."

"I will not marry *her*, I am determined. If I am not allowed to marry my dear Mary here, I will live single all my life, and extinguish our branch of the family tree," said Owen Price.

"Owen, dearest Owen, do not provoke my kind uncle. Say no more to-night, and permit me to retire," sobbed Mary.

"Ay—retire—go, go—but hear me before you go. I shall order the carriage to the door at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, to leave Oxford. You will all be ready to accompany me, or dread my severest displeasure."

In vain were expostulations or entreaties; the old gentleman remained firm, and Wilkins was sent for from the buttery, and sent, half intoxicated, and totally disgusted, to the Mitre, to order four horses on to Farringdon at nine in the morning. Lucy, who was tired to death with the gaieties of the day, was ordered to pack up immediately.

"Now, madam, you and your niece will be good enough to retire; and you boys will go home to your rooms, and be ready punctually at nine in the morning. I shall order a chaise for you and your luggage to precede us, for I shall not lose sight of you."

The ladies, or rather the elder of them, tried her eloquence to induce her husband to remain and see the ceremony of the Installation completed; but the rage into which such a monstrous proposition, under the circumstances, threw the squire, induced the whole party to obey his orders without further remark.

Owen Price would have followed the ladies, and endeavoured to persuade his cousin to elope with him that very night, and solicited his

mother to accompany her as bridesmaid, and his cousin, Price Owen, to ride in the dickey, to be prepared to act as a father to give her away, using the cheque, intended to pay his college bills, to pay all the expenses to the north and back, had not his father put on his hat and insisted on seeing them to the door, and into the High-street, which he did just as Mr. Wilkins managed to stagger up to it, and say that the horses would be at the door at the hour named.

"What can be the matter with my uncle? I have seen him in a passion—a violent one too—but I never saw him in such a rage as this before. He seems more like a madman than a rational being," said Price Owen.

"I cannot tell, unless the common-room wine has disagreed with him, or the champagne turped acid on his stomach," said Owen Price.

"Did he never suggest to you his wish that you should marry Dorothea Williams, and her three hundred acres before?"

"Never. 'My dear fellow, you never saw Dorothy, did you?'"

"Never."

"Well, then, you never saw a plainer person in your life. She is half-educated, as vulgar as a housemaid, and as ugly as old Wilkins. If I marry her, may I — — —"

"Say no more, but let us hope that a night's rest and pleasant dreams may yet induce the governor to forget his anger, and stay out the Installation."

Morning came, and the young men having risen early to get their portmanteaus packed, went to the lodgings of Mr. Price. He was up and ready to receive them, in a much worse humour than he had displayed on the previous evening. Mrs. Price assured them that she had not had an hour's sleep, as he had tossed and tumbled about in bed all night long, and talked of nothing but Dorothy Williams, three hundred acres of freehold property, thirty thousand pounds in the funds, and a very odd sensation about the pit of his stomach. Mary made the breakfast without saying a word; but her eyes showed that she had been crying. Wilkins walked the room as if eggs were strewed on the carpet and he was afraid of treading on them; and Lucy, the ladies' maid, trembled when she came into the room.

"The bill!" screamed the 'squire.

Wilkins flew, and returned with the print-seller, bearing the document in his hand.

"Infamous!"

"Really, sir, considering the few Installations that do occur in a man's life, I think——"

"And what business have you to think? There's your money, sir, and I hope it may do you good."

The print seller bowed, and retired hastily.

"Why is not the carriage at the door?"

"Hur is," said Wilkins.

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Hur hadn't a chance."

In a few minutes all were embarked, and the heavy tub, preceded by a hack-chaise, took the road towards Bath, up the High-street, just as

the gay crowds were assembling to go to the theatre, to view the second day's proceedings of the Installation.

Mrs. Price ventured to hint to Mary how much she should like to view them, when the angry 'squire thrust his head out of the carriage-window and bid the boys drive faster, on pain of forfeiting their tips.

At every stage they travelled through, the squire's temper got worse, and he complained, first of a severe pain, he could not tell where; at last, he confessed that he was ill—very ill—and had a most uncomfortable sensation in the ball of his great toe, for which he could not account. When they arrived at the York House, in Bath, where they were to stop for the night, he went to bed at once, and a physician was sent for.

Dr. — came, and was announced, but the 'squire said "he would not see him or anybody. Bring me the paper, Wilkins, and do not let me be interrupted."

Wilkins brought the "Bath Journal," and sat down in the arm-chair by the bed-side. For a few seconds all was quiet. Suddenly the 'squire cried out "Send for the doctor; I may as well let him poison me off at once, for all my hopes are ended—my plans are frustrated; that old cat, Dorothy Williams, has married her lawyer."

It was true—Dorothy had eloped extraordinarily.

Dr. — felt his patient's pulse, asked him a multitude of questions, and, putting on an extra solemnity of face, pronounced the disorder to be an attack of gout.

"Gout?—impossible! I never had it before in my life," said the 'squire.

"Very probably," said Dr. —, "but when elderly country gentlemen go up to Oxford to witness an Installation, and indulge in undergraduate champagne, they must not be surprised if a fit of indigestion is converted into a fit of the gout."

CHAPTER V.

MR. CADWALLADER PRICE was so very comfortable when the gnawing of ten thousand pounds was no longer felt at his great toe, that he placed Mary's hand in his son's, and bid them be as happy for the remainder of their lives as he was at that moment.

The cousins never regretted the 'squire's visit to the INSTALLATION.

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM.

FROM gilded dome and minaret
 Had pass'd the latest ray,
 And hushed, beneath her cloudless night
 The Holy City lay ;
 The Iman's voice was heard no more,
 The pilgrim's evening prayer was o'er ;
 And Mecca's sacred fount and fane
 Were silent as the desert plain.
 But sons of many a land and race
 Within that city slept,
 And, in the Prophet's holy place
 One lonely watcher kept
 His vigil, for a Persian sage,
 Upon whose locks the snows of age
 Had early fallen, was kneeling there
 Like one that poured his soul in prayer.

Was it to purge some secret stain
 Of hidden guilt and wrong,
 Or heights of loftier lore to gain,
 The Persian prayed so long ?
 Not so, but to the father's eyes
 His distant children seemed to rise,
 As last he saw them, where they played
 Beneath their own Palmetto shade.
 They had no mother, she whose love
 His brighter summers crown'd,
 Had early perished like a dove
 By the swift arrow found.
 And Mirza's spring-time pass'd away
 With her, and he grew wise and gray ;
 For Wisdom's chosen olive waves
 O'er ruined hearts and early graves.

But in each fair young face for him,
 Were springs of promise yet,

Upon whose fountains Fate and Time
No darkning seal had set.
And he had braved the desert's breath,
Its streamless wastes and clouds of death,
To pray for them in that far fane,
Where mortal prayers were deemed less vain.
But now the pilgrim's inmost soul
Grew dark with sudden fear,
As if it felt the strange control
Of mightier spirits near.
And Mirza paused, but sight or sound
There was not in that temple's bound,
Save the bright moon, that pour'd a flood
Of splendour on its solitude.

But through the silence came a voice
Of deep and awful power,
Like murmurs from the midnight skies,
It said, There is an hour
In time's eternal circuit given
To human hopes by pitying Heaven
In which no prayer is vain : whate'er
Thy soul desired, that hour is near.
But Pilgrim, ere the prayer be made,
Behold before thine eyes
In the eternal balance weighed
The things which mortals prize.
Then choose the better part, and pray
For those, thy loved ones, far away."
It ceased, but from the Pilgrim's view
That moonlit temple vanished too.

And Mirza stood upon that shore,
Where human joys and woes
Are past for ever, and before
His steps resplendent rose
The golden gates of Paradise,
All glorious as the eastern skies
At the sun's waking ; but between
There yawned the gulf that ne'er had been
By plummet sounded ; darkness hung
Upon the dreadful deep,

And o'er it, like a sunbeam flung
From Eden's golden steep,
Appeared Al Sirat's gleaming bridge ;
But who might tread that narrow ridge?
For never had Damascus blade
A keener, brighter edge displayed.

And silent forms around him rose ;
But to the Pilgrim's gaze,
Each shadowy visage seemed of those
He knew in former days ;
The early friends, whose steps from his
Had wandered in life's wilderness,
And found far different fates ; but yet,
Without one greeting word, they met.
The first he was a warrior chief,
In court and camp renowned,
With poet's praise, with woman's love,
With glory's laurels crowned ;
But as he reached that radiant path,
Down dropped the warrior's well-won wreath
He stooped to snatch the verdant store,
But faltered, and was seen no more.

The second was a sage, whose soul
Had sought the loftiest lore,
And found it ; many a gathered scroll
Of Wisdom's wealth he bore ;
But they dropped from him one by one,
And now his task was almost done ;
Yet, as his eye pursued the last,
He lost the radiant track, and past
To the dark gulf ; but oh, his fall
Was close by Eden's gleaming wall.

At last, there came a woman bowed
With toil, and early gray ;
But oh, how swift and sure she trod
That bright and narrow way ;
For there was nothing in the track
The Pilgrim left to win her back ;

And all the dower she brought to heaven
 Was trampled love, and wrongs forgiven :
 But where the warrior lost his wraith,
 The sage his mystic scroll,
 She bore in fearless hope and faith
~~That burden to the goal.~~
 And glorious was the distant swell
 Of mingled harmonies that fell
 Upon the ear, like a full tide
 Of joy, as the bright portals wide
 Before her wearied footsteps flew,
 And that unknown of earth pass'd through.

But as she passed, on Mirza's gaze
 What scenes of glory broke !
 Till, dazzled by the wondrous blaze,
 That lonely sleeper woke ;
 But only saw the moon again
 Light up the old majestic fane,
 And heard the waking city's voice.
 Yet did the Pilgrim's heart rejoice,
 And thank the Prophet who had sent
 Such visions to his rest ;
 Then gladly through the desert went,
 To those that loved him best.
 But in his after prayers for them,
 The blossoms of his withered stem,
 That pilgrim Father asked no more
 For the world's glory or its lore,
 But the pure faith of her who won,
 Where sage and warrior were undone.

FRANCES BROWN.

A WORD FOR BORES

MR. EDITOR,

I WOULD say a few words to you in favour of a race of mortals commonly known by the name of Bores. The origin of the title I do not pretend to determine, much less would I attempt to define the exact meaning of it. All I insist on is, that those who pass current under that appellation, are generally not only among the most harmless, but the most respectable and amiable members of society.

A great writer, I am told, makes a distinction between a statesman and an individual. Now, a bore is always eminently an individual, that is, he has properly a character of his own, which marks him out from the rest of his species. No one thinks of calling another a bore, after he has been worn down by constant attrition to the very image of those about him. Such go in and out, and attract no notice. They are received everywhere with smiles and compliments as unmeaning as themselves. They wear precisely the same clothes as everybody else; their phrases are uttered by hundreds of mouths at the same instant, in different parts of the town; their persons, their features, are undistinguishable. It is not thus with a bore. I defy you not to know him, the instant he comes within eye-shot of you. Once seen, he has made an impression never after to be effaced. Nay, it may be doubted whether there is not a sort of instinct you know him by, though you have never seen him before.

One quality particularly observable in this set of men, (I do not say it is common to them all,) is that of self-knowledge. When a man is aware that he belongs to it (and it is seldom he continues long ignorant on that point), he comes into the room with an air compounded of diffidence and resoluteness peculiar to himself. He feels that he is sent to you as a visitation—he looks in, takes his chair, and all but says to you, “I am come, it is my mission, and I must fulfil it; there is no escape; perhaps you will be the better for it afterwards.” You assume an appearance of unconcern, it may be of acquiescence; it is of no use looking sullen or dogged. Prometheus might as easily have frowned the vulture from off his liver; or Sisyphus have scowled away the stone from over his head. He begins; he tells you the same stories he told you when he called last; nay, at his twenty last calls: he asks you whether he ever mentioned the Duke of A. to you before, when he has mentioned him more than once at every visit; he insists on your following him through explanations of matters you are quite unconcerned about; he quotes passages from books, which you have repeatedly told him those books do not contain, but which he still continues to quote on.

Another of this description calls periodically to assure you that facts are facts, and urges it on you as a duty to take diligent heed of every

thing that is fact. It is to no purpose you plead a deficiency of curiosity or memory. You declare to him that the great poets and novelists are your chief historians; that they inform you in a manner most suitable to your taste of what has been and is still going on every day in all parts of the habitable world. He will have it that what is reported to have been done by persons under particular names, and in specified times and places, is all that is worth your attention; that facts are facts, and that the proper study of mankind is facts. He asks your opinion of a well-known fact that is related quite differently by two authors equally credible. You have never heard of it before; you tell him so, adding that it is indifferent to you which way it happened; that it is past, and therefore cannot be recalled. "That may be," he replies; "but, nevertheless, facts are facts."

Such are the genuine sort of modest and moderate bores. They exercise your patience wholesomely. They prepare and enure you gently for the endurance of greater evils,—possibly of a sick-bed, or a prison. But extremes meet. There is another kind, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" these take you by assault. They would effect by noise, and assurance, and impudence, what the others bring about by the milder means of tediousness and perseverance. They call you by your plain surname at first meeting, and treat you, in every respect, as if you had been old and familiar acquaintances. They laugh loudly at their own jokes, that are no jokes; and expect you to laugh too. There is no refuge from them except in seclusion from the world, or, what is next to it, the privacy of a domestic circle. There their bolts fall innocuous. They are nothing without a large audience. In describing anything droll that has happened, they move themselves about rapidly, and drag the chairs they sit on along with them, in order to increase the sound, and make you imagine that it is all passing before you. Nature designed them for mountebanks, and they are out of their place everywhere but on a clear stage of their own. They are what may be termed the desperate bores, if they do not rather deserve to be totally excluded from the fraternity.

Your true bore is essentially a good man. Where will you meet with more genuine bores than Sir Charles Grandison or Squire Allworthy, or even Mr. Pickwick; yet how can you picture to yourself more perfect men? Miss Austin, in her novel of "Emma," has represented a female bore to the life. She is amiable enough in herself, that Miss Bates, but would not have shown off half to the same advantage if it had not been for the full development of this quality.

Almost all women, indeed, are more or less bores; and that because they are better and wiser than men; and the more they excel in this particular, the more chance they have of attracting us to them. It is not possible, perhaps, to conceive a being of greater intellect or more exalted imagination than Don Quixote, or a more thorough bore than Dulcinea; and I am persuaded that all of us, in proportion as we have shared in those endowments of the knight of La Mancha, may recollect having been, at some time or other of our lives, under the influence of a similar charm.

Women, on their side, have the same preference. They like indi-

viduality. They may choose to trifle with creatures of mere outside, as like one another as so many ashy-winged butterflies; but their preference is for a bore; they grasp at him as a virtuoso would clutch an Emperor of Morocco.

The ancients did not describe bores, for this very reason; because they thought perfect characters out of nature. Nestor, I am aware, may be adduced as an instance to the contrary, but he was a wise old man, and all such fall inevitably into this class. It is a sort of *præ-euthanasia*, introductory to the last change. Woe to them if they do not submit to it quietly and decently. One of the wittiest yet best-natured men I ever had the happiness to know, had too great an apprehension of this. He selected, I think, many of us for his friends and companions, chiefly on account of some premature recommendation he saw in us of this kind. Yet hear his dread of coming into possession of the same claims on our good-will himself. "His jests," he complained, "were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him."

There have been various surmises as to the cause of our great Dramatist quitting the stage of life at a still earlier part of the performance. He retired from London and the theatres (it was not a prudent step) some years before that happened. Fancy him strolling about his little native town of Stratford, his fortune made; no longer acting or writing. What could he have done? what could he have talked of? His jests were apt to be misinterpreted; his higher flights were quite beyond the reach of his hearers. He might have fallen back on narration. He might have told them every Twelfth Night—perhaps oftener—how Queen Bess had given that name to one of his plays; how her maids of honour had giggled, and how she had reprimanded; how King James had been pleased by some fustian he had picked up from a discourse of Ben Jonson on the beauties of the ancients, and introduced into one of his tragedies; how Ben used to swagger and lay down the law, when "his learned sock was on;" or he might have reverted to long past times, and revived old stories of what had passed between him and Sir Thomas Lucy. These would have had the best chance of succeeding. But all might have been repeated so often, that at last the youngsters of Stratford might have voted him a bore, or whatever they then called it, and he not have been able to bear it. This, I will venture to say, is as probable an account of the matter as has yet been given.

Here, Mr. Editor, allow me to express to you my sad conviction, that as the character I have been endeavouring to reconcile you with is thus estimable in the intercourse of private life, so it is equally to be shunned in our capacity of authors, or men striving to entertain the world at large. All of us must indeed make up our minds to be regarded under this light, in some quarter or other, and particularly among those of our own kind. Milton himself was a bore to Doctor Johnson, and Shakspeare to Voltaire. But I need scarcely point out how extremely dangerous it is to be thus established in the opinion of the public. The instant we feel ourselves running any such risk, we

ought wholly to withdraw ; or, if that is not practicable, to throw ourselves into another form, and animate, as well as possible, a new and distinct shape. Thus, Scott, when he perceived himself ready to sink as a poet, dived manfully down, and rose again, the more beautiful for his immersion, under the appearance of a novelist : and, when that began to wear off, contrived to pass on and shift himself into the guise of a critic, a politician, or an historian ; and, in this manner, with a dexterity proper to himself, managed, time after time, to elude the fatal condition of "boreism."

It is very well, for many reasons I could mention, that a bore should become an author ; but very ill that an author should become, a bore. In the one instance, a safety-valve is produced ; in the other, an explosion. But, lest I should fall into the very error I am warning others against, it is time to assure you that I am, Mr. Editor, yours,

PHILBORUS.

STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

ADVICE TO AN ASPIRANT.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame ;
If thou th' immortal wreath wouldst claim,
And make the Future bless thy name ;

Begin thy perilous career,
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear,
And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
That ever whispers, "Work and win,"
And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin :

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed

If thou canst struggle day and night,
And, in the envious world's despite,
Still keep thy cynosure in sight :

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn ;
 Nor curse the day that thou wert born,
 To feed on chaff, and he on corn :

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
 And still hold on with patient trust,
 Nor pine that Fortune is unjust :

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
 The knave or fool in purple dress'd,
 While thou must walk in tatter'd vest :

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
 And toil and moil till evening gray,
 At thankless work, for scanty pay :

If, in thy progress to renown,
 Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
 Of those who strive to pull thee down :

If thou canst bear th' averted face,
 The jibe, or treacherous embrace,
 Of those who run the self-same race :

If thou in darkest days canst find
 An inner brightness in thy mind,
 To reconcile thee to thy kind :—

Whatever obstacles control,
 Thine hour will come—go on—true soul !
 Thou 'lt win the prize, thou 'lt reach the goal !

If not—what matters ? tried by fire,
 And purified from low desire,
 Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
 And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
 Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,
 That thou must gild thy living name,
 And snatch the honours of the game,

And hast not strength to watch and pray,
To seize thy time and force thy way,
By some new combat every 'day :

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy veins with heaviness,
And make thee love thy kind the less ;

Thy fame might rivalry forestal,
And thou let tears or curses fall,
Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall ;

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career,
Thou 'lt find the conflict too severe,
And heart will break and brain will sear.

Content thee with a meaner lot ;
Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

REAL MURDER.

“ I had the satisfaction,” says Backhouse, in his Narrative of a Visit to the Australian Colonies, “ of witnessing the destruction of five puncheons of rum, containing four hundred and ninety-two gallons, and two hogsheads of geneva, containing one hundred and sixteen gallons. They were the property of one of our friends, who had received them as part of an investment from his agent in England, who had not been apprized of a change in the views of his correspondent respecting the use and sale of spirits, in which he cannot now conscientiously be concerned. He therefore represented the case to the Governor, who allowed them to be taken out of bond free of duty, under the same circumstances as if for export, and, under the charge of an officer of the Customs, placed on board a staged boat, which took them out into the Cove, where the heads of the casks were removed, and the contents poured into the sea. Some persons, from neighbouring vessels, looked on with approval, others with surprise ; and others, not yet awake to the evils of spirit-drinking, expressed regret. A man, from a little vessel, cried out, ‘ That 's real Murder ! ’ ”

A VISION OF PAST TIMES.

"Come like shadows so depart."

ALL relics of the past are interesting—from the solitary cromlech to the mouldering gravestone; from the Babylonian bricks, with their undecipherable inscriptions, even to the faded sampler "finished in y^e year of grace, one thousand seven hundred and twenty," with its square scarlet house, and pyramid-shaped tree, and shepherdess overtopping them both. But of all relics, those that are handed down to us linked with the recollections of many a generation—that tell a tale of successive events, domestic though they be—are most interesting. And, therefore, the old family banner that waved amid many a conflict; the dinted sword transmitted from father to son; the tall standing-cup, that duly held its place on the table, through many a successive generation; and the huge tankard, which has witnessed so many Christmas feastings, when the spiced posset passed from lip to lip, and from which, so often, the prosperity of the family has been drunk, at so many a wedding, a christening, or a "coming of age." I love old plate, old family plate;—those quaint, antique, yet noble-looking things, that tell not only of the sober stateliness of our forefathers, but of their "right merry meetings," and pleasant and heartfelt family gatherings; and, as I sat alone looking at the quaint chasing of our old tankard (an especial favourite from childhood), I wished it had a tongue to tell me somewhat of bygone days; and, with him who has so graphically related the adventures of "the Queen Anne's Sixpence," I exclaimed, "would that I had the power of the Rosy Cross! Metal, that canst already do all things but speak, what would I not give for the art of inspiring thee with a tongue!"

Was I awake? had I fallen asleep? or was I rather in that middle state, that pleasant land debateable, that belongs to both, yet to neither,—I know not, I care not; but methought my dumb companion grew most eloquent, and thus it began:—

"You have asked for my history,—a history doubtless, as you think, commencing in the first year of 'good Queen Anne,' or perhaps extending even so far as the year of the plague, or the great fire of London; but know that a much higher antiquity is mine, and that, although for the last hundred years I have been destined to no higher station than to grace the corner cupboard, or the dumb waiter of the London merchant, yet that, in a former state, a palace was my home, and kings and king's daughters my associates. My precious metal was drawn from no modern mine; but, long ere America was dreamt of, and while the theory of the antipodes was placed by the orthodox among the 'damnable doctrines' of Turks and Infidels, I, in the form of a tall standing cup, my brim beautifully chased and adorned with

topaz studs, graced the board of King Tancred of Sicily. When your gallant Cœur de Lion came, aided by the unanswerable arguments of floating mangonels, Greek-fire, and ten thousand men-at-arms in iron breastplates, to demand restitution of his sister's dower, I, together with a score of smaller cups, preceded the embassy that was to placate his lion-heart. The embassy was successful: Tancred, overjoyed that his palace had not been battered about his ears, and that his head actually remained on his shoulders, could scarcely make enough of the royal crusader; while Richard, charmed with a man who had not merely endured a good beating, but had the grace to be thankful for it, called him his 'right trusty cousin,' his 'most loving brother,' phrases which generally, in the vocabulary of diplomacy, mean much the same as 'your humble servant' at the end of a lawyer's letter, but which, in this instance, (and it is worthy of especial note, from its rarity,) were sincere.

"King Tancred's parting gifts were most spendid—fit to set people dreaming of the philosopher's stone, had that brilliant delusion of science been then discovered. There was a table of gold, twelve feet long, and a tent of silk, that would hold two hundred people. Among such right royal gifts, I was not likely to attract much attention, and, with my companions, I was placed in a strong iron-bound chest, where many years passed away ere I beheld the light.

"At length I was awakened from my long and undisturbed repose by the creaking of the rude key in the rusty wards of the lock, and the voice of a man, evidently 'in authority,' giving multifarious directions.

"'Let the popinjay hangings be forthwith put up in the Antioch Chamber, and send thither the forms and tressels from the queen's painted room, and the crimson cloth of estate to hang over the two arm-chairs. Bid Passilawe go down to the Vintry for white wine and red, and to De Buckerel in Sopars-lane for dates and almonds, and spiceries; and to De Gysors for dried fruits, and two silk carpets, and frankincense for the chapel, for all of which my seal shall be sufficient warrant.' I heard retiring footsteps, and immediately, the chest being opened, I perceived an elderly man in ecclesiastical vestments, bending over its contents with looks of wondering delight. 'Sweet Lady! a goodly treasure, and most fortunately brought to light,' said he; 'for the holy saints alone know where we may get money for this Pentecost feast, unless the king's plate be pledged for it.' My surpassing beauty soon caught his eye, and he gazed long, and most lovingly upon me; the trumpets that announced the king's arrival were heard, some one knocked at the door of the apartment to summon him forth; so, doubtless to put me out of harm's way, he slipped me up the ample sleeve of his gown, where, among the thick folds, I nestled securely.

"'Our sweet Lady hath been most gracious to us, and truly this night will I offer seven tapers at her altar,' said a middle-sized, mean-looking man, whose left eyelid, drooping over the half-sunken eye, gave him a sinister cast of countenance, but whose long violet 'cyclas,' with the three lions of England brodered upon the breast, showed him to be king. 'Well, good sir treasurer,' continued he, addressing my bearer, 'ye have caused all things to be made ready, that we may keep our

Pentecost feast in the state that becometh a sovereign ; and as for these good people,' pointing to the miscellaneous collection of vagabonds that almost filled the court-yard of the palace of Westminster, and who had followed the royal procession in anticipation of a silver penny, or a mess of pottage at the least, 'let them be feasted here for three days, in honour of this holy tide.'

" 'Long live our good King Henry, the Third, and best,' shouted two hundred of the riotous crew in chorus,—anticipations of their ensuing good cheer having so marvellously awakened their loyalty, that they quite forgot the many scoffing ballads they had sung in honour of their 'good King Henry,' and the many times that they had exhibited the free spirit of Englishmen, by breaking his purveyors' heads.

"Forward pressed King Henry's treasurer, and bent his knee before him, when, by some luckless mischance, I slipped from his sleeve, and rolled along. An hundred hands were instantly stretched forth to secure the tempting prize, but the well-plied bills of the sergeants availed to save me. The treasurer, as he arose from his unlucky obeisance, marked the flashing eyes of Queen Elinor of Provence fixed on him. But he who cannot make up a good story on occasion should not reside at court—especially that of Henry the Third, where each was forced to live by his wits, as much as any swindler in the 'present most enlightened day ;' so, taking me from the hands of a billman, who, at the risk of a broken scull, had snatched me from a dozen 'masterless men,' he whispered to the king, that, having discovered a hidden treasure of silver plate, he was just about to proceed to Asher of the Jewry, (King Henry's chief pawnbroker,) to endeavour by the sale to redeem the large silver image of 'our Ladye,' which King Henry had, more than six months since, pledged to that Jew.

"Now, the 'good King Henry' was one of those most comfortable masters who believe just as much as their servants choose to tell them, and not a syllable more ; so he complimented the worthy treasurer on his attention to the royal interests, and gazed on my beauty most admiringly. 'We will not sell *this* goodly standing-cup,' said he, (Henry was rather a connoisseur in the fine arts), 'so, do ye, my good and trusty Sir Treasurer, send the others forthwith to Asher of the Jewry, and cause the image of our blessed Lady to be redeemed this very evening, and set up upon the high altar.'

"The treasurer hesitated. 'My liege,' said he, 'the other silver cups will not be sufficient to redeem that large image: the cup you now hold in your hand is worth more than half.'

" 'But this is so goodly a cup,' persisted the king, 'that I will not part with it. So go, good Sir Treasurer, and look among the chapel plate. Surely an old broken crucifix or two, with the silver cups, *must* be sufficient to redeem our sweet Lady's image.'

"The evening came ; and King Henry proceeded to St. Stephen's chapel within the palace, surrounded by his attendant *méyé*, and there the silver image, redeemed from the sacrilegious hands of the Jew, and placed on high, received the especial attention of the worthy monarch, who lighted reverently, with his own royal hands, the seven huge wax tapers before her ; while the politic treasurer took that

opportunity of presenting to the angry queen a purse well filled with bezants, which, in order to placate her rage, he had extorted from Asher of the Jewry, by orthodox threats of 'donjon and gallows-tree.'

"And with the morrow came the feast of Pentecost. But time would fail did I tell all the gorgeous observances of a court which, while it was unrivalled in splendour, was unrivalled also in necessity. But by begging, borrowing, coaxing, threatening, so right royal an entertainment was provided, that little indeed might any guest who partook its sumptuous delicacies have believed that the Exchequer, at that very moment, did not contain a single mark. And conspicuous above all my brethren did I stand that day, for I was placed at the right hand of the sovereign: and so joyful was King Henry, and so greatly did his heart overflow, even toward what he most hated, that he drank prosperity to the city of London, pledged Simon de Montfort, his great opponent, to their life-long amity, and called a long bead-roll of saints, and our Lady too, to witness how highly he revered the Great Charter. And each of these pledges he kept in his own peculiar manner. Ere the feast of St. John arrived he took away the city keys, and imprisoned the lord mayor; sent a pressing letter to the pope, praying, as an especial favour, the excommunication of De Montfort; and violated every provision of the Great Charter which only five times he had sworn to uphold.

"Again I slumbered in forgetfulness; at length, I found myself in the presence of a middle-aged man, whose lofty brow, intellectual countenance, and flashing eye, betokened him well worthy of the dignity of that crown of alternate crosses and strawberry-leaves that spanned his head. The vast hall, blazing with waxen tapers, was filled by a noble and gallant company, while in the lilies quartered with the lions in the royal shield, and in the songs that told of the prowess of the English knight, and the unerring aim of the English bowman, I learnt that I stood in the presence of the victor of Cressy. A strain of soft music arose, the wide doors at the lower end of the hall were thrown open, and a company of ladies clad in white, young and fair, advanced; the foremost bearing a peacock! with gilded crest and shining train, in a large silver dish. 'Come forward, brave knights!' cried Edward, as the bird consecrated to chivalrous vows was placed before him; 'Come forward, and make each your avow in the presence of the ladies and the peacock!'

"Instantly a crowd of young and gallant knights advanced, and each unsheathing his sword, repeated some fanciful vow, dictated by valour or ladye love. 'And what is your vow?' said Edward, smiling, as a noble and lofty-looking knight advanced.

"'I make mine avow,' said he, 'that through the grace of St. George I will advance my banner into the very heart of France; that I will take three good towns, and bring hither, next Christmas eve, three French knights captive to the feet of my lady.' King Edward smiled at the chivalrous vow; but it was a smile of exultation, for he knew that what Sir Walter Manny promised he was well able to perform.

"Again came Christmas eve, and, amid renewed rejoicings and feasting, the fair and gallant company again assembled in the hall. And there,

each point of his vow fulfilled, stood the brave Sir Walter Manny, and with him the three French knights, whom kneeling he presented to his ladye love, the lady Margaret.

“ ‘Fair lady,’ said the eldest, ‘if aught may compensate a knight for the mischance of captivity, it is that he hath enabled a right valiant enemy, and one pledged to so fair a lady, to fulfil his vow. We therefore yield ourselves right willingly captives to your beauty, and pray ye to name our ransom.’

“ ‘Right valiant sirs,’ said the lady, gracefully bowing, ‘I may scarcely blame the chance of war, since it hath given to our English court the presence of three so noble knights. For your ransom I therefore demand that, during these forty days of Christmas, ye feast and disport yourselves among us ; and then, your horses and armour being restored, we shall bid you a pleasant voyage to your own fair land.’

“ ‘Sweet cousin,’ said the king, (for the Lady Margaret Brotherton, as well as he, called the first Edward grandfather,) ‘ye have right courteously entreated your captive knights ; let not, therefore, my brave Sir Walter go unrewarded,—his guerdon should be somewhat more than fair speeches.’

“And so it was. Three days after, Sir Walter Manny led the Lady Margaret to the altar ; and never did shout of the heralds and minstrels sound more appropriately than when, far and wide, re-echoed their usual cry, ‘Honour to the brave, and to the fair !’

“Again I slumbered long ; but once more I was brought forth to the light, and then I found myself in the presence of a young and richly dressed man, whose features, but for their expression of reckless profligacy, might have been considered handsome. A flat black velvet cap and jewelled brooch supplied the place of the more graceful strawberry-leaf crown ; but the deference with which each glance was noted, and the almost oriental prostration of his courtiers, proved him indeed ‘right royal.’ Alas ! the proud line of the Plantagenets had passed away ; and the dynasty of the Tudors, with their rapacious spoliations and crushing tyranny, had succeeded ; and all the graceful observances of chivalry had vanished. No song of the minstrel resounded ; no lay of the *trouvère* ; no peacock was brought in to the sound of sweet music ; no knights stepped forth to pronounce their fanciful vows. How shall I describe the gorgeous but tasteless scene, where almost eastern splendour was combined with eastern want of taste ? The ‘Lord of Misrule,’ followed by a dozen masquers in crimson satin, each bearing a lighted torch, rushed in, and proclaimed, amid the deafening clangor of drums and trumpets, that his reign would commence on the morrow. Then the ‘Children of the Chapel,’ surpliced, and bearing branches of Christmas, advanced, and sang a dolbrously long carol in honour of the holy-tide, while the Lord of Misrule and his boisterous company played a hundred rude practical jokes. Lastly, came that solemn piece of foolery ‘a Morality ;’ in which angels in watchet satin, goddesses in white damask, and devils in black serge, ‘guarded with flame-colour taffeta,’ and appropriately adorned with horns, danced, sung, and inflicted most soporific homilies upon the yawning spectators. But well pleased was King Henry ; for the Morality

had quotations of 'choice Latin' in it, and it contained also many 'pithy' remarks on the indubitably divine right of kings. So he nodded most oracularly, and smiled most graciously, and quaffed his draught of Rhenish from my jewelled brim; and, filling me again with his own royal hand, he sent me to him who, beyond all others, 'the king delighted to honour,' Wolsey.

"'Wassail, my good lord Cardinal,' said he; 'pledge me to our steadfast amity, enduring as the days of this old standing-cup.'

"The favourite minister arose, and, lowly bowing, stretched forth his jewelled hand to the cup-bearer. Was it mere chance, or shall we believe that Heaven doth sometimes, by omen, dimly shadow forth approaching ill? I slipped from his hand, and the cup, the pledge of aye-enduring amity, bruised, and broken from the stem, lay at his feet!

"That day twelve months, Wolsey, degraded and broken-hearted, was in his grave. For myself, thenceforth, I commenced a new existence."

"And in your new existence," said I, "did you take your present form, and hold the diet-drink for some knight of the shire, which, duly stirred with the fresh sprig of rosemary, and drunk at three equal draughts, enabled him to digest three pounds of his own tough beef at his twelve o'clock dinner?"

"Not such was my lot as yet," replied my pleasant companion; "even in my second transformation, as in my first shape, a palace or royal mansion was my home, and kings, and right royal women, my companions. After my luckless fall, my broken pieces were carefully collected and submitted to the judgment of Master Wurley, the king's own goldsmith; and he having pronounced his decision, that I was, alas! like too many around me, too bad to mend, I was sentenced to the crucible, from whence I emerged, in pristine brightness, and, by the united aid of hammer and graver, I took the form of a rich spice-plate. My destination was now to the service of that all-absorbing favourite Anne Boleyn, to whom I was sent, accompanied by a letter from her royal lover, which the refined and high-minded ladies of the third Edward's court would have instantly cast into the fire, but which the coarse-minded woman, who was so soon to assume the crown of the injured Queen Catherine, read, laughed at, and answered. For more than twenty years I kept my station in the king's palace, and few servants could number a more frequent change of mistresses. I stood on the table of Anne, until the day that she exchanged the palace for her dungeon in the Tower. I presented spices to the gentle, but short-lived Jane Seymour; I witnessed the carousals of the fair but profligate Catherine Howard and her unworthy companions, and might probably have been honoured to stand beside the bowl of Rhenish, destined for the ample mouth of the lady Anne of Cleves, but Henry, who, probably from his elegant comparison of the lady, considered a manger more suitable than a royal service of plate, kept me and my companions in his own safe custody, from whence, not long after, I was transferred to that of the politic and literary Catherine Parr. But, in the midst of his hangings, and burpings, and wholesale robberies, and experiments in acts of uniformity,—acts more distinguished, perhaps, than any other

by their endless diversities, death summoned King Henry to give up his account; which, certainly, if divorcing wives, robbing churches, and beheading whoever differed from him, entitled any monarch to the honours of canonisation, he, beyond every other, would have attained it, without one dissentient voice.

"Ere his last breath was drawn, a scene of spoliation in the royal chambers commenced, to which the riotous proceedings of the vagabonds that filled the court-yard of Westminster Hall, in the time of the third Henry, was order itself. The two Seymours, who, from the wardrobe of the accomplished Surrey, had not scrupled to accept 'a black velvet gowne, and olde saddle,' were not likely to behold the voluminous inventory of King's Henry's plate and jewels, without an infringement not merely of the tenth, but of the eighth commandment; while all their friends and dependents thought they could not do better than follow an example 'set forth' by such high authority. The haughty Duchess of Somerset, too, was no inactive spectatress; and partly to secure the good-will of a most powerful family, and partly—perhaps more than partly—to spite the Queen Dowager, who still claimed that precedence which the Duchess demanded, as wife of the Lord Protector, she snatched me up with her own jewelled hand, and sent me off with 'a pössinet, having the royal arms graven thereon, twelve postal spoons, and a pouncet-box,' to Bradgate, as a present to the proud Duchess of Suffolk.

"Once more I saw the light in a large tapestried room, when I found myself in the presence of a stern middle-aged woman, whose cloth-of-gold dress, and jewelled frontlet, but especially whose *double* train, which fell in huge folds on each side of her cushioned elbow-chair, proved her to be a Duchess. She sat at a small table, curiously inlaid with ivory and ebony, and a huge book, richly bound in crimson velvet, with the bearings of Suffolk, quartered with the royal arms, wrought in silver on the sides, lay before her. That lady was the Duchess of Suffolk, the cousin of the late king, and that book was the Bible, which, as a matter of state policy, now occupied that conspicuous place, which in the time of her mother was filled by the silver crucifix, or the gold-clasped missal. The Bible was paraded on her table, but its precepts found no home in her heart. Before her, three young girls were standing, whose plain close caps, and 'sad-coloured' gowns, no less than their shrinking and averted looks, made it difficult for me to believe that they were three heiresses of an illustrious house, standing in the presence of their mother. 'You may go,' said the Duchess, waving her hand to the two youngest, who immediately, with low curtsy, and hands crossed on the breast, 'backed out,' (for the young ladies of this period were never allowed *literally* to turn their backs on their parents.) "Come hither, Jane," was the summons to the one who remained; and a handsome girl, of remarkably open countenance, and features that might have expressed the fulness of joy, had she been a forest child instead of a Duchess's eldest daughter, timidly approached the table.

" 'Mistress Atwood tells me that you pay not that attention to your broidery that you did—how is this?' sternly inquired the Duchess.

"The poor girl answered not, but stood holding a little book in both hands, with her eyes fixed on the ground. 'How now, minion, art tongue-tied?' cried the Duchess fiercely, as the affrighted lady Jane, who had so often suffered from her mother's blows and pinches, drew back; just articulating in a whisper, 'No forsooth, madam.'

"'No, truly,' retorted the tender mother, 'with Master Aylmer, your tutor, you can talk fast enow; but mind now;—ye know not how lofty a station may be yours, and therefore I desire you to give heed to your lute, and your dancing, and also that ye learn to shoot with the bow—it is a right royal pastime.'

"The poor girl timidly raised her large fawn-like eyes. 'But my book-learning,' said she.

"'That may be also attended to in its proper place,' said the Duchess; 'but ye are past fourteen, and ere next Easter, if it so should suit, ye may be married;—so go to your studies, but remember, on pain of my severe displeasure, that ye give more heed to your dancing and broiery.' The poor girl bowed her head, and was about to withdraw. 'Stay,' said the Duchess, 'our right dear cousin, the Duke of Northumberland, cometh here to-day. Now we intend that you shall marry his son; so take heed, and be ready to welcome him: and also, when the Duke arriveth in the withdrawing-room, take this spice-plate, and offer him the comfits reverently.'

"The haughty Duchess swept slowly into the ante-room, just as the opposite door opened, and admitted a venerable man in the dress of a churchman, while the lady Jane's large eyes, which had filled with tears, flashed light like the April sunshine at his appearance.

"'My own good, kind, Master Aylmer,' cried she, 'then I shall have a lesson this morning.'

"'If your lady mother pleaseth,' said the tutor; 'but they are even now about to hunt in the park, and methought you would join them.'

"'O no,' replied the poor girl, whose crushed spirits turned from the pleasures and sports of girlhood, to the lofty speculations and high imaginings of the ancient sages: 'O no; let us talk of those great men, and read their works: for what can daily life afford, that can be compared with their converse?'

"It was a beautiful, an interesting sight, to see that young girl unclasping her cherished book, and reading the lofty speculations of Plato in his own language, with a relish that shewed she made them her own; and yet it was melancholy,—for the sun was shining in his summer brightness along the green alleys and velvet slopes, and upon the rich masses of foliage in Bradgate Park; and the peasant children were abroad, enjoying their bright heritage of summer and its beauty; and all was gladness and poetry,—the best of all poetry, the poetry of nature. Surely the youthful lady Jane should have been abroad like them. But well was it for her, whose short and mournful life was so soon to be ended, that she turned away from the beauties of a world in which her sojourn was so brief, to commune with higher natures than those around her, and to seek, in the fabled Atalantis of the Grecian sage, that beauty and that perfection which she found not here.

"Alas! sweet lady Jane; fair lily, that might have bloomed long in

the bright solitudes of Bradgate. I presented spices to her on the morning of her marriage with the Lord Guilford Dudley; I stood beside her when she refused that crown, which was forced upon her brow by her stern and ambitious father; but the happiest day of her life was that which closed her brief career, and dismissed her from the cold, and selfish, and cruel natures, by which she was surrounded, to the fitter society of the saints in heaven.

"Again I slumbered many years; at length I beheld the light in a noble drawing-room, where I was placed upon a large table, on which lay heaped a vast variety of things, no inapt emblem of the mind of their owner. The drawing-room was in proud Whitehall; the miscellaneous contents of the table were—sundry folios of the acts of ecclesiastical councils, sundry sheets of parchment, containing 'plans for y^e effectual suppression .of puritanisme,' and a 'platforme of instructiōns for y^e Judges,' both exhibiting delectable specimens of right royal penmanship, and right royal opinions. Close beside were sundry hawks'-bells, a standing-cup of muscadine, a sprig of mountain ash, (that infallible preservative against witchcraft,) a huge silver ink-stand, myself, the ancient spice-plate, now containing cardamum-comfits, and preserved ginger, and two silver dog's-whistles. Need I after this description say, that the coarse and mean-looking man, with high-crowned gray hat, and well padded doublet, who sat just beside, was the 'high and mighty' (what strange perversion of terms!) 'Prince James, King of Great Britain?'

"Before him, in the attitude of a slave awaiting the commands of his tyrant, or the humblest of scholars listening to the opinions of some master mind, stood,—alas! for poor human nature,—the wisest man in Europe,—he of whom it may be well said, happy had it been for his fame could his whole public life have been blotted from the page of history—Bacon. 'And O! Sire,' said he,—for his master had just before given him permission to speak,—'what more worthy of a monarch, who hath ever deemed war but an ignoble game, to commence a bloodless warfare against the errors that warp the judgment,—those *idolæ* which hoodwink and blind the light of the understanding! Oh! what more worthy achievement for the '*rex pacificus*,' than to advance the true interests of learning; and O! what glory to the British Solomon, to lay the foundations of that temple, which, consecrated unto the glory of God and the good of man's estate, shall shine with far more enduring splendour than that famed temple of the Jewish king, since the ivory thereof will be the whiteness of pure intentions, and the gold the precious ore of heavenly wisdom!'

"'Awel,' mumbled the high and mighty prince James, twitching the rosettes on his doublet with fingers that certainly stood in need of ablution, 'Awel, but goud is especial scarce to come at, an' in this respect the British Solomon methinks marcheth *haud passibus æquis* with his namesake. Odds, man, ye ha' sae mony crotchets in yere head, I would ye wad tak to speculations anent goud-making. Alchemy isna a forbidden art, like figure-casting, or chiromancy, or spells and enchantments, which, as I have set forth in my buik o' Demonologie,

are especially forbidden. No, alchemy is ane upright art, as saith Martin Luther, and with him agreeth the learned Zanchlius and Delrio, and I wad say Cornelius Agrippa also,—only I doubt that he was nae gude, seeing that he was always attendit by ane black dog. Now, had he been in my dominions I wad soon hae seen intil it; for since the kingly power is o' God, I wad hae summoned the black dog before my tribunal, and, had he been ane fiend, hae punished him' (the learned monarch, unfortunately, did not say what he would have done had it been only a dog); 'so now, my gude chancellor, what say ye to a trial in alchemy?'

" 'Many have attempted the making of gold, your majesty,' said Bacon, 'but none have yet succeeded; though what may hereafter be discovered, when men, instead of believing upon trust, shall bring each question to the sure test of experiment, I may not say.'

" 'The maist o' yere discourses, maister chancellor, end wi' I may not say,' replied James sullenly: 'ye doubt this, and misbelieve that, and set up a new-fangled kind o' learning, whilk I myself can scarcely comprehend.'

" 'Still, your majesty, deny me not the praise of good intentions,' humbly replied the Chancellor.

" 'Nay, we do not,' said James, patronisingly, 'nor do I think sae ill o' yere learning, altho' there be many things ye understand not ower weel. Now, ye say, Try this, an try that—'tis doctrine that may lead to deep questioning, an' it may become a trap, set by the arch enemy for unsober minds, an' men may go to thae lengths that they may come to question reasons o' state, an' ask, 'Can the King do this?' and the addle-brained monarch actually looked affrighted at his own supposition.

" 'Far be it from me to seek to encourage that turbulent spirit which is even now abroad,' replied the servile Chancellor, unconscious that the very tendency of his writings would, ere long, produce the very effect he deprecated.

" 'We gie ye due credit o' that,' said the monarch, nodding, 'for ye took the part o' our Star Chamber against that proud and pragmatistical Coke, wha seemed to think the common law was aboon every thing,—even the will o' a king—an awfu' doctrine; but ye hae mair wisdom in these matters, as ye set forth in yere letter to Steenie, that if he followed in my footsteps, he wad aye be right, meaning, that kings can do no wrong.'

" 'Nor can they, dear dad and gossip,' cried a handsome young man, dressed magnificently, who, at this moment, entered the room, and laid his hand on the King's shoulder, 'though this is doctrine that will require some stronger arguments than we have yet brought forward; for the rascals are at it again.'

" 'Heaven forbid!' ejaculated James, with uplifted hands, 'what! are there mair plots o' Jesuits, or hath there been mair witchcraft brought to light?'

" 'Neither,' replied the favourite, with a scornful laugh, 'only the vagabonds have put forth a pamphlet, reflecting on me and my lady mother.'

" 'They have not, surely,' cried the king. 'O these traitorous, heathenish, sons of Belial! You see, my gude lord chancellor, what cometh o' questionings and inquiries: men, wha ought to look up to the Lord's anointed, as they would to the visible representative o' God, daur to speak ill o' the man whilk the king delighteth to honour.' Thus saying, he passed his awkward fingers through the silken perfumed tresses of Buckingham, and patted him on the cheek.

" 'I wish, good dad and gossip,' replied the favourite, 'you would take some stronger measures: hang up a dozen of them, and send a score or two to the plantations. I warrant you, King Ahasuerus would have done so.'

" 'Ay, King Ahasuerus had a guid notion o' government,' said James, 'as I told baby Charles the other day.'

" 'You did, Sire,' replied a young and interesting, though rather sickly-looking young man, who entered; 'and in truth, with these insolent libellers we must have stronger measures.'

" 'An' so ye shall,' cried James, rubbing his hands, 'an the puritan sect shall be a' harried out o' the land. 'Stronger measures!' I like the words baby Charles, for they are right royal; an' do ye ay remember, when I am gone (for even kings maun gang the way o' all flesh), an' do ye Steemie, ay remind him, that the will o' a king, an the word o' a king, like the laws o' the Medes and Persians, maun never be gainsaid.'

" Again, and for the last time, I stood in that room in proud Whitehall. There were shoutings in the street; and 'Remember the fate of Buckingham!' and 'Privilege of parliament!' resounded from the crowd without; while he who now wore the crown sat with his face buried in his hands, anxiously revolving what course he should pursue. Would that some wise and judicious counsellor had been at hand to advise him!—but the principles inculcated by the father, and advocated by the favourite, had sprung up, and produced a bitter crop; and, indignant at the stern opposition he had encountered, the unhappy monarch turned from every thought of conciliation, to revenge. 'I will never yield,' said he, at length starting up; 'but this very night I leave Whitehall.' That very night he left. Who knows not how he returned, seven years after, a captive, to his execution!

" For myself, I quitted the abode of kings from henceforth, and, carried to Goldsmiths' Hall with my companions, by order of the parliamentary commissioners, I again was melted down. The days of the tall, graceful standing-cup, of the richly fillagreed spice-dish, were alike over, and in the sober substantial form in which I now exist, I finally once again saw the light."

A SONG FOR GREYBEARDS.

WE three, brothers three,
 Grey and gouty though we be;
 We can chirp and sing a song,
 All a winter's even long;
 And can get a little merry,
 Near a treble flask of sherry.²
 Ding-dong ! Ding-dong !
 Listen to the Greybeard's song,

Ding-dong ! Dong-ding !
 Which of us three boys shall sing ?
 Shall 't be you, or you, or I,
 Who shall make the minutes fly
 To a mad and mounting measure,
 Tingling to the top with pleasure ?
 Ding-dong, &c.

Sit, sit ! The moments flit ;
 Wine we have, and will have wit :
 Fresh are we, and full of mirth,
 Like the cricket on the hearth ;
 Fond of love and little thinking,
 And very—very fond of drinking.
 Ding-dong, &c.

Ding-dong ; we love a song,
 Neither sad nor very long :
 One that quickens with its sound
 Even the bottle in its round ;
 Ripe and rich and full of laughter ;
 Then to sleep the moment after.
 So no more, but come along,
 Ding-dong !
 Noble wine did never wrong,
 If a care should come to-morrow,
 We know how to banish sorrow
 With another song.

A CHILD OF SORROW.

DURING the late festive season,—when those who thought at all, reflected that, eighteen hundred and forty-three years ago, the religion of the heart, bringing peace and good-will on earth, came to soften the rigour of the religion of form,—a little girl, not six years old, had been observed by a lonely lady, sitting day after day on the step of a door opposite to her house. It seemed to belong to nobody; but, at a certain hour, there it was, wrapped in an old shawl, crouched on the cold stone, and rocking itself pensively backwards and forwards, more like an ailing old woman than a child. Other children played around it, but this melancholy little being mingled not in their sports, but sat silent and solitary.

Soon afterwards it was seen to peep about the area of the lady's house, and look wistfully at the kitchen windows. The lady, who was kind to children, thought that the little girl might be trying to attract her notice, opened the door suddenly, and offered it some gingerbread. When the door opened, there was a strange eager expression in the child's eyes; but when she saw the lady she looked scared and disappointed. The kind voice and manner soon reassured the startled child; who thankfully took the offering, broke it up into little bits in her hand, and carried it to the door-step opposite, where she again took up her station. Another child, seeing the gingerbread, came up to the solitary infant, who gave the new-comer some, and, by her gestures, the lady thought that she was informing the other child whence the gift came. After waiting a considerable time without eating her gingerbread, the poor little girl rose dejectedly and went away, still looking back at the house.

A day or two afterwards, the same child was seen lingering about the pavement near the area, and holding out a bit of sugarcandy in its tiny fingers through the rails.

The lady, who thought that the child was come to offer it out of gratitude for the gingerbread, went down into the area; but, as soon as she appeared, the child ran away. Soon again, however, the child was at its old station, the door-step opposite. The lady had mentioned this to her only female servant as very odd, but received no observation in reply.

One morning the door was open to receive a piece of furniture, and the same child again suddenly appeared, and advanced stealthily towards the door. The lady, who was near, said, "I see you!" when the child immediately retreated to her door-step.

"This is very extraordinary," said the lady to her servant; "I cannot make out what that child wants."

"Madam," said the servant, bursting into tears, "it is *my* child."

"Your child!—But go, bring her in. Where does she live?"

"With my sister, and she goes to school. I have told her never to come here; but the poor thing *will* come every bit of playtime she gets. That day you thought she was offering you some sugarcandy, I had been

to the school, and given her a penny; when school was over, she came to give me a bit of the sugarcandy she had bought. Oh, ma'am, have mercy,—forgive me! Do not send me away!"

The lady, who had known adversity, and was not one of those rigidly righteous people who forget the first principles inculcated by the divine Author of the Christian creed, looked grave, it is true, but did not shrink from the lowly sinner as if she had the plague, although she had become a mother before she had been made a wife, by the gay cavalier who had deceived and forsaken her. Nor did she turn her out upon the wide world, in the virtuous sternness of her indignation. To the great horror of some of her neighbours she told her servant, that her child might come to see her every Sunday, beginning with the next. When the child, who was no longer the moping creature which it had been before it was admitted to the mother, heard this, she immediately and anxiously inquired, "How many days and nights is it to Sunday?"

Some may sneer at this; to me there is something painfully affecting in the quiet subdued demeanour of this offspring of shame, timidly watching to obtain a glimpse of her who had borne it, at an age when happier children are never without those greatest of enjoyments, the caresses of a mother. Think of the misery of this poor child, driven, from the mere instinct of longing for its parent, to the staid demeanour of age, whilst the other merry little ones were sporting around it. Think what she must have suffered, as she gazed, day after day, at the frowning door, that shut out more than all the world's value to her. Think of the suffering mother, dreading to lose, with her place and character, the means of supporting her hapless, prematurely old infant.—Oh, man, man, thou hast much to answer for!

Δ.

LIFE'S COMPANIONS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WHEN I set sail on Life's young voyage,
'Twas upon a stormy sea:
But to cheer me night and day,
Thro' the perils of the way,
With me went companions three,
Three companions kind and faithful,
Dearer far than friend or bride,
Heedless of the stormy weather,
Hand in hand they came together,
Ever smiling at my side.

One was Health, my lusty comrade,
 Cherry-cheek'd and stout of limb ;
 Tho' my board was scant of cheer,
 And my drink but water clear,
 I was thankful, blessed with him.
 One was mild-eyed Peace of Spirit,
 Who, tho' storms the welkin swept,
 Waking, gave me calm reliance,
 And tho' tempests howled defiance,
 Smoothed my pillow when I slept.

One was Hope, my dearest comrade,
 Never absent from my breast,
 Brightest in the darkest days,
 Kindest in the roughest ways,
 Dearer far than all the rest.
 And tho' Wealth, nor Fame, nor Station,
 Journey'd with me o'er the sea ;
 Stout of heart, all danger scorning,
 Nought cared I in Life's young morning
 For their lordly company.

But, alas ! ere night has darken'd,
 I have lost companions twain ;
 And the third, with tearful eyes,
 Worn and wasted, often flies,
 But as oft returns again.
 And, instead of those departed,
 Spectres twin around me flit ;
 Pointing each, with shadowy finger,
 Nightly at my couch they linger ;
 Daily at my board they sit.

Oh, alas ! that I have follow'd
 In the hot pursuit of Wealth ;
 Though I've gain'd the prize of gold,—
 Eyes are dim, and blood is cold,—
 I have lost my comrade, Health.
 Care instead, the withered beldam,
 Steals th' enjoyment from my cup :
 Hugs me, that I cannot quit her ;
 Makes my choicest morsels bitter ;
 Seals the founts of pleasure up.

Ah ! alas ! that Fame allured me,
She so false and I so blind,
Sweet her smiles, but in the chase
I have lost the happy face
Of my comrade, PEACE OF MIND ;
And instead, REMORSE, pale phantom,
Tracks my feet where'er I go ;
All the day I see her scowling,
In my sleep I hear her howling,
Wildly flitting to and fro.

Last of all my dear companions
Hope ! sweet Hope ! befriend me yet !
Do not from my side depart,
Do not leave my lonely heart
All to darkness and regret !
Short and sad is now my voyage
O'er this gloom-encompass'd sea,
But not cheerless altogether,
Whatsoe'er the wind and weather,
Will it seem if bless'd with thee.

Dim thine eyes are, turning earthwards,
Shadowy pale, and thin thy form ;—
Turned to heaven thine eyes grow bright,
All thy form expands in light,
Soft and beautiful and warm.
Look then upwards ! lead me heavenwards !
Guide me o'er this darkening sea !
Pale Remorse shall fade before me,
And the gloom shall brighten o'er me,
If I have a friend in *Thee*.

GAUTIER'S TRAVELS IN SPAIN.

SINCE Inglis's clever tour, and a spirited work from the pen of an American naval officer,—both of which date from a dozen years back,—there has been no book of any mark written about Spain. Narratives of the war we have had in abundance; and, once or twice a cautious tourist, landing at Cadiz or some other safe port, has entered the country just far enough, and remained just long enough, to pick up a few erroneous notions of Spain and Spaniards, which have afterwards helped to fill the pages of a fashionable post octavo. But neither from details of the endless guerilla-fighting and throat-cutting, which appear to have become the natural element of the inhabitants of the Peninsula, nor from the superficial and condescending glances of tourists of the silver-fork school, can one form any just idea of the real state of Spanish habits and society, in both of which, it may reasonably be supposed, that changes worthy of note have taken place during ten years of civil war and revolution.

Englishmen are not generally timid travellers when a field for observation is opened to them. It is always easy to find persons willing to explore African deserts, American prairies, or Asiatic jungles, and write about them afterwards; yet no one apparently has of late thought it worth while to risk an encounter with the knives and blunderbusses of Spanish banditti and *facciosos*, for the sake of what might be learnt in a country which is unquestionably indebted, for the interest attaching to it, more to the associations it calls up, and its own natural beauty, than to any qualities of its present degenerate inhabitants. The deficiency, however, has been recently supplied—to readers of French at least—by the pen of M. Theophile Gautier, an author of considerable talent, and holding no mean rank in the corps of French literati. Under the fantastical but not inappropriate title of “*Tras los Montes*,” he has put forth two volumes which, to our thinking, combine all the requisites of a very admirable book of travels.

Frenchmen are generally good travellers. By this we do not mean that they travel much or far, but well, and with advantage to themselves. Of twenty persons whom you meet out of their own country, one only shall be a Frenchman, more than half the others English, the remainder Russians, Germans, Poles, and Americans. Yet the chances are, that out of those twenty persons, the Frenchman will be the one who has the best opportunities of observing the habits and manners of the nations he visits. This is easily explained. The English travel in too great a hurry, are too exclusive, too shy, too fearful of unwittingly compromising themselves by contact with persons who are not quite up to their standard of gentility. They attach great importance to going to the best and most correct hotel, and to seeing all that Mr. Murray's guide-books say ought to be seen; some of them also spend a good deal of time in devising how they shall avoid being cheated (and those it is, by

the bye, who are generally cheated the most) ; but they seldom think of looking for anything that is not set down for them by the aforesaid guide-books ; they rarely go off the beaten track, seldom show a disposition to cultivate the society of foreigners, and when they reside for any time in one place, are too gregarious *inter se*, too apt to form themselves into a sort of Britannic phalanx, from the formal and bristling aspect of which, the often kindly and well-disposed aborigines recoil in dismay. How different are Frenchmen in this respect ! Wherever they go, they seem to glide easily and naturally into the habits and society of the people amongst whom they find themselves ; doing at Rome as Romans do, accommodating themselves to national peculiarities, and generally proving themselves possessors of the grand art of making themselves liked. We have met Frenchmen travelling in countries where certainly their nation was in no good odour ; in parts of Germany, for instance, and in Spain ; but we observed that in spite of any dislike or even hatred existing to the French as a nation, they were generally popular as individuals. Frenchmen are usually much more agreeable and good-natured people out of their country than in it, (in this respect, as in many others, being exactly the converse of the English,) and their freedom from anything like formality or bashfulness, added to a certain pleasant *enjouement* of manner, partly natural to them and partly assumed, often procures them admission into the society, and consequent facilities of observing the domestic life and habits of the nations they visit.

M. Gautier has evidently good travelling qualities : he sets out on his journey with a disposition to be pleased, and displays throughout its whole duration a *bonhomie* and a freedom from prejudice which we have rarely seen surpassed. He one day, and in an unguarded moment, as he tells us, uttered the imprudent words, " I should like to go to Spain." Some of his friends who overheard him, repeated this expression with slight variations, and in two or three days' time he was accosted by everybody he met, with the question, " When are you going to Spain ?" A week later it was still worse. " I thought you were at Madrid," was the salutation of one acquaintance. " What ! back already !" cried another. M. Gautier saw plainly that he was ostracized : that his friends considered they had a claim upon him for an absence, and that go he must. With some difficulty he obtained a three-days' respite, and at the expiration of that time, found himself rattling along the Bordeaux Road.

Having undertaken the task, our traveller perforce accomplishes it with the best grace imaginable. He sees Spain, not by a visit to some of its seaports, or most accessible towns, or even by a run up to Madrid and back again, but by going right through the country, from the Pyrenees to the pillars of Hercules ; diverging from the straight route when he finds motives for such divergence, and returning to France through Valencia and Catalonia. He has scarcely entered the Peninsula, when, after describing some trifling local peculiarities, he gives us his profession of faith as a tourist.

" It is at the risk of appearing too minute," he says, " that I give you this description ; but the difference between one country and another consists

exactly in those thousand little details which travellers are too apt to neglect ; while, on the other hand, they busy themselves with all kinds of political and poetical considerations and dissertations, which they might write just as well by their own firesides."

M. Gautier makes but few and short halts upon the road from the French frontier to Madrid, and at first appears rather disappointed in what he sees. The truth is, that his imagination had been too busy, and it is only when he gets to Andalusia that his expectations seem to be fully or nearly realised. He grumbles at the want of *local colouring*, of that originality which he had anticipated in everything Spanish, and is disposed to quarrel with the very first inn at which he passes a-night, because the sheets and bed-curtains are clean, the floors scoured, the chambermaids tidy and well-kempt lasses. To a man who had been expecting a *posada à la Cervantes*, reeking with garlic, swarming with fleas, and occupied by multeers and Maritornes, the disappointment must certainly have been a cruel one. On getting into Castile, however, he finds some compensation in the increasingly Spanish character of the country and its inhabitants.

"Between Pancorbo and Burgos we passed several half-ruined villages, which appeared parched—almost calcined—by the sun. I doubt if Decamps, the painter, ever encountered, during his rambles in the heart of Asia Minor, anything more burnt and tawny, more crumbling and decayed, than these wretched collections of hovels. Wandering about among their dilapidated walls, were a few jackasses, of that philosophical and contemplative aspect peculiar to the Spanish donkey, who is fully aware of his own utility, considers himself as part of the family to which he belongs ; and, moreover, having read Don Quixote, assumes an additional degree of importance, on account of the possibility of his being lineally descended from Sancho's celebrated Dapple. Besides the asses, the only living things visible were some magnificent dogs of various breeds ; amongst others, several enormous greyhounds, such as one sees introduced in the paintings of Paul Veronese and Velasquez ; and here and there a group of peasant children, whose eyes sparkled, like black diamonds, through their filthy rags and long tangled hair."

Between Valladolid and Madrid the diligence stops for dinner at Olmedo, which was once a town of some importance, but is now in ruins, its fortifications crumbling and overgrown with ivy, its houses for the most part uninhabited, and the grass growing in the streets. This is only one out of hundreds of Spanish towns that are now the abode of the bat and the owl. The depopulation of the Peninsula has been frightful. In the time of the Moors Spain reckoned thirty-two millions of inhabitants, which are now reduced to less than eleven millions.

While waiting for dinner M. Gautier is witness to a characteristic trait.

"In the room in which dinner was laid out, a fine robust-looking woman was walking up and down, carrying on her arm an oblong basket, covered with a cloth, out of which there proceeded at intervals little plaintive cries and whinings, not unlike those of a very young child. This puzzled me a good deal, because the basket was so small that any infant contained in it must have been a Lilliputian phenomenon, fit only to exhibit at a fair. The riddle, however, was soon solved. The nurse—for such she was—sat down in a corner, took a little coffee-coloured dog out of her basket, and began very gravely to

suckle this extraordinary nursing. She was a peasant woman, from the province of Santander, and was proceeding to Madrid, where she was engaged as wet-nurse. Fearful of being disqualified by the interval between leaving her own infant and joining her foster-child, she had provided herself with this canine substitute."

Our traveller's first care on reaching Madrid is to procure tickets for the next bull-fight, which is to take place in two days' time; two days that appear terribly long to the impatient Frenchman and his companion, who are perfectly mad after all that is national and characteristic. Their impatience, however, is the more excusable, as Madrid is in most respects a very uninteresting capital. Barcelona is, or at least *was*, before it became the fashion to bombard it, a far more agreeable city, and the officers of the royal guard, who in time of peace were only quartered in Madrid and Barcelona, usually preferred the latter garrison.

The day of the *Toros* at length arrives, and we are sorry that our limits will not allow us to give M. Gautier's very graphic and interesting account of a bull-fight, in which fourteen horses are slain, one bull killing five of them. Judging from the enthusiasm shown by all classes, there is no danger of bull-fighting going out of fashion in Spain. It is an amusement too congenial to the tastes and character of the people to be relinquished. M. Gautier is rather shocked at the cruelty of the sport, and at one or two little things that occur; such as a horse walking about with its entrails dragging on the ground, and other similar incidents; but notwithstanding this, we observe that during the whole time he is in Spain he never misses an opportunity of witnessing a bull-fight. In that he resembles nearly all the persons we know who ever have seen one. The first time they may feel sick and disgusted, but nevertheless there is a sort of fascination in the sight which is sure to draw them back to the circus.

The Prado, the Escorial with its eleven hundred windows, the Puerta del Sol, and all the other lions in and near Madrid having been visited, M. Gautier starts for Toledo. The Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, by the bye, is no gate at all, but the wall of a church with a yellow sun painted upon it, and an open space in front upon which the Madrid idlers and newsmongers assemble. A pretty numerous class they must be, considering that it is thronged from eight o'clock in the morning. On this square or plaza, more plans of campaign have been arranged since the commencement of the civil war than would have furnished fifty generals for fifty years; more changes of government decided on than have occurred since Spain was a Christian land; ministers dismissed, generals superseded, battles fought and victories gained, by the dozen, weekly. Day after day, there they stand, these Castilian gossips, the eternal cloak thrown over the shoulder in its never-varying folds, the cigarette between their saffron-coloured forefinger and thumb, emitting lies and smoke with nearly equal diligence.

Toledo seems to interest our traveller a good deal, and he visits it very minutely, although terribly afflicted by the nature of the pavement, which is composed of small pointed stones, rather obnoxious to the soles of feet accustomed to the modern refinements of wood and asphalt. The heat, too, is terrible, and the consequent thirst so insatiable, as to

make it necessary to establish a chain of waiters from the pump to the parlour, to pass perpetual water-jugs for the relief of the suffering foreigners. From M. Gautier's description of what he saw at the cathedral, it would appear, that, in spite of the numerous invasions and revolutions of the last fifty years, Spain has still jewels and riches remaining for the decoration of her saints and altars.

"In one of the sacristies is kept the treasure belonging to the cathedral, consisting of magnificent capes of brocade, cloth of gold, and silver damask, the most beautiful laces, shrines of enamel, gigantic silver candlesticks, embroidered banners. In another apartment is preserved, in drawers and chests, the wardrobe of the Virgin Mary; and certainly no queen of ancient times—not even Cleopatra herself, who drank pearls—no empress of the Lower Empire, nor duchess of the middle ages—nor Venetian courtesan of Titian's day, could boast of such magnificent jewels and sumptuous apparel, as Our Lady of Toledo. They showed us some of the dresses:—there was one of them of which it was impossible to tell the material, so completely covered was it with wreaths and arabesques of the finest pearls; some of them of an enormous size and value; and, amongst others, several rows of black pearls, of extraordinary rarity and beauty. Whole constellations of stars and suns, all of precious stones, decorated this extraordinary robe, which was so brilliant as to dazzle the eyes. Its value was estimated at several millions of francs."

We are not informed by what miracle all these riches escaped the clutches of the French, at the time of the Peninsular War; or of Carlists and Christinos, during the late struggle. Their safety is probably to be attributed more to the care with which they were concealed in the hour of danger, than to any particular respect entertained either by French or Spanish armies for Nuestra Señora de Toledo.

From Toledo M. Gautier proceeds to Granada, that great point of attraction to travellers in Spain. He makes some acquaintances on the road, and on arriving at his destination, is introduced by them to various families, who invite him to their houses. Spanish society is very accessible to any foreigner who shows a disposition to avail himself of it, and to enter cordially and frankly into the cheerful, easy, pleasant tone of their tertulias, the greatest charm of which is the total absence of ceremony.

"It is impossible to be more cordially and hospitably welcomed than we everywhere found ourselves. At the end of five or six days, we were on an intimate footing with several families, and, according to the Spanish custom, they designated us by our Christian names, and we were at liberty to use the same familiarity, both with the men and the ladies—a freedom which is perfectly compatible with the most polite manners and respectful attentions. Every evening we were at tertulias, from eight o'clock till midnight. The tertulia is usually held in the *Patio*, which is a sort of inner court, found in most houses in the south of Spain, paved with flags of stone or marble, surrounded by columns of the same material, supporting a gallery, and refreshed by a fountain in the centre. Around the basin are arranged boxes containing flowering shrubs and orange trees, on the leaves of which the water-drops fall with a plashing noise. Six or eight lamps are fastened along the wall; settees and chairs of straw or reeds serve for seats; a guitar or two, the pianos in one corner, a card-table in another, complete the furniture.

"Each guest, on entering, goes to pay his respects to the lady of the house,

who offers a cup of chocolate, which is usually refused, and a cigarette, which is often accepted. He then joins one of the groups scattered about the patio. The older persons play at cards : the young people chat, flirt, or amuse themselves with different *jeux de société*, of which the Spaniards have an immense variety. If the conversation languishes, one of the men takes up a guitar and begins singing some comical Andalusian song, intermingled with *ay !* and *ola !* and accompanied with a scratching at the strings and a beating of time with the palm of the hand on the wood of the instrument. Or, perhaps, a lady sits down to the piano, plays something of Bellini's, who appears to be the favourite composer in Spain, or sings a ballad by Breton de los Herreros, the great song-writer of the day. The evening is often concluded by a little impromptu ball, where unfortunately they dance neither jota, fandango, nor bolero—those dances being now left to the servant girls and gitanas ; but quadrilles, rigodoons, and waltzes. Once only, at our earnest entreaty, the two daughters of the lady at whose house we were, danced a bolero ; but they first carefully closed the windows and doors of the patio, so afraid were they of being overheard and accused of bad taste, or laughed at for dancing a national dance. The Spaniards of the present day look vexed—almost angry—if you talk to them about cachuchas, castinets, majos, manolas, monks, contrabandistas, and bull-fights ; though, at the bottom of their hearts, they have a very great liking for all those truly national and characteristic things ; but, if you talk of them, they ask you if you think they are not as advanced as you are in civilisation. So deplorably has the mania of imitating English and French customs penetrated everywhere. I allude, of course, to the classes *soi disant* enlightened, which inhabit the towns.

"The dancing over, you take your leave with *à los pies de vmd.*, at your feet, to the ladies, and *beso à vmd. la mano*, I kiss your hand, to the master of the house. To this they reply, by wishing you a *Buenas noches*, and kissing your hand (verbally), concluding with a *hasta mañana*, till to-morrow, which implies an invitation to return. The Spaniards know perfectly well how to unite politeness and good breeding with familiarity. Even the peasants and the lowest classes of the people are of an urbanity amongst themselves, which is in prodigious contrast with the brutality of our lower orders ; to be sure, an offensive word might chance to be answered by a stab, which is always a check to too great licence of speech. It is to be observed that French politeness, formerly proverbial, has totally disappeared, since the custom of wearing swords has been discontinued. The laws against duelling will end by rendering us the most ill-mannered people on the face of the earth."

M. Gautier's book is full of details of this kind ; to our taste highly interesting. He remains a considerable time at Granada ; visits the Alhambra repeatedly, and gives a very admirable description of what most struck him there. He also explores the gitaneria, or quarter inhabited by the gipsies. Here is a life-like fragment.

"Some of the deserted and half-ruined streets of the Albaycin are inhabited by the richer classes of gipsies, whose habits are less wandering than those of their poorer brethren. In one of these narrow streets we saw a little girl about seven or eight years old, entirely naked, practising the dance called the Zorongo upon a pavement of small, sharp stones. Her sister, a wan and meagre-looking girl, with a complexion like a citron and eyes that literally seemed to gleam, was crouched upon the ground, a guitar upon her knees, twanging a most monotonous melody with her thumb. The mother, richly dressed, and with numerous strings of glass beads round her neck, beat time with her blue velvet slipper, which she contemplated with infinite complacency. The attitudes, contrasts, and extraordinary colouring of this group rendered it a subject worthy of the pencil of Callot or Salvator Rosa."

Before leaving Granada, which he evidently does with regret, M. Gautier gives us the summary of his observations on the character of its inhabitants. What he says on the subject would apply equally well to a large portion of Spain, especially the southern provinces.

"Life in Granada has little variety: the amusements are not numerous, nor the resources for passing the time great. The theatre is shut in the summer: bull-fights do not occur regularly; there are no casinos or public establishments, and the foreign newspapers are only to be seen at the Lyceum, the members of which occasionally hold meetings, at which they sing, read poetry, and act plays usually written by some young author belonging to the society.

"Everybody seems to busy himself most conscientiously in doing nothing: the cigarette, the composition of couplets and epigrams, intrigues and card-playing, fill up the time. One does not see that restlessness, that desire for action and change of place which characterises nations farther north. The Spaniards are great philosophers, in their own way: they attach scarcely any importance to the wants of material existence, and what is called comfort is entirely indifferent to them. The thousand factitious wants created by northern civilisation appear to them puerile and imaginary. Not having to defend themselves continually against climate, the enjoyments of the English *home* are without attraction for them. What does it matter whether doors and windows close exactly, to people who would often be too happy to pay for a draught of air? Favoured by a splendid climate, they are able to reduce existence to its simplest form; their sobriety and moderation in everything are productive of great liberty and independence; in short, they have time to live. A Spaniard cannot see any wisdom in working for more than he actually wants for the moment. The artisan who has earned a few reals, throws his embroidered jacket on his shoulder, takes his guitar, and dances and amuses himself till the last maravedi is expended: then he begins to work again. With three or four halfpence a day, an Andalusian can live as well as he desires to do; for that sum he has excellent white bread, an enormous slice of melon, and a little glass of aniseed; for his lodging he has his cloak, the arch of a bridge, or the portico of a house.

"To a person arriving from Paris or London—those two whirlpools of feverish activity and excited existence—the way of living at Granada is the most extraordinary of all contrasts; a life of perfect leisure, entirely filled up by lounging, conversation, music, dancing, and the siesta. He is astonished at the calm happiness, the tranquillity expressed on every countenance. No one has that busy, anxious, hurried look which one continually encounters in the streets of Paris. Every one, on the contrary, goes leisurely along, choosing the shady side of the road, stopping to talk with his acquaintances, and evidently in no haste to get to where he is going. The certainty of not being able to earn money extinguishes all ambition: no career is open to young men, the most adventurous of whom go to Manilla or the Havana, or enter the army, although in the latter case they often, owing to the wretched state of Spanish finances, remain whole years without getting any pay. Convinced of the fruitlessness of exerting themselves, they for the most part do not take the trouble to pursue an object which they know to be unattainable, but pass their time in an agreeable *farniente*, which is favoured by the beauty of the country, and the genial warmth of the climate.

"I was not able to discover any symptoms of Spanish pride. Nothing is so little to be depended upon as the character popularly attributed both to nations and individuals. I found the Spaniards, on the contrary, very simple and affable in their deportment. Spain of the present day is the true country of equality—if not nominally, at least in fact. The beggar lights his *papelito* at the Havana cigar of the nobleman, who allows him to do so without the

least affectation of condescension; the marquesa or condesa smiles as she steps over the bodies of the ragged canaille who are sleeping on the steps of her house; and on a journey she will not hesitate, if necessary, to drink from the same glass as the zagal who drives, or the escopetero who escorts her carriage. Foreigners have much difficulty in accommodating themselves to this kind of familiarity, especially the English, who are in the habit, when at home, of having their letters brought to them on plates, off which they take them with tongs. One of those estimable islanders going from Seville to Xeres, sent his *calesero* to dine in the kitchen of the inn, which is contrary to the usual custom in such cases. The *calesero*, who in his heart thought he was doing a heretic an honour by sitting down at the same table with him, made no remark at the time, dined, and resumed his journey. When he got to about three or four leagues from Xeres, in a sort of desert, full of briars and pitfalls, he very coolly took the Englishman by the collar and pitched him out of the carriage. 'There!' said he, 'you did not think me, Don Balbino Bustamente y Orozco, worthy to sit at your table; in my turn I don't think you worthy to sit beside me in my *calesin*. Adios.' And he drove on, leaving the unfortunate traveller to find his way to Xeres on foot.*

"I give the preceding remarks as my impressions on what must strike every traveller who makes some stay in the country. There are, of course, many Spaniards who are active and laborious, and who seek with eagerness to attain the usual ends that men follow up in other countries; but these will be found to be the exceptions to the rule."

This singular picture of a state of things, which Englishmen can hardly imagine, is certainly not in favour of the regeneration or improvement of Spain. It is the natural result of the long duration of party strife. Where a man knows that he is exposed any day to see his house plundered by the undisciplined troops of some new pretender or rebel junta, or himself forced into exile by the advent of a fresh political faction to power, it discourages him from investing either abilities or capital in a pursuit or profession. The Spaniard hides his money in a snug corner, or places it in foreign securities; but he is fond of his country, and cannot make up his mind to leave it, in spite of its unsettled and unprosperous state; so there he remains, living on from day to day, smoking his cigar, eating his puchero, and shrugging his shoulders at passing events.

At Malaga M. Gautier, as usual, pays a visit to the arena, and there has an opportunity of seeing the celebrated Montes, the Bayard of the bull-ring, the first *torero* of the day, who happened to be starring there, just as a popular actor might do in France or England. At the risk of extending this paper to an unreasonable length, we must give a few anecdotes of this modern gladiator, with which we will conclude our extracts.

"Montes is a native of Chiclana, near Cadiz. He is a man of forty to forty-five years of age, a little above the middle height, of grave aspect and deportment, deliberate in his movements, and of a pale olive complexion. There is nothing remarkable about him, except the quickness and mobility of his eyes. He appears more supple and active than robust, and owes his success as a bull-fighter to his coolness, correct eye, and knowledge of the art, rather than to any muscular strength. As soon as Montes sees a bull, he can judge the character of the beast; whether its attack will be straightforward or accompanied by stratagem; whether it is slow or rapid in its motions; whether its sight is good or otherwise. Thanks to this sort of intuitive perception, he is always ready with an appropriate mode of defence. Nevertheless, as he

pushes his temerity to fool-hardiness, he has been often wounded in the course of his career; to one of which accidents a scar upon his cheek bears testimony. Several times he has been carried out of the circus grievously hurt.

"The day I saw him his costume was of the most elegant and costly description, composed of silk of an apple-green colour, magnificently embroidered with silver. He is very rich, and only continues to frequent the bull-ring from taste and love of the excitement, for he has amassed more than fifty thousand dollars; a large sum, if we consider the great expenses which the *Matadores* are put to in dress, and in travelling from one town to another, accompanied by their quadrilla or assistant bull-fighters. One costume often costs fifteen hundred or two thousand francs.

"Montes does not content himself, like most matadores, with killing the bull when the signal of his death is given. He superintends and directs the combat, and goes to the assistance of those who are in danger. More than one *torero* has owed him his life. Once a bull had overturned a horse and rider, and after goring the former in a frightful manner, was making violent efforts to get at the latter, who was sheltered under the body of his steed—Montes seized the ferocious beast by the tail, and turned him round three or four times, amidst the frantic applause of the spectators, thus giving time to extricate the fallen man. Sometimes he plants himself in front of the bull, with crossed arms, and fixes his eyes upon those of the animal, which stops suddenly, subjugated by that keen and steadfast gaze. Then comes the torrent of applause, shouts, vociferations, screams of delight; a sort of delirium seems to seize the fifteen thousand spectators, who stamp and dance upon their benches in a state of the wildest excitement; every handkerchief is waved, every hat thrown into the air; while Montes, the only collected person amongst this mad multitude, enjoys his triumph in silence, and bows slightly, with the air of a man capable of much greater things. For such applause as that I can understand a man's risking his life every minute of the day. It is worth while. Oh! ye golden-throated singers, ye fairy-footed dancers, ye emperors and poets, who flatter yourselves that you have excited popular enthusiasm, you never heard Montes applauded by a crowded circus.

"Occasionally it happens that the spectators themselves beg him to perform some of his feats of address. A pretty girl will call out to him, 'Vamos! Señor Montes, vamos, Paquirro' (which is his Christian name); 'you who are so gallant, do something for a lady's sake; *una cosita*, some trifling matter.' Then Montes puts his foot on the bull's head, and jumps over him; or else shakes his cloak in the animal's face, by a rapid movement envelopes himself in it so as to form the most graceful drapery, and then, by a spring on one side, avoids the rush of the irritated brute.

"In spite of Montes' popularity, he received, on the day on which I saw him, rather a rough proof of the impartiality of a Spanish public, and of the extent to which it pushes its love of fair play towards beasts as well as men.

"A magnificent black bull was turned into the arena, and from the manner in which he made his entrance, the connoisseurs augured great things of him. He united all the qualities desirable in a fighting bull; his horns were long and sharp; his legs small and nervous, promising great activity; his large dewlap and symmetrical form indicated vast strength. Without a moment's delay he rushed upon the nearest *picador*, and knocked him over, killing his horse with a blow; he then went to the second, whom he treated in like manner, and whom they had scarcely time to lift over the barrier, and get out of harm's way. In less than a quarter of an hour he had killed seven horses: the chulos, or footmen, were intimidated, and shook their scarlet cloaks at a respectful distance, keeping near the palisades, and jumping over as soon as the bull showed signs of approaching them. Montes himself seemed disconcerted, and had once even placed his foot on the sort of ledge which is nailed

to the barriers at the height of two feet from the ground, to assist the bull-fighters in leaping over. The spectators shouted with delight, and paid the bull the most flattering compliments. Presently, a new exploit of the animal raised their enthusiasm to the very highest pitch.

"The two picadores or horsemen were disabled, but a third appeared, and, lowering the point of his lance, awaited the bull, which attacked him furiously; and, without allowing itself to be turned aside by a thrust in the shoulder, put its head under the horse's belly, with one jerk threw his forefeet on the top of the barrier, and with a second, raising his hind quarter, threw him and his rider fairly over the wall into the corridor or passage, between the first and second barriers.

"Such a feat as this was unheard of, and it was rewarded by thunders of *bravos*. The bull remained master of the field of battle, which he paraded in triumph, amusing himself, for want of better adversaries, with tossing about the carcasses of the dead horses. He had killed them all; the circus-stable was empty. The *banderilleros* remained sitting astride upon the barriers, not daring to come down and harass the bull with their *banderillas* or darts. The spectators, impatient at this inaction, shouted out '*Las banderillas! Las banderillas,*' and '*Fuego al Alcalde!*' — to the fire with the Alcalde; because he did not give the order to attack. At last, on a sign from the governor of the town, a *banderillero* advanced, planted a couple of darts in the neck of the bull, and ran off as fast as he could, but scarcely quick enough, for his arm was grazed, and the sleeve of his jacket rent by the beast's horn. Then, in spite of the hooting of the spectators, the Alcalde ordered Montes to despatch the bull, although in opposition to the laws of *taurromachia*, which require the bull to have received four pairs of *banderillas* before he is left to the sword of the *matador*.

"Montes, instead of advancing as usual into the middle of the arena, placed himself at about twenty paces from the barrier, so as to be nearer a refuge in case of accident; he looked very pale, and without indulging in any of those little bits of display, the sort of coquetry of courage, which have procured him the admiration of all Spain, he unfolded his scarlet *muleta* and shook it at the bull, who at once rushed at him and almost as instantly fell, as if struck by a thunderbolt. One convulsive bound, and the huge animal was dead. The sword had entered the forehead and pierced the brain, a thrust which is forbidden by the regulations of the bull-ring. The *matador* ought to pass his arm between the horns of the beast and stab him in the nape of the neck; that being the most dangerous way for the man, and consequently giving the bull a better chance.

"Soon as it was ascertained how the bull had been killed, a storm of indignation burst from the spectators; such a hurricane of abuse and hisses as I had never before witnessed. Butcher, assassin, brigand, thief, executioner, were the mildest terms employed. 'To the galleys with Montes! To the fire with Montes! To the dogs with him!' But words were soon not enough. Fans, hats, sticks, fragments torn from the benches, water jars, every available missile, in short, was hurled into the ring. As to Montes, his face was perfectly green with rage, and I noticed that he bit his lips till they bled; although he endeavoured to appear unmoved, and remained leaning with an air of affected grace upon his sword, from the point of which he had wiped the blood in the sand of the arena.

"So frail a thing is popularity. No one would have thought it possible before that day, that so great a favourite and consummate bull-fighter as Montes would have been punished thus severely for an infraction of a rule, which was doubtless rendered absolutely necessary by the agility, vigour, and extraordinary fury of the animal with which he had to contend. There was another bull to be killed, but it was José Parra, the second *matador*, who dispatched it, its death passing almost unnoticed in the midst of the

tumult and indignation of the spectators. The fight over, Montes got into a *calesin* with his *quadrilla*, and left the town, shaking the dust from his feet, and swearing by all the saints that he would never return to Malaga."

And here we must conclude our notice of this very agreeable book, although we had marked many other passages for extract. M. Gautier is evidently a man of observation and judgment; and he, moreover, betrays, in the course of his descriptions and investigations, a knowledge of the history of the scenes he visits, and a strong feeling for art and poetry. He would have written an amusing work on a far less interesting country than the one through which he has been recently travelling.

THE FIRST VALENTINE.

THE matron brought a casket fair
To show the laughing girls;
Her early jewels treasured there,
And all her bridal pearls.
But much they marvelled, one and all,
What wondrous chance had placed
Among such precious things a scroll
By youthful fingers traced.
For many a quaint and fair device
Illum'd that fairy page,
That well might charm a maiden's eyes,
But not the glance of age.
And yet the matron said, "Tho' rare
The gems that round it shine,
They ne'er can claim such love and care
As my first Valentine.

"It was the hand of love and faith
That penn'd the gentle words,
Whose music woke, like summer's breath,
My young heart's hidden chords.
But oh! the world's gold parted us,
For in my kindred's view,
It made all lovely furrowed brows,
And gray locks golden too.

The curls were dark and long that won
 My youth's enchanted gaze ;
 But none can tell what fortune shone
 Upon their after days :
 Yet now, when youth and love are o'er,
 And age hath silvered mine,
 Life hath no treasure varied more
 Than my first Valentine.

“ For still it seems the only wreck
 Of all my perished youth,
 That brings unchang'd, unblighted back,
 Its early love and truth :
 And oft from friendship false or chill,
 From many wastes of care,
 My soul hath turn'd to find a rill
 Of purer waters there.
 Oh ! blessed be the saving art,
 That keeps untarnished still
 The hidden jewels of the heart,
 Through years of change and ill !
 For oft our best affections round
 Such frail memorials twine,
 With memory's brightest tendrils bound,
 Like my first Valentine.

FRANCES BROWN.

STRANORLAR

Jan. 10th, 1844.

FIFTY DAYS ON BOARD A SLAVER.*

the 12th of February 1843, the ~~Cleopatra~~ frigate, Captain Wyvill, captured, off Fogo, a Brazilian slave ship, and the prize being ordered to the Cape of Good Hope, the chaplain of the frigate volunteered his services as interpreter between the negroes and the persons appointed to take charge of them—a Spaniard, and a Portuguese cook. Hence this unpretending little volume, but valuable as the sketch-book of an intelligent observer, who paints the scenes he witnessed without aiming at those violent effects which some designers have introduced into their views of the Slave Trade. The picture, in its true tints, is quite sombre enough, in spite of that temporary gleam of sunshine which falls on the act of rescue, and the dropping fetters. Strange was the scene when the captors boarded the *Progresso*,—no relation, of course, to the Christian one of Bunyan.

“The deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number, as stated in her papers, of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having revolted, before our arrival, against their late masters; who, on their part, also showed strong excitement, from feelings, it may be supposed, of no pleasant nature. The negroes, a meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized everything to which they had a fancy in the vessel; some with hands full of ‘farinha,’ the powdered root of the mandree or cassava; others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks; and some had taken fowls from the coops, which they devoured raw. Many were busily dipping rags, fastened to bits of string, into the water-casks; and, unhappily, there were some who, by a like method, got at the contents of a cask of ‘aguardiente,’ fiery Brazilian rum, of which they drank to excess. The addition of our boats’ crews to this crowd left hardly room to move on the deck. The shrill hubbub of noises, which I cannot attempt to describe, expressive, however, of the wildest joy, thrilled on the ear, mingled with the clank of the iron, as they were knocking off their fetters on every side. It seemed that, from the moment the first ball was fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves, in which our men were not slow in lending their assistance. I counted but thirty shackled together in pairs; but many more pairs of shackles were found below. We were not left an instant in doubt as to the light in which they viewed us. They crawled in crowds, and rubbed caressingly our feet and clothes with their hands, even rolling themselves, as far as room allowed, on the deck before us. And when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they sent up a long, universal shout of triumph and delight.”

Alas! this bright gleam was transient as the flash of the gun which brought-to the *Progresso*! During the first watch, all went smoothly and regularly, as if it had been one of Dent’s or Savory’s—the water

* Fifty Days on Board a Slaver. By the Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill. Murray.

calm, and the liberated negroes lying in quietness about the deck,—their slender supple limbs entwining, as the author describes, in surprisingly small compass, so that they resembled, in the moonlight, confused piles of arms and legs, rather than distinct human forms. But the weather was getting blacker, even for the liberated blacks.

"About one hour after midnight the sky began to gather clouds, and a haze overspread the horizon to windward. A squall approached, of which I and others, who had laid down on the deck, received warning by a few heavy drops of rain. Then ensued a scene the horrors of which it is impossible to depict. The hands having to shorten sail suddenly, uncertain as to the force of the squall, found the poor helpless creatures lying about the deck an obstruction to getting at the ropes and doing what was required. This caused the order to send them all below, which was immediately obeyed. The night, however, being intensely hot and close, 400 wretched beings thus crammed into a hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore-part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and, perhaps, panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures, in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and, in some instances, succeeded. The cries, the heat,—I may say, without exaggeration, the smoke, of their torment,—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be 'many deaths.'—'*Mañana habrá muchos muertos.*'"

"*Thursday, April 13th (Holy Thursday).*—The Spaniard's prediction of last night, this morning was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave-deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were emaciated from disease; many, bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid sight, as they passed one by one,—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth,—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die, salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning, '*Ya se lo dixé anoche.*' He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of '*farinha*,' and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing, their throats, doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night."

And now, gentle reader, with those yells still in your mind's ear, and those parched wretches still in your mind's eye, be pleased, by way of contrast, to look over the following bill of fare,—no, unfair—with its disproportionate provision for human thirst.

"The cabin stores are profuse; lockers filled with ale and porter: barrels of wine; liqueurs of various sorts; macaroni, vermicelli, tapioca of the finest

kind ; cases of English pickles, each containing twelve jars ; boxes of cigars ; muscatel raisins, tamarinds, almonds, walnuts, &c., &c. The coops on deck are crammed with fowls and ducks, and there are eleven pigs."

If the master of those liquid cabin stores did not deserve the fate of Tantalus, or the vinous drowning of Clarence, we will forego malt-liquors, and the juice of the grape. Be it remembered that the pores of the black skin give off moisture with a peculiar liberality, and accordingly, as might be expected, they require a proportionate supply of liquid.

"The great physical suffering of all seems to be a raging, unquenchable thirst. They eagerly catch the drippings from the sails after a shower ; apply their lips to the wet masts ; and crawl to the coops to share the supply placed there for the fowls. I have remarked some of the sick licking the deck, when washed with salt water."

In fact, the only delinquencies of the negroes consist in stealing water ; involving not only the loss of the water extracted, according to Mr. Hill, but the corruption of that which remains, by the foul rags which they dip into the casks to obtain it.

"*Friday, May 5.*—The 'Capitão Pequeno,' who bears also the Portuguese name of 'Luiz,' came quietly to me this evening, and said, 'Senhor, estão roubando aguardiente abaixo.'—'They are stealing brandy below.' I could not comprehend how this could be, as all the brandy in the hold had been started at the commencement of the voyage, to prevent mischief. Having reported it to the Lieutenant, I accompanied the two Spaniards to the slave-deck, and surprised a large party of the negroes, busily drawing up, by means of old rags, as usual, the contents of two barrels. One of these proved to be of water, and another smaller one, which Luiz supposed to be aguardiente, contained vinegar. Summary punishment was inflicted on eight, who were taken in the fact. They received by moonlight about eighteen lashes each, and were coupled in shackles previously to being sent back into the hold. Thus, as in many other fine beginnings, the end but ill corresponds with the 'early promise.' The sound of knocking off their irons, which thrilled so musically on the ear, when we boarded the prize, terminates in the clank of riveting them on again, with the accompaniment of flogging. The result of their offence is certainly highly provoking, when, as is sometimes the case, instead of pure water, we draw up from the casks their putrid rags ; on the other hand, none can tell, save he who has tried, the pangs of thirst which may excite them in that heated hold, many of them fevered by mortal disease."

A venial theft, enforced no doubt by stern physical necessity ; for, in the article of food, they appear to be strictly conscientious, with a touch of the natural gentleman—if, indeed, the first gentleman in the world was not a negro, as is maintained, we believe, by Adam Black of Edinburgh, and others.

"There is a natural good breeding frequently to be remarked among the negroes, which one might little expect. They sometimes come aft, on seeing us first appear on deck in the morning, and bend the knee by way of salutation. Their manner of returning thanks for any little present of food or water, is by a stamp on the deck, and a scrape of the foot backwards, and they seldom fail, however weak, to make this acknowledgment, though it cost them an effort to rise for the purpose. The women make a curtsy, bowing

their knees forwards so as nearly to touch the ground. In the partition of the small pieces of beef in their tubs of farinha, the most perfect fair dealing is always observed. One of each little party takes the whole into his hands, and distributes two or three bits, as the number allows, to each, and, should there be any remainder after the division, pulls it into yet smaller pieces, and hands them round with equal impartiality. After a meal, they express general satisfaction by a clapping of hands; a mode also used by some among them of asking a favour, or begging pardon for a fault."

And, now, let it not be set down to the discredit of the savage race and natural good manners, if their best black behaviour relaxes under trials which would probably disturb the good conduct of even white civilisation. Morals may well change colour in an atmosphere which tarnishes the purest metals.

"At the outset of our voyage, it was comparatively trifling, and I suffered little inconvenience from venturing down on the slave-deck, to see what the matter was, when any extraordinary noise or outcries occurred. It is superfluous now to make this descent, in order to inhale its atmosphere, which pervades every part of the vessel, and in our after-cabin is almost intolerable. Gold lace and silver articles, though kept in drawers or japanned cases, have turned quite black, through this state of the air.

* * * *

"Disorder, I think, in every sense, is on the increase among the unhappy blacks. During the late fine weather, they have spent the sunny hours of the day on deck, but when below, their cries are incessant day and night. Thinned as their numbers are by death, there is no longer narrowness of room, but increasing sickness and misery make the survivors more hard and unfeeling, and they fight and bruise one another more than formerly. Little Catùla, the finest among them, who received a bite in the leg about six weeks since, getting continual blows and knocks, the wound has now become a deep-spreading ulcer. Another fine intelligent lad has been lately severely bitten in the head. Others have the heel, the great toe, the ankle-joint, nearly bitten through; and worse injuries than these, too savage to mention, have been inflicted. Madness, the distraction of despair, seems to possess them."

The number of deaths, during the voyage of fifty days, appears to have been 163, but the real number who died on board was 175, besides 14 more who expired on shore, out of a total of 397—a fearful waste of human life. As a set-off, however, the crew of the Slaver escaped with as much impunity as if they had only committed a literary piracy; and certainly a very *white* fate was reserved for the skipper.

"The captain, whom they reported to have perished in the surf near Quilimane, but who was concealed among them, embarked for Rio, with four of his companions, in an English brig, having obtained money, as has been since discovered, from an English mercantile house in Cape Town."

That the Slave Trade should exist at all in the nineteenth century is a great fact, to the disgrace of civilisation. No Christian nation ought to accredit a representative of human nature to a Court that connives at such a detestable traffic; or to acknowledge, even as foreign relations, those repudiators, who disown their brotherhood to any of the sons of Adam!

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

A Farce.

SCENE.—*A street at the west end of London. Enter SQUIRE HAMPER and his Lady, personages rather of the rustic order, recently come up from the family seat in Hampshire.*

Squire. WELL, Ma'am, I hope you 've had shopping enough.

Lady. Almost. Only one more—O! there it is, over the way.

Squire. What, the one yonder? Why, it's all raven gray, picked out with black; and a hatchment over the door. What can you want at an undertaker's?

Lady. An undertaker's!—no such thing. Look at the goods in the window.

Squire. O, shawls and gowns! A foreign haberdasher's, I suppose, and that's the French for it. Mason de Dool?

Lady. Hush! Don't expose your ignorance in the street; everybody knows French at the West End. It means the House of Mourning.

Squire. What, the one mentioned in the Bible?

Lady. No—no—dear me!—no. I tell you it's a mourning establishment.

Squire. O, I understand. The master's dead, and the shop's put into black for him. The last new-fangled mode, I suppose, instead of the old-fashioned one of putting up the shutters.

Lady. Nonsense! It's a shop to buy black things at.

Squire. Humph! And pray, Ma'am, what do you want with black things? There's nobody dead belonging to us, as I know of, nor like to be.

Lady. Well; and what then? Is there any harm in just looking at their things—for I'm not going to buy. What did we come up to town for?

Squire. Why, for a bit of a holiday, and to see the sights, to be sure.

Lady. Well, and that black shop is one of them, at least for a female. It's quite a new thing, they say, just come over from Paris; and I want to go in and pretend to cheapen something, just out of curiosity.

Squire. Yes, and pay for peeping. For in course you must buy after tumbling over their whole stock.

Lady. By no means—or only some trifle—a penn'orth of black pins—or the like. If I did purchase a black gown, it is always useful to have by one.

Squire. Yes—or a widow's cap. Perhaps, Ma'am, you're in hopes?

Lady. La, Jacob, don't be foolish! Many ladies wear black for economy, as well as for relations. But I only want to inspect—for they do say; what with foreign tastiness, and our own modern refinements, there's great improvements in mourning.

Squire. Humph—and I suppose a new-fashioned way of crying.

Lady. New fiddlesticks! It's very well known the Parisians always did out-do us in dress; and in course go into black more elegantly than we do.

Squire. No doubt, Ma'am—and fret in a vastly superior manner.

Lady. No, no. I don't say that. Grief's grief all the world over. But as regards costume, the French certainly do have a style that entitles them to set the fashion to us in such matters.

Squire. Can't say. I'm no judge.

Lady. In course not. They're women's matters, and should be left to our sex.

Squire. Well, well, come along, then! But stop. Ask your pardon, Sir, (*to a passenger*), would you oblige me with the English of that Greek or Latin, yonder, under the hatchment?

Stranger. O, certainly—"Mors Janua Vitæ"—let me see—it means, Jane, between life and death.

Squire. Thankee, Sir, thankee. I'll do as much for you when you come into our parts. Poor Jane! So it may come, mayhap, to be a real house of mourning after all!

The Squire and his lady cross over the road and enter the shop, where ebony chairs are placed for them by a person in a full suit of sables, very like Hamlet, minus the cloak and the hat and feathers. A young man, also in black, speaks across the counter with the solemn air and tone of a clergyman at a funeral.

May I have the melancholy pleasure of serving you, Madam?

Lady. I wish, Sir, to look at some mourning.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. A relict, I presume?

Lady. Yes; a widow, Sir. A poor friend of mine, who has lost her husband.

Shopm. Exactly so—for a deceased partner. How deep would you choose to go, ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant?

Lady. Why, I suppose crape and bombazine, unless they're gone out of fashion. But you had better show me some different sorts.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. We have a very extensive assortment, whether for family, Court, or complimentary mourning, including the last novelties from the Continent.

Lady. Yes, I should like to see *them*.

Shopm. Certainly. Here is one, ma'am, just imported—a Widow's Silk—*watered*, as you perceive, to match the sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable;" and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.

Squire. Looks rather flimsy, though. Not likely to last long—eh, Sir?

Shopm. A little slight, Sir—rather a delicate texture. But mourning ought not to last for ever, Sir.

Squire. No, it seldom does; especially the violent sorts.

Lady. La! Jacob, do hold your tongue; what do you know about fashionable affliction? But never mind him, Sir; it's only his way.

Shopm. Certainly—by all means. As to mourning, ma'am, there has been a great deal, a very great deal indeed, this season, and several new

fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation.

Lady. And all in the French style?

Shopm. Certainly—of course, ma'am. They excel in the *funèbre*. Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply afflicted. A black crape, expressly adapted to the profound 'style of mourning,—makes up very sombre, and interesting.

Lady. I dare say it does, sir.

Shopm. Would you allow me, ma'am, to cut off a dress?

Squire. You had better cut *me* off first.

Shopm. Certainly, sir—by all means. Or, if you would prefer a velvet—ma'am—

Lady. Is it proper, sir, to' mourn in velvet?

Shopm. O quite!—certainly. Just coming in. Now, here is a very rich one—real Genoa—and a splendid black. We call it the Luxury of Woe.

Lady. Very expensive, of course?

Shopm. Only eighteen shillings a yard, and a superb quality; in short, fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.

Squire. Whereby, I suppose, sorrow gets more superfine as it goes upwards in life?

Shopm. Certainly—yes, sir—by all means—at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse—very—quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvas to crape, sir?

Lady. To be sure it is! And as to the change of dress, sir, I suppose you have a great variety of half-mourning?

Shopm. O, infinite,—the largest stock in town! Full, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off, if I may say so, like an India-ink drawing, from a grief *prononcé* to the slightest *nuance* of regret.

Lady. Then, sir, please to let me see some Half Mourning.

Shopm. Certainly. But the Gentleman opposite superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department.

Squire. What the young fellow yonder in pepper-and-salt?

Shopm. Yes, Sir; in the suit of gray. (*Calls across.*) Mr. Dawe, show the Neutral Tints!

[*The Squire and his Lady cross the shop and take seats vis-à-vis; Mr. Dawe, who affects the pensive rather than the solemn,*

Shop. You wish to inspect some Half Mourning, Madam?

Lady. Yes—the newest patterns.

Shopm. Precisely—in the second stage of distress. As such, Ma'am, allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided,—alleviated you see, Ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead colour!

Squire. As a black horse alleviates into a gray one, after he's clipped!

Shopm. Exactly so, sir. A Parisian novelty, Ma'am. It's called "Settled Grief;" and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time.

Squire. Old women, mayhap, about seventy.

Shop. Exactly so, Sir,—or thereabouts. Not but what some ladies,

Ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier ;—indeed, in the prime of life : and for such cases, it's very durable wear.

Lady. Yes ; it feels very stout.

Shopm. But perhaps, Madam, that is too *lugubre*. Now here is another—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a woe moderated by time. We have sold several pieces of it. That little *nuance de rose* in it—the French call it, a Gleam of Comfort—is very attractive.

Squire. No doubt ; and would be still more taking, if so be it was violet colour at once, like the mourning of the Chinese.

Shopm. Yes, Sir. I believe that is the fashionable colour at Pekin. Now here, Ma'am, is a sweet pretty article, quite new. A morning dress for the Funereal Promenade. The French ladies go in them to Père la Chaise.

Squire. What's that—a chaise and pair ?

Shopm. Excuse me ; no, sir. By your leave it's a scene of rural interment, near Paris. A black cypress sprig, you see, Ma'am, on a stone-colour ground, harmonises beautifully with the monuments and epitaphs. We sold two this very morning—one to Norwood, and one to Kensal Green. We consider it the happiest pattern of the season

Squire. Yes ; some people are very happy in it, no doubt.

Shopm. No doubt, sir. There's a charm in melancholy, sir. I'm fond of the pensive myself. But possibly, Madam, you would prefer something still more in the transition state, as we call it, from grave to gay. In that case, I would recommend this lavender Ducape, with only just a *souvenir* of sorrow in it—the slightest tinge of mourning, to distinguish it from the garb of pleasure. Permit me to put aside a dress for you.

Lady. Why, no—not at present. I am not going into mourning myself ; but a friend, who has just been left with a large family—

Shopm. Oh, I understand ;—and you desire to see an appropriate style of costume for the juvenile branches, when sorrow their young days has shaded. Of course, a milder degree of mourning than for adults. Black would be precocious. This, Ma'am, for instance—a dark pattern on gray ; an interesting dress, Ma'am, for a little girl, just initiated in the vale of tears.

Squire. Poor thing !

Shop. Precisely so, sir,—only eighteen pence a yard ma'am—and warranted to wash.—Possibly you would require the whole piece ?

Lady. Why no—I must first consult the Mama. And that reminds me to look at some widow's caps.

Shop. Very good Ma'am. The Coiffure department is backwards—if you would have the goodness to step that way.—

The lady followed by the squire, walks into a room, at the back of the shop :—the walls are hung with black, and on each of the three sides is a looking glass, in a black frame, multiplying infinitely, the reflections of the widows' caps, displayed on stands on the central table. A show-woman in deep mourning is in attendance.

Show. Your melancholy pleasure, Ma'am ?

Lady. Widow's caps.

Squire. Humph!—that's plump any how!

Show. This is the newest style, Ma'am—

Lady. Bless me! for a widow!—Isn't it rather,—you know, rather a little,—

Squire. Rather frisky in its frilligigs!

Show. Not for the mode, Ma'am. Affliction is very much modernised, and admits more *goût* than formerly. Some ladies indeed for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap,—but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too *ornée*. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations—for example, the *sympathiser*—

Squire. Where is he?

Show. This muslin *ruche*, Ma'am, instead of the plain band.

Lady. Yes; a very great improvement, certainly.

Show. Would you like to try it, Ma'am?

Lady. No, not at present. I am only inquiring for a friend—Pray what are those?

Show. Worked handkerchiefs, Ma'am. Here is a lovely pattern—all done by hand,—an exquisite piece of work—

Squire. Better than a noisy one!

Show. Here is another, Ma'am,—the last novelty. The *Larmoyante*—with a fringe of artificial tears, you perceive, in mock pearl. A sweet pretty idea, Ma'am.

Squire. But rather scrubby, I should think, for the eyes.

Show. O dear, no, sir!—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite!

Squire. O! and a dry cry is the genteel thing. But, come, Ma'am, come, or we shall be too late for the other Exhibitions.

The Squire and his Lady leave the shop: on getting into the street, he turns round, and takes a long last look at the premises.

Squire. Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool! Well, if it's all the same to you, Ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented, after the old fashion—for, as to London, what with the new French modes of mourning, and the "Try Warren" style of blacking the premises, it do seem to me that, before long, all sorrow will be sham Abram, and the House of Mourning a regular Farce!

PHEBE'S WINDOW.

A ROMANCE OF CROOKED LANE.

"THE hand of improvement,"—how many changes has that hand effected in this "go-a-head" age!—how many are in progress!—how many are yet to come!—why, the very bricks and stones seem to join in the common cry, "Keep moving!" "The hand of improvement has been here," says the smirking utilitarian pointing to the long range of wooden pilasters and stucco cornices that cheaply adorn the ambitious new street. "The hand of ruin," groans the old inhabitant, as he looks about in vain for the house where he gambolled when a child—the shop where he laid out his first bran-new shilling—the tavern where he smoked his first pipe with his neighbours, as his father and grandfather did before him. Yes! it may be very well for young gentlemen, with their heads full of "the classical," and "the five orders," and all that, to exult in the glories of Regent Street, and point complacently to King William Streets and Adelaide Places, and express their pitying wonder how our forefathers could have managed to go on without plaster of Paris and Roman cement; but to the aged—ay, and to the imaginative—these changes are painful. They sweep away old associations—recollections linked with our pleasantest feelings; each worth all that ten Pecksniffs ever planned, or a dozen building committees ever planned for.

So thought the poor old lady whom I met, three or four years since, amid the dry rubbish, bricks, stones, and scaffolding-poles of the rising King William Street, East. There she stood, leaning on her umbrella, and looking round, in strange bewilderment, inquiring for Great Eastcheap. Surely it could not be far off; for "London's column" lifted its head as of yore, and a cornerwise glimpse of the ugly lumbering Mansion House was just before her—but where was Great Eastcheap? Alas! in ruins at her feet!—I told her so; and the mournful "Oh dear, is it possible!" and the earnest look which she cast, told me, that no *new* street, however handsome, and however populous, would be aught but a dreary solitude compared with old Great Eastcheap, where perchance her parents had died, or her children been born!

And so—but no, not so meekly and resignedly—felt my good old friend Leland Oldentime, when, last spring, he visited London after an absence of twenty years. How he inquired after each old street and nook, and out-of-the-way place,—never dreaming that *they* could have passed away like the friends of his childhood! Old London Bridge, no more; the Royal Exchange, no more; Bedlam, no more; old St. Dunstan's Church, with its "jackaboys," almost vying in importance with Gog and Magog, no more; and Exeter 'Change, no more; the King's Mews, no more! "O sad no more," as Tennyson sings. And then the changes in the outskirts of the wide metropolis! St. John's Wood,

woodless ; Spafields, fieldless ; the precinct of St. Katherine, a whole district, swept away by a ruthless deluge, a deluge with no subsiding waters, but where "threescore ships come sailing in," right over the spot where its venerable church used to stand !

Alas ! how did the old antiquary gaze around, as bewildered as Ogier le Danois, when he returned from *faërie* after his two hundred years' sojourn. He stood at Charing Cross ; but where was the Golden Cross ? Where the King's Mews ? What was that large building ? How came the church there ? And then West Strand ? Well could I perceive that its modern splendour ill compensated for the absence of Exeter 'Change, where he first made acquaintance with a real live elephant, and valorously took a young leopard by the paw. Onward, still improvements—wide, dull Farringdon-streets. 'What a change here ! Eight hundred years ago, Sweyn and the Danish navy sailed up this very street to their anchorage at Battle Bridge, for the river Fleet was there. Even in the time of our antiquary's father, that river, although sunk from its dignity to a mere ditch, "still rolled a tribute of dead dogs to Thames," and then it was arched over, and a market built. Now, river, ditch, market, all as though they had never been ! Still the hand of improvement—altering, widening, pulling down—making awful havoc of antiquarian associations. Cateaton-street, Lothbury, Tokenhouse-yard, with their huge, dark, Dutch-built houses, and their squat windows, and thick window-frames, fit abodes for the "substantial" merchant—all levelled with the ground ! Still improvements, to the right and to the left ! Twenty alleys, and crooked ways, boasting a higher antiquity than Lothbury,—remnants of old London, London before the fire ; then, curious out-of-the-way places, where the houses seemed about to play a game of barley-break,—all swept away with their sharp gables, and picturesque bay windows, and dolphin-supported door-ways,—all ruthlessly knocked down to make room for long, tall, Moorgate-street, with its unceasing rumble and whirr of omnibuses.

But, what was even *this* to the sight that met the poor antiquary, when he turned up Princes-street, and saw, ay, from the top of Cornhill—could he believe his eyes ?—the Monument, standing right before him ! No wonder he took off his spectacles, and looked at them, and then slowly replaced them. The fault was not in the spectacles ; they told truly enough. There was the Bank behind him—the Mansion-house over the way ; but where were the old well-remembered streets ?—where was Great Eastcheap ? O ! the hand of improvement had been busy, with railroad speed, obliterating not only whole streets, but their very names !

"Eastcheap !" cried the indignant antiquary ; "the most ancient spot in old London ! The Saxon market-place, when as yet Cheapside was meadowland, and old St. Paul's unbuilt. Eastcheap ! the grand *cuisine* of the whole city in the days of our earliest Plantagenets, where the citizen could obtain fish, flesh, or fowl, roast, boiled, or fried, as Fitzstevens, the friend of Becket, exultingly tells us, at the shortest notice ; where, as Lydgate sings, there was "harp, pipe, and minstrelsy," mingled with the clatter and clang of drinking-cups, and shouts of revelry. Eastcheap, of the London Stone—of the Boar's Head ! What

ruins could tell so much of past times as this old spot, celebrated by Chaucer and Lydgate—made classic ground to all ages by Shakspeare! And those old lages too, and Crooked Lane especially, with its houses scarcely larger than nests of drawers; and their tiny shops fit for playing at make-believe business, rather than good *bond fide* trade, all swept away. "Would that they had left us *one* specimen, were it only to put in a museum," continued my angry friend, casting a reproachful glance at the plate-glass windows and mahogany moulding of the tall shop beside him.

"Still, whatever historical or poetical recollections Eastcheap might supply, Crooked Lane and Miles Lane, and such like, had little of interest to offer," said I.

"Ay, so say most people; and so say our modern histories of London," replied he, "but an interest scarcely inferior to the historical, may cling around an old house, although only built in the days of one's great grandfather. How many sentimentalists will do the pathetic over a blighted tree, or indite marvellously moving verses on the oak sentenced to the woodman's axe: but who mourns over the condemned house? who even eyes it with interest, save the dealer in building materials? And yet the interest that lingers around the house, although scarcely a hundred years old, around each room of it, is far, far beyond what the noblest avenue of trees can inspire.

Human hearts have beaten within those walls. The deepest sorrows, the wildest joys,—pain, grief, pleasure, hope, long suspense, anxious cares,—the brave spirit grappling with adverse fate; the true heart, hoping on, believing on, trusting on—all have been there. And therefore the old street, the old house, can afford the old man right pleasant contemplation. What say you to a romance of Crooked Lane?"

Well, when Kings dwelt at Tower Royal, and the Somersets, and the Suffolks, and York himself lived in Thames Street, many a right marvellous tale might be read of the neighbourhood.

Many, undoubtedly; but my story belongs to the matter-of-fact period of George the First; for as the picturesque may often be found where no one would think of looking for it; so romance may spring up among prosaic people, and take up her abode even in Crooked Lane: well then:—

The most beautiful flowers, it is said, often blossom in the shade; and in like manner one of the prettiest maidens within the sound of Bow-bell, budded into womanhood in that dark narrow thoroughfare called Miles Lane. Now, as the sunshine seldom paid a visit to that side of the street where Phebe Ashton lived, it was her wont, on summer afternoons, to quit the dining-room on the first floor—although the windows commanded an admirable view of Alderman Walker's five-story-high skin-warehouse, and Mr. Coltman's, the lawyer's, office; and best room above, orange moreen window curtains and all,—still it was her wont to repair to her own apartment on the second story at the back, into which the sun peeped pleasantly, and where, by looking high enough, a small portion of blue sky might be seen. A pleasant view

was it from Phebe's window—so her mama said, when sometimes she looked out—for although no prospect of hill or dale met her view, yet there were the topmost boughs of the solitary lilac that flourished at the corner of their paved yard, and there were the triangular leads, with a breastwork, made battlement-wise, of Mrs. Cartwright's house which formed the corner of Crooked Lane; and on these leads were two splendid box-trees, in two green tubs, pots of balsams, marigold, and sweetwilliam, and a most ambitious grotto, composed of half a dozen large rough stones, sundry oyster and escaloop shells, bedecked with dead moss, and the whole was surmounted by a large shell, bearing a pot of stone-crop. But a more extended view afforded farther attraction, for not only did Phebe's window command the back windows of seven or eight houses in Crooked-lane, most of them adorned with some bit of greenery, preserved in spoutless tea-pots, or handleless jugs, but it afforded a view so correct of the interior of number eleven and number twelve, that an artist might have made a picture with Ostade-like minuteness, or a broker taken an inventory of the furniture. Number eleven, however, afforded nothing interesting; a bird-cage-maker, two dirty 'prentices, and half-a-dozen children, being the inhabitants; but number twelve offered much to interest mama, when she occasionally looked out; and it would seem, from the earnest looks she cast thither, her daughter also.

Now this house was kept by a very old person, who had evidently seen better days; and an old Frenchman, "quite a gentleman," Mrs. Ashton said, when she first met him in his stone-coloured suit, Valenciennes cravat, and blue silk stockings, rolled over the knee, lodged in the two back rooms, and there he carried on his lady-like trade of a fan painter. It was his sitting-room that was right over against Phebe's window, and there she could see the little old man sitting from day to day in his thread-bare damask dressing-gown, and faded brown velvet cap, at his little table in his little room, with his bag of genuine Italian colours—not in squares, but each colour in a little china cup, not larger than the bowl of a tobacco pipe, and with small ivory palette on his thumb, and miniature pencils in his hand, painting festoons of Lilliputian roses, tied up with ultramarine bows, or sprigs of myrtle or jessamine, almost the size of life. There sat the quiet, cheerful, little old man, humming, "crooning" rather, some lively old French air, with its everlasting burthen of "*lira la*," while, at intervals, he would talk to his goldfinch, or adjust the three spruce bough-pots on his window sill, bough pots neat, formal, and almost as diminutive as those he drew; and sometimes, when he caught the fair Phebe's eye, bowing most respectfully, with a "*bon jour, Mademoiselle, ver fine day*."

• Pleasant, truly was it, to see the little old man, a stranger, and not too well off in the world, sit down to his daily task with such placid cheerfulness—yet surely it was not he, or his doings, that rivetted Phebe's soft bright eyes upon that open casement. O no, Monsieur Dubois, the little fan painter, sometimes gave lessons in French; and his landlady told, with some degree of pride, that the eldest son of Alderman Brooksby, the great Turkey merchant, of Throgmorton-street, had lately become a pupil.

Twice a week did the young man come; besides paying other occasional visits, and well did Phebe know the time. Well too, did the alderman's son seem to know who expected him; for the first glance he cast, when he entered that little room, was toward the windows; and even after he had sat down, and opened his "*Télémaque*," many a long gaze did he fix on the bough-pots, so thought his teacher; but Phebe well knew what he looked at.

In short, it was the old story of "the course of true love," running as crooked as the lane itself. Brought up together,—Mr. Deputy Ashton, the drysalter of Miles Lane, and Mr. Alderman Brooksby, the Turkey-merchant, having formerly been great friends, Thornton and Phebe had played together, gone out walking on holidays together, learned to dance together, and when they both had left school, made their *début* together at one of the balls at Goldsmiths' Hall—the City Almack's of our great-grandmothers. But alas! just when all their friends and neighbours were about to determine "there would certainly be a match," a feud not quite so deadly, but unfortunately as decided, as that of the Montagues and Capulets, arose between the fathers—as some said, owing to a sharp bargain in the course of business; according to others, owing to the deputy having supported old Merman Fludyer as member for the city, while the Turkey merchant supported Sir Cornelius Janson,—but, as the shrewdest concluded, owing to Lady Fortune having raised the alderman almost to the top of her wheel, while the poor deputy was descending rather low. However this might be, the Turkey merchant called his eldest son into his inner counting-house on New Year's morning, and after a long dissertation on the importance of rising in the world, and the necessity of keeping an eye constantly on the main chance, he desired his son to write a polite refusal of Mr. Ashton's customary invitation for Twelfth Night, informing him that he desired all acquaintance with *that* family to cease. Young Thornton was half inclined to rebel; this his father expected; and so he told him, that unless he ceased visiting there, he should pack him off for a twelvemonth to an old correspondent and customer at Antwerp, where he might learn French, and see a little of foreign ways of business. This threat produced the intended effect—never after was Thornton's knock heard at Mr. Deputy Ashton's door; but he sometimes—quite accidentally—met poor Phebe when she went to take an evening walk in the Mall at Moorfields, and it was probably her woman's wit that suggested the propriety of his learning French, and the peculiar advantage of learning it under the little fan-maker's superintendence.

But if Alderman Brooksby scorned an alliance with the deputy's daughter, the deputy himself equally repudiated the thought of his daughter's alliance with the alderman's son. And so he said publicly at his club, for his pride had been sorely wounded; and, on the strength of his assertion that Phebe should not marry Thornton, even could he count down his weight in gold, young Mr. Coltman, the lawyer's son, walked home with him that very night, just to ask Mrs. Ashton how she did, and to do the amiable to pretty Phebe. But Phebe heeded him not. Indeed, as we have already said, she cared not to look out either on the office or the best room above; although now, in addition to

the orange moreen curtains, the young gentleman himself might often be seen, in a flowered dressing-gown, with the *Daily Courant* in his hand, his eyes fixed, not on that, but on the dining-room over the way.

Poor Phebe! it was wearisome for her to hear the praises of the young lawyer at breakfast, and dinner, and between the puffs of her father's afternoon pipe; and gladly did she repair to her own window and watch for Thornton. And ere long, they constructed a kind of telegraph by means of M. Dubois's three bough-pots, and her two glass bottles of flowers, by which they arranged their accidental meetings in the Mall at Moorfields.

Pleasantly enough did the spring and summer months glide on; for Phebe thought that the alderman must soon relent; and there was now a kind of romance in their meetings—and romance is pleasant to girls of nineteen, even though they have been brought up to hem-stitch and ten-stitch. So Phebe sat at her window with the book-muslin apron she was sprigging for her mother in her hand, but casting many more looks at the fan-painter's open casement than she did upon her work. At length, one afternoon, as she took her accustomed seat, her ears were startled by a light laugh, and a torrent of voluble French, neither of which belonged to the little old fan-painter. She looked up; there, seated at the little table was a young lady in flowered brocade, and scarlet breast-knot; a lady of some importance, as her real Brussels ruffles and fly-cap showed—a pretty, *espiègle*, bright black-eyed little Frenchwoman, one who evidently did not want for confidence in her charms. There she sat, tossing over the old man's fans as though about to become a purchaser; while M. Dubois full of smiles and bows, stood rubbing his hands. What was said, although said in anything but a whisper, was as Greek to Phebe, whose knowledge of French had been confined to two quarters' instruction (as a finish) at Miss Bates's school at Edmonton; but, thanks to their pantomimic action, she could make out that the lady intended shortly to call again, and bring a fan to be painted in a particular pattern. The lady then flung a large black silk cardinal and hood around her, and departed.

Anxiously did poor Phebe look out for the next visit of this fair *incognita*, and earnestly did she hope, though she scarcely knew why, that it would not be when Thornton came. Alas! her hope was vain. Within a day or two, on Thornton's very afternoon, there was her light laugh ringing merrily, and there was the young Frenchwoman seated at the little table, with the little pots of colour, and a beautiful white leather fan-mount spread before her, with a pattern ready traced; and there was she, palette in hand, pencil in fingers, taking her lesson from the little old fan-painter. How slow did her fingers seem to move! how did poor anxious Phebe wish her to be gone, with those sparkling black eyes, and that mouthful of ivory teeth! But vainly she wished. Thornton entered, and the little old Frenchman, in great glee, introduced his pupils to each other.

The introduction was evidently unwished for by the young man; and with more than usual pleasure did Phebe return his look: but the black-eyed French girl laughed and chattered louder than ever. Surely she was delighted at finding so good-looking a fellow-pupil at the old fan-painter's.

Who could this new pupil be?

"Some bold good-for-nothing French baggage," said Mrs. Ashton, who had heard her laugh, startling the stillness of the quiet little old man's room;—but who really was she? This was soon learnt; for the landlady, proud of the varied talents of her polite lodger, who had chosen a residence amid the bird-cage makers, and fishing-tackle manufacturers of Crooked Lane, rather than in Crown Court, Cheapside, or Grocers'-hall Court, the great fan marts of that day, duly acquainted all her neighbours, that Monsieur Dubois had now another pupil, not for French but for drawing, a Mademoiselle Melanie de la Court, niece of the great French lace and ribbon importer in Leicester Fields, and the daughter of some great merchant at Dunkirk. All this was very satisfactory to the neighbours—to all excepting poor Phebe and her mother: the mother protesting that, even if the lady's father were lord mayor of Dunkirk, she was still a bold good-for-nothing French baggage; the daughter anxiously revolving in her mind what the name of the merchant, to whom Thornton, on pain of bad behaviour, was to be sent; and fearing, nay, all but certain, that the name was De la Court. Alas! it was so; and, alas! Monsiour de la Court, the uncle, had introduced not only himself, but his niece, at the great house in Throgmorton Street, and, as the guest of his father, Thornton was enforced to pay Mademoiselle Melanie some slight attention.

It was with a heavy heart that poor Phebe now watched the open casement, and saw the bold French girl making herself more at home each visit. Slowly did the fan-painting proceed; for Melanie was chattering to the goldfinch, taking the spruce bunches of flowers from the little China pots, and trying their effect, instead of her breast-knot, at the small glass in its narrow ebony frame that hung opposite: anything, in short, to stay until Thornton came. Then however, Phebe felt some relief, for his attentions were as slight as possible; and in spite of his father's prohibition, and, in spite of Melanie's bright eyes, she trusted his heart was still her own.

Autumn drew on, and the pleasant walks which poor Phebe had sometimes taken with Thornton would soon come to an end. What plan could they adopt to meet? Long did Phebe meditate; at length she bethought her of a scheme. The large black silk cardinal, (not the short cloak of modern times, but large almost as a domino), with its hood, formed as excellent a disguise as could be wished. What if she had one, just like the French girl's? and then, after Thornton had finished his lesson, she might steal out, and appear to the neighbours, should they observe her, but as the fair Mademoiselle Melanie, escorted by her fellow-pupil. She had two young friends—school-girl friends—who lived just round in Cannon Street; she could go to tea with them, accompanied, unknown, to the door by Thornton, and then Betty, or the boy, could be sent with the lantern to escort her home again at half-past eight.

The plan succeeded admirably; the two young ladies were delighted to see their friend so often, and Phebe told them, and told truly, that she was delighted to come: the only vexation was, that the walk, even by

going round the longest way, was so short. Here however, Thornton planned that they should sometimes stop just within-side the doorway of the snuff-shop, kept by a Fleming, and where Mademoiselle Melanie had more than once gone to purchase snuff for her uncle; and there they sometimes stood (for little business was done in those days after four o'clock), until the half-hour chime warned Phebe that the tea and her friends were both waiting.

Shorter and shorter grew the days; winter was at hand; but still did Phebe keep watch at her window, and still once a week steal out in her black hood and cardinal. Meanwhile the fan was finished; but Melanie's visits were not at an end. Another fan was commenced; and one day there was a foreign gentleman with her, who carefully inspected Monsieur Dubois' whole stock of fans, and perhaps (for the little old man seemed much pleased) purchased some. Still however, did Melanie seem to do her utmost to attract her fellow-pupil; and with no little joy did Phebe learn that after Christmas, the French girl, with all her fascinations, was to return to her own land. But a change had certainly come over Thornton's feelings; he was graver than usual, and poor Phebe began to think that his step was not so quick to meet her; and then, instead of loitering along, and turning into the doorway of that foreign snuff-shop, Thornton seemed anxious to pass it as quickly as possible.

Time went on: it was now already November, cold, and dull; but Phebe still kept her watch. Melanie had arrived; and she was laughing and chattering in her highest spirits; but Thornton came not. She seemed however, evidently unwilling to go without seeing him, and she waited—for what else could she wait?—until twilight warned her to depart. It was the afternoon on which Thornton had been accustomed to meet Phebe; what could have hindered him? Still hoping that although unable to take his lesson, he might be waiting outside, Phebe wrapped herself in the accustomed hood and cardinal, and proceeded up Miles lane. Slowly she walked onward; but he came not, and scarcely conscious of what she did, she stepped beside the threshold of the accustomed shop, as though about to go in. A young man, the only passenger, it would seem, in the almost deserted street, came up to her. "He could not meet you this afternoon," said he, in a low voice, "but he bade me assure Mademoiselle, that he would meet her without fail at Mons. Dubois on Friday."

Phebe looked wonderingly round, "Who?" said she.

"Be not alarmed, Mademoiselle," said the unknown, "all is quite safe,—he sends this token," placing a small packet in her hand, "and he farther begged me to say, that there could not be too much caution, for prying eyes are about."

Ere Phebe had recovered from her surprise the messenger had vanished, and the packet was left in her hands. Bewildered, lost in a thousand conjectures, poor Phebe retraced her footsteps. She hurried to her room, looked at the packet, which bore no address, but was tied with bright pink ribbon, and she hastily tore it open. One wrapper of scented French paper was removed—another, and another, and then a very pretty enamelled comfit-box (a knick-knack at this period as indis-

pensable to the lady as her *étui*-case or fan) met her view. She opened it; there was a small billet within, addressed "à Melanie," and containing some French verses. Surely she knew the hand!—O! could Thornton have deceived her?—Would that she could read these verses! Ah, there was the little fan-painter humming his "lira la," quite gaily. Would that she could ask him to translate them! but no, she would meet Thornton as usual, and show him the box, and hear what he had to say.

O! how long did the time seem to Friday: and then, how did poor Phebe's heart beat, as she took her accustomed seat at the window! Melanie came; but how was it? She looked pale and anxious, and she often turned her head towards the door. No one came. An hour passed away; and the French girl's anxiety seemed to increase with each minute. At length the bells chimed four, and Melanie clasping her hands, fell back in her chair in strong hysterics. Great was the bustle now in that little room; the landlady came, candle and hartshorn-bottle in hand; the servant followed, and poor Phebe, thanks to the candle, could now see more plainly than ever. "How is this?" said the landlady. "A disappointment, *je crois*," said the old Frenchman, "*une affaire du cœur*," added he smiling, and laying his hand upon his heart. "Aye, I wondered Mr. Thornton did not come," said the landlady. Poor Phebe! she could hear no more,—she turned away from the window.—Thornton false! aye, too true.

The French girl was sent home in a coach. "A good-for-nothing baggage, trying to take in respectable young men," said Phebe's mother, who knew nothing about the comfit box; and wretched and anxious did poor Phebe pass the following days. Again the appointed afternoon came; again she placed herself at the window; she dreaded to look. But Mademoiselle Melanie came not; but just ere dusk, Thornton entered. The little old man began an earnest conversation with him, but, alas! Phebe could not understand one word. "I will see him once more," said she as she flung on her cardinal, "and give him the box, and then say farewell for ever." She peeped out at the door as Thornton departed, and beckoned him: "your box, Mr. Thornton," said she "fell into other hands than those you intended; but here it is,—farewell."

"Phebe, what mean you? what box?"

"You know well enough,—the box for Mademoiselle,—the comfit box!"

"Phebe, what can you mean?"

"Mean, Mr. Thornton!—as though I did not know of your meetings with Melanie, and your messages, and this box, sent to her." Phebe held out the box, but Thornton turned away; "I know nought of it," said he.

"Farewell then," said Phebe turning toward her own door, "I never expected falsehood from *you*—but," and sobs choked her words, and she ran up stairs, laid her head on the table beside that window, and wept long and bitterly.

Who shall describe the bustle that next morning pervaded quiet

Miles Lane, and the fever of excitement that prevailed throughout Crooked Lane?

While the inhabitants were taking their supper, "a horrid, awful, papistical, jacobinitical plot" had been discovered, brewed at their very doors;—and by whom?—the little old fan-maker, Mademoiselle Melanie, and, who could have thought it? Mr. Thornton Brooksby, who had been taken into custody just outside Mr. Ashton's door! Oh! who could have thought of it? It was no sham plot; for the aldermen ~~were~~ assembled; and poor Phebe, as the last person who had been overheard to speak to Thornton, was summoned to give evidence.

The aldermen were "set in terrible state," and Mr. Paxton, the grand ferreter-out of Jacobite plots, was there, and there stood poor Mons. Dubois, and poor Thornton, when poor Phebe advanced to the table.

"Thanks to the vigilance of Sir Robert," said Mr. Paxton, "we have yet a clue to the whole plot. Madame de la Court, who I lament has escaped under pretence of taking lessons in drawing, went down to Mons. Dubois, and on her return used to call at the snuff-shop to take, or leave despatches. Some of them have fallen into our hands; but one, the most valuable, was conveyed to her by Mr. Thornton Brooksby, who was accustomed to accompany her on Friday afternoons to this shop."

"O no," cried Phebe, heedless of interrupting even the government agent, "it was with *me* he walked."

Mr. Paxton smiled blandly. "We can pity your case madam," said he; "but it is in evidence that he walked with that French girl. Now on the 14th instant he was not seen there; but a person, unknown, but sent by him, gave a small packet to Madame de la Court, just as she turned into the shop."

"It was to *me* he gave it, and here it is," cried Phebe, laying the packet on the table. Paxton seized it—he carefully unfolded the wrappers, and glanced eagerly at them. "There is little plot here," said one of the aldermen. Paxton smiled a significant smile, and advanced to the fire, held the papers to it, and close thick writing now appeared upon them. "Ay," said he, "with letters we have little to do,—but arquebusade and comfit-box wrappers, aye, even fan-mounts play an important part in these plots."

"*Mon Dieu*," exclaimed the poor little fan-painter, with uplifted eyes, "dat vile Jacobite baggage, as Madame Ashton do call her, left vid me two vite mounts, and begged me to keep dem safe."

"The very mounts spoken of here," cried Paxton; "send for them."

The two mounts were brought; Paxton ripped them up like an experienced fan-mounter, and drew out from between the lining two or three small slips of paper.

There was a short discussion among the civic functionaries; and then the sitting alderman said, "Mr. Thornton Brooksby, Mons. Dubois, we regret the trouble we have occasioned you,—we are satisfied you are wholly ignorant of the plot, your names having been merely used as a blind to remove suspicion from the real agents; and therefore dismiss you, and again expressing our regret,"

"O Phebe, how could you have suspected me?" said Thornton, "I feared my father had discovered our ~~place~~, and therefore I did not come that Friday."

"Ah, my dear children," said Alderman Brooksby, "it was my fault, and bitterly have I suffered for it; but thanks to you Phebe, for your patient watch at that window; we must put Thornton under your especial charge, lest he should get into mischief again."

We need not pursue the story farther, and tell how Mons. Dubois returned merrily to his little room, to paint a wedding-fan, with loves, and doves, and roses, (not jacobinical white, but good old English red ones,) for Mrs. Thornton Brooksby; and how milliners were ~~set~~ to work, and bridesmaids chosen, and the grand dinner ordered, and how with Phebe's last farewell look at her window, closed "the Romance of Crooked Lane."

MAGNETIC MUSINGS.

af
SCEPTICAL, as we have always been, *as* to the imputed miracles of Phreno-Magnetism, the interests of science and truth demand the insertion of the following case, vouched for, as it *is*, by a medical gentleman, prepared to be answerable for unquestionable facts.

It is proper to recal before-hand, that Coleridge published a Poetical Fragment, called Kubla Khan, which he dreamt during a sleep obviously magnetic. The Poet, indeed, implies as much, by calling the piece a Psychological Curiosity; which he would scarcely have done, if his verses had been merely composed, like a majority of modern poems, during a common doze. But whoever reads that splendid Fragment, will recognise from its tone, that it was inspired, in a fit of somnambulism, under the influence of which he ascended to the top of Parnassus, as some persons, in the same state, have climbed to the roof of the house.

In the present instance, the Improvisatrice is a Mrs. Z—, a woman, in her ordinary or waking state, of rather a prosaic turn than otherwise; so much so, that it cannot be traced that she ever attempted, even in a valentine, to throw her sentiments into rhyme. Certain phrenological developments, however, suggested to the family physician that the poetical faculty had a local habitation in her cerebrum, and only awaited the touch of the magician to awaken its tones. Accordingly, having thrown her, by the usual *passes*, into a mesmeric

state, he placed his forefinger on the organ of Extempore Composition, whereupon she immediately improvised the following verses:—

PASSING my brow, and passing my eyes,
And passing lower with devious range,
 Passing my chest,
 And passing the rest,
I feel a something passing strange !

Over my soul there seems to pass
A middle state of life or death,
And I almost seem to feel, alas !
That I am drawing my passing breath !
And, methinks I hear the passing-bell ;
But, Mr. Passmore, that reverend elf,
Gives me a pass that I know well,
A sort of passport to Heaven itself !

Passing my brow, and passing my eye,
And passing lower, with devious range,
 Passing my chest,
 And passing the rest,
I feel a something passing strange !

Oh, Mr. Eyre, Lieutenant dear !
Oh ! Lady Sale, thou gallant lass !
I know for certain that ye are near,
For I feel, I feel, the Khyber Pass !
But no—'tis Brockedon passes my brow,
And I'm in the Alpine Passes now,
With icy valleys, and snowy crests,
Whereon the passing vapour rests ;
And guide and English traveller pass,
Each on a very passable ass !

Passing my ear and passing my eye !
O joy ! what pastoral meads I spy,
Full of lambs that frisk and feed
• While the Pastor plays on his rustic reed—
To the very best of his humble ability,
Piping ever shrill and loud,
But oh ! what new magnetic cloud
Passes over my passability !

Over my soul there seems to pass
 A middle state of life or death
 And I almost seem to feel, alas !
 That I am drawing my passing breath.
 No more prospects bright and sunny,
 No more chance of pleasant cheer,
 No more hope of passing money—
 I feel the pass of the Overseer !

THE ECHO.

It would require the voices of fifty echoes to respond to the queries, hints, suggestions, and advice of innumerable correspondents and critics, on our first number. Only on one point has there been a general concurrence, in deference to which the cover is printed in black, for the million, instead of red for the vermillion, a change the eyes of Europe, we hope, will duly appreciate.

A Correspondent from Glasgow, dating on the 12th January, complains that copies were then not delivered in that city to several subscribers. The delay, in such cases, rests with the parties who took the orders; the Magazine having been ready for delivery on the morning of the 30th December, in time for the trade parcels. The same answer will apply to a communication from Liverpool.

We fear X writes his poetry on the railroad—his style is so level. It does not rise an inch in the mile.

Who can wonder at nocturnal incendiarism, when a Scotchman is allowed to publicly advertise a Night with Burns ?

"*An Inquirer*," who asks the origin of opening Parliament in person, is respectfully referred to the learned in gingerbread at the Pæparatory School.

It is quite true that the wild beasts at the Zoological are opposed to any embankment of the Thames, which they consider will Trench on their prerogatives.

We are unable to satisfy our correspondent with information on the best mode of getting his Waste Inclosure Bill passed. He should go to the Commons.

"*A Young Lady*," who asks us if we will accept "some lines," will be good enough to say what lines she means; are they the Birmingham or Midland Counties?

Our correspondent's joke on the word "grateful" is not new. It was invented contemporaneously with Dr. Arnott's stoves. The epigram is not within our range.

Our poetical friend will, we think, admit that no verse can be grander than the universe.

"An observer of the clouds," who has remarked the glass to rise during wet, is informed, that the phenomenon is peculiar to Glass-go.



THE MOOR ON THE KEY VIVE!

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

Comic Miscellany.

THE KEY.

A Moorish Romance.

"On the east coast, towards Tunis, the Moors still preserve the keys of their ancestors' houses in Spain; to which country they still express the hopes of one day returning, and again planting the crescent on the ancient walls of the Alhambra."—SCOTT'S TRAVELS IN MOROCCO AND ALGIERS.

"Is Spain cloven in such a manner as to want closing?"—SANCHO PANZA.

THE Moor leans on his cushion,
With the pipe between his lips;
And still at frequent intervals
The sweet sherbét he sips;
But, spite of lulling vapour
And the sober cooling cup,
The spirit of the swarthy Moor
Is fiercely kindling up!

One hand is on his pistol,
On its ornamented stock,
While his finger feels the trigger
And is busy with the lock—

The other seeks his ataghan,
And clasps its jewell'd hilt—
Oh! much of gore in days of yore
That crooked blade has spilt!

His brows are knit, his eyes of jet
In vivid blackness roll,
And gleam with fatal flashes
Like the fire-damp of the coal;
His jaws are set, and through his teeth
He draws a savage breath,
As if about to raise the shout
Of Victory or Death!

For why? the last Zebeck that came
And moor'd within the Mole,
Such tidings unto Tunis brought
As stir his very soul—
The cruel jar of civil war,
The sad and stormy reign,
That blackens like a thundercloud
The sunny land of Spain!

No strife of glorious Chivalry,
For honour's gain or loss,
Nor yet that ancient rivalry,
The Crescent with the Cross.
No charge of gallant Paladins
On Moslems stern and stanch;
But Christians shedding Christian blood
Beneath the olive's branch!

A war of horrid parricide,
And brother killing brother;
Yea, like to "dogs and sons of dogs"
That worry one another.
But let them bite and tear and fight,
The more the Kaffers slay,
The sooner Hagar's swarming sons
Shall make the land a prey!

The sooner shall the Moor behold
 Th' Alhambra's pile again ;
 And those who pin'd in Barbary
 Shall shout for joy in Spain—
 The sooner shall the Crescent wave
 On dear Granada's walls ;
 And proud Mohammed Ali sit
 Within his father's halls !

"Alla-il-alla," tiger-like
 Up springs the swarthy Moor,
 And, with a wide and hasty stride,
 Steps o'er the marble floor ;
 Across the hall, till from the wall,
 Where such quaint patterns be,
 With eager hand he snatches down
 An old and massive Key !

A massive Key of curious shape,
 And dark with dirt and rust,
 And well three weary centuries
 The metal might encrust !
 For since the King Boabdil fell
 Before the native stock,
 That ancient Key, so quaint to see,
 Hath never been in lock.

Brought over by the Saracens
 Who fled across the main,
 A token of the secret hope
 Of going back again ;
 From race to race, from hand to hand,
 From house to house it pass'd ;
 O will it ever, ever ope
 The Palace gate at last ?

Three hundred years and fifty-two
 On post and wall it hung—
 Three hundred years and fifty-two
 A dream to old and young ;

But now a brighter destiny
The Prophet's will accords :
The time is come to scour the rust,
And lubricate the wards.

For should the Moor with sword and lance
At Algesiras land,
Where is the bold Bernardo now
Their progress to withstand ?
To Burgo^a should the Moslem come,
Where is the noble Cid
Five royal crowns to topple down
As gallant Diaz did ?

Hath Xeres any Pounder now,
When other weapons fail,
With club to thrash invaders rash,
Like barley with a flail ?
Hath Seville any Perez still,
To lay his clusters low,
And ride with seven turbans green
Around his saddle-bow ?

No ! never more shall Europe see
Such Heroes brave and bold,
Such Valour, Faith, and Loyalty,
As used to shine of old !
No longer to one battle cry
United Spaniards run,
And with their thronging spears uphold
The Virgin and her Son !

From Cadiz Bay to rough Biscay
Internal discord dwells,
And Barcelona bears the scars
Of Spanish shot and shells.
The fleets decline, the merchants pine
For want of foreign trade ;
And gold is scant ; and Alicante
Is seal'd by strict blockade !

The loyal fly, and Valour falls,
Oppos'd by court intrigue ;
But treachery and traitors thrive,
Upheld by foreign league ;
While factions seeking private ends
By turns usurping reign—
Well may the dreaming, scheming Moor
Exulting point to Spain !

Well may he cleanse the Rusty Key
With Afric sand and oil,
And hope an Andalusian home
Shall recompense the toil!
Well may he swear the Moorish spear
Through wild Castile shall sweep,
And where the Catalanian sowed
The Saracen shall reap !

Well may he vow to spurn the Cross
Beneath the Arab hoof,
And plant the Crescent yet again
Above th' Alhambra's roof—
When those from whom St. Jago's name
In chorus once arose,
Are shouting Faction's battle-cries,
And Spain forgets to "Close!"

Well may he swear his ataghan
Shall rout the traitor swarm,
And carve them into Arabesques
That show no human form—
The blame be theirs whose bloody feuds
Invite the savage Moor,
And tempt him with the ancient Key
To seek the ancient door!

THE MASONIC SECRET.

An Extrabaganza.

CHAPTER I.

It shall all out !

" If it does, I'll be chisell'd !" cries a burly Mason, flourishing the very tool that gave rise to the verb."

" Stop his mouth with mortar !" shouts a fellow of the association, called Free, perhaps from being associated with free-stone.

" Sew it up, like a ferret's," squeaks a Cross-Legged Knight,—in common parlance a Tailor.

" Pitch into him, like bricks," roars an Apprentice, of the ancient Babylonian order of Builders.

" Give him a clod with your hod," bellows an Irish Labourer in the Lodge of Harmony.

" Pitch him off the Mysterious Ladder !" puts in a member of the same masonry, renowned for making wooden-tombstones.

" Throw the lime in his eyes !"

" Brain him with the mallet !"

" Stab him with the compasses !"

" Square at him !"

" Level him !"

" Dig into him with the trowel !"

" Lay a first stone on him," suggests a noble Grand Master, who has officiated at such a ceremony, and is as proud by the way of laying the stone—as if he had hatched the building.

" Split him !" ejaculates a Grand Warden—of course a repeal one.

" Bite him !" growls a Purple Badger.

" Worry him !" snarls a Blue ditto.

" Let's strangle him with our apron strings——"

" Or give him the sledge-hammer !" puts in a Master Tyler, a descendant, of course, of the famous Wat.

" Over the bridge with him——" cries a Grand Arch.

" Into my barge !" shouts a Master of the Craft.

" Hit him in the Temple !" says a Brother in Solomon's spectacles.

" Hang him !" screams one of the " Mystic Tie."

" Peek out his eyes—and reep up his sanguinary poitrine !" mutters a foreign member of the Eagle and Pelican.

" Whip him with the Rod of Moses !" recommends a Jewish convertite.

" Na, na ; wi' the Triple Taws !" whispers a masonic Scotchman.

"Stone him! stone him!" shrieks a member of the Lodge of St. Stephen.

"Pitch him down the 'Winding Staircase'——"

"And out of the House of Humanity beyond its Porch and Pillars!"

"Beyond the Pales of Society."

"And its 'Geometrical Gate,'" says the masonic keeper of that Lodge, commonly called the Porter's."

"Kick him! Stick him! Bother him! Smother him! Hit him! Split him! Throttle him! Bottle him! Pound him! Confound him! Drat him! Go at him! Floor him! Score him! Scrag him! Gag him! Thrash him! Smash him! Walk into him! Run him through!"—That's plain English at any rate.

"Gouge him! Tar and feather him! Lynch him! Bark him! Mark him! Chaw him up! Be worse than a bear to him, and lick him into no shape at all!"—That's American!

"Boke his bipe down his windbipec!"—That's German.

"Break him on one wheel! Blow his head off at one blow! A la lanterne!"—That's French. "Let him look through the little window of Saint Guillotine."

"Knout him!"—That's Russian.

"Cow-hide him; and let the flies blow his wounds!"—That's Brazilian.

"Shackle him; tackle him; barrel him up, and overboard with him!"—That's Portuguese.

"Rack him! Thumb-screw him!"—That's Spanish.

"Put him into the iron boots."—That's Scotch.

"Poison him by instalments!"—That's Italian.

"Kill him entirely; and twice over!"—That's Irish, of course.

"Cut off his eyelids—boil him in oil—broil him on a gridiron—crucify him head downwards—drench him with melted lead—blow him away from a gun—starve him—roll him in a hog'shead of cutlery—flay him alive—roast him at a slow fire—tear him in pieces by wild horses—give him a bed of steel—impale him—scalp him—bastinado him—cold press him—flog him—picket him—put him into solitary confinement—send him to the tread-mill—tie a tight-rope round his forehead—bake him in a brazen bull—throw him into a vault with adders and scorpions—cast him into the lion's den—bury him alive—keelhaul him—make him walk the plank!"

[Merciful Heaven! How many personal inconveniences and bodily discomforts have human creatures invented for each other? What bitter draughts and cruel operations, as a set-off against the charitable prescriptions and benevolent inflictions of medicine and surgery!]

"Choke him! Break his jaw! Tear his tongue out with pincers! Silence him with the poker! Stop his mouth with the table-cloth! Gag him with a red-hot respirator!"

"Build him up in a wall!"—That should be the voice of a Mason, at any rate.

But no matter; the Bag is my own, if the Cat isn't. I was never sworn to secrecy; and so out it shall come, whoever gets clawed for it!

CHAPTER II.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculates Fear, his lank locks stiffening into a hair-brush, or more like a hearth-broom, his knees knocking together, his jaws clattering like castanets, and shattering every word into broken English. "Would you really dare to disclose the Free-Mason's secret? Consider what an ancient body they are—as old as Adam and Eve—at least, when they wore aprons. And then such architects! some say they built the Pyramids, and Stonehenge, let alone Solomon's Temple."

"Yes, as much as Mr. Pecksniff did!"

"Hush! pray hush; walls have ears, you know. For my part, if there's any men I'm afraid of, it's the Free-Masons. They certainly do know more than other people. For instance, there's the toad in a hole—"

"What, the batter-pudding?"

"No; but a toad in the very middle of a block of stone or marble, where he has been for a thousand years, and as brisk as ever. How he got there, or lived so long without food, nobody knows, unless it's the Masons. Some think it's their Secret."

"Then I should like to know it, for it's the cheapest style of boarding and lodging in the world."

"Hush! don't joke. There's perhaps a Brother listening. Who knows? They're very mysterious. Let's whisper. Did you ever read of the Secret Assassins and the Vehme Gericht?"

"Yes, in 'Anne of Gierstein.'"

"Humph! then you know what I mean. Come closer; still closer. There *was* a man, I've heard—an American—who blabbed the Secret, and was never seen or heard of afterwards. Never!"

"But that story was denied."

"Well, it may have been, but I believe it. At any rate, if they don't take one's life's they can save or spare it. There was a story in the last 'Freemason's Quarterly Review'—stop, here it is:—

"Many have, probably, heard of the French officer in the battle of Waterloo, who was so badly wounded that he was unable to keep up with his regiment; and in that situation was discovered by a Scotch Highlander of the British army; who, with his blood-stained weapon drawn, his teeth clenched, and his eyes flashing fire, put spurs to his horse, and galloped up to dispatch him; but just as he was on the point of striking the fatal blow, the officer gave a Masonic sign of distress—it was well understood by the Scotsman, whose giant arm was immediately unnerved; love and sympathy were depicted in his countenance; and, as he turned his horse to ride off, was heard to say, 'The Lord bless and protect thee, my Brother!'"

"There, what do you think of it?"

"Why, I think there was something very inconsistent in the affair; that the two professions are quite incompatible with each other. A Mason-Soldier is as great an anomaly as a Fighting Quaker; nay, of the two, the 'brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting art' must become a Brother even less than a Friend. And, besides, it is too like 'Exclusive Dealing.' As a lover of fair play, I cannot admire the bestowing the mercy and benediction on one head, and the curse and the sabre on an-

other; for, of course, the next poor Frenchman who could not give the sign was carved into Scotch collops."

"Hush—hush—pray speak lower. I'm all of a tremble."

"Pshaw! let the whole world hear me. I say, a Mason ought not to be in such a scene at all. I think I see him with his teeth clenched—his eyes flashing fire—hewing—slashing—stabbing—running a poor fellow Christian clean through the body with a 'There! Take that, from a Brother of the Lodge of Benevolence!'"

"Pray—pray—not so loud."

"Nonsense!—let me finish my picture. Down goes the Frenchman of course—a victim to Universal Philanthropy. But he is not quite dead—he breathes—he moves—he groans, kicks, and writhes in agony, making a hundred natural signs of distress, if not the masonic one—when fortunately he is perceived by one of an order devoted to works of mercy—a Sister of Charity—who hastens to his relief—but no—by Jove! she finishes him!"

"What! kills him!"

"Yes—and why not? Where a Brother of Benevolence thrusts his sword, a Sister of Charity may surely poke her scissors."

CHAPTER III.

But the Secret!

"The Secret—the Secret!" cry a thousand daughters of Eve, not degenerated from their great first parent in the article of curiosity.

"The Secret!" shout five hundred Paul Prys, quite as inquisitive as if they wore petticoats, and went mystery-hunting in bonnets and pattens.

"The Secret—the Secret—the Secret!" scream ten thousand of both sexes, who as boys and girls in their provincial towns have trotted till dog-tired after the masonic processions—not more delighted with the music, the banners, the scarves, and aprons, and the glittering emblems of the craft, than astounded by the stupendous dignity of Mr. Gubbins, and the supernatural solemnity of young Griggs. Well do I remember wearing out a pair of my own little shoes with tagging after the Stoke Pogis Lodge of Ancient Druids, every man of them looking at the least a conjuror, and the Grand Master like a very King Solomon! No wonder Widow Drury called on him the very next morning to beg him to unbewitch her red cow—and to find out, by his Bible and compasses, who had stolen her black pig! "Ize warrant," said she, "he knows more secrets than one!"

"Yes, yes, the Secret—the Secret!" bellows out the whole herd of the curious—"that's what we want!"

No doubt. And so did Mrs. Stringer when she drove her husband, by her curiosity, into the other world. In vain the poor man pleaded his oath to his lodge, that he dared not divulge the mysterious formula under the most awful penalties, that he might drop stone dead at her feet, or at the least be struck deaf and dumb; that he should be buried, kidnapped, poisoned. In vain he told her a hundred stories, true or invented, of blabbing Masons who had been stabbed, shot, drowned, or

whisked away from the face of the earth, as if by evil spirits. The perverse inquisitiveness of the woman pertinaciously insisted on the revelation; sometimes by coaxing, sometimes by threats, and, above all, by interminable curtain lectures on mutual confidence in the married state. She even helped him to get into his cups, in the hope that he might babble out the mystery in his tipsy loquacity. Worst of all, she set all her she-gossips on him, all giving tongue to the same text—the abominableness of reserve towards the wife of his bosom. In short, the poor fellow became weary of his life; so weary, indeed, that one morning he was discovered hanging from a beam in the garret, with the following bitter billet pinned to his bosom.

“Mrs. S.—I am gone to learn the GREAT SECRET;
You shall know it when I come back.

“S. S.”

“Ah! the Secret! the Secret!” That unlucky word has revived all the old hubbub; the female voices screaming high above the rest of the chorus. I verily believe that when Pandora pryed into the fatal Box she thought it contained the mystic paraphernalia of the craft; that when Fatima determined to inspect the forbidden Chamber, she fancied that it was a Masonic Lodge. Nay, I verily believe the fair creatures long to have a lodge or two of their own!

“And why not, sir?” exclaims a little brisk body, bustling up like an offended bantam, “Why not, sir? Why shouldn’t there be she Masons as well as he ones, and particularly considering what masonry sets up for, namely, wisdom, strength, and beauty, in which last our sex has always been allowed to stand first? Sure am I we should look quite as well as the men do, in jewels, and sashes, and aprons, let alone personal charms. As to which I may say, without vanity, whether for face or figure, I’m quite as fit for a public procession as that regular Guy, old Griffis, with his red nose, and pot-belly, and spindle-shanks. Then as to wisdom; to be sure that nincum, Mr. Boggles, is a fine model of it;—who knows his own mind one minute, and don’t know it the next, any more than if it was a shabby acquaintance.”

“And as regards strength, ma’am.”

“Well, as regards strength, sir. There’s some women could knock down some men with a poker. There’s myself—supposing it was proper for females to be pugilistical—I shouldn’t mind fisticuffing little Snitch the tailor, and he’s a Mason, in a roped ring. I did have a scuffle once with a man when I was the Bear, and I’ve had two or three since I’ve been the Dragon.”

“A masonic sign, I presume, ma’am.”

“No—a ninn. Talking of signs, I’ve talked on my fingers by the hour together, to the deaf and dumb boy at our next door. So, if that’s masonry, I’m fit for it already. But any one can make signs. Even the little blaggard boys that take sights, as they call it, just as if they was blowing a flageolet with their noses, and playing on it with their fingers, only they’ve no flageolet.”

“Little ‘Sons of Harmony,’ perhaps.”

"No, sir; little sons of the parish. As to signs and signals, I'd back old Jack Duff, at the telegrafts, agin the best Mason as stands in shoe leather. And what's more to the pint, when old Jack's laid up, his wife telegrafts for him—and as well as he can—let alone she once put up the high-water flag instead of the low one, and by which the Lovely Nancy struck the bar, and got knocked to pieces. The more fool she for striking first!"

"Very true, ma'am."

"Howsomever, as I said afore, why shouldn't women be Masons as well as the male sex, who, for all their fuss about Brotherhood and Benevolence, are not a bit fonder of mankind than we are?"

"That, ma'am, is undeniable."

"To be sure we mayn't be quite such dabs at chisselling and levelling as the regular Operatives: but we could get through it allegolically as well as the best of them: for they do say, that except laying a first stone now and then, it's only playing at Bilding and Arketector, after all, and their trowels have as little to do with mortering as my own fish-slice."

"Certainly, ma'am. But some of the Masonic orders are Military ones—the Knight Templars, for instance."

"Ah! them's another thing. And to go fighting and skrimmaging abroad with Turks and Tartars is, to be sure, rather out of Woman's provinces. Not to name the Encampments, and which is hardly fit for females, except the gipsy ones that are accustomed to living in tents."

"Of course, ma'am. I will ask only one more question, and pray excuse it; but the fair are popularly supposed to be rather accessible to curiosity. Do you really think, then, that a lady could preserve the Masonic Secret?"

"The Secret! the Secret!" the old chorus strikes up, only with twice as strong a company as before: for all the young ladies' schools in London have chimed in: and there is no such Secret-monger in the world as your Miss in her teens. They must be pacified somehow.

"My dear ladies——"

"The Secret! the Secret!"

"My dear gentlemen——"

"The Secret!"

"My dear ladies and gentlemen, only one word. How do you know there is any Secret at all?"

CHAPTER IV.

Now I think of it, there was once a female who contrived to be present at a Masonic Meeting.

"To be sure there was!" exclaims the little bustling body of the Dragon, "for it was me, myself!"

"You, ma'am?"

"Yes, me, sir. And the way were this. There was an execution put in at the White Horse, which, in consequence, couldn't be convivial; and as Masons likes to lay a good foundation, the warden applies to the Dragon, for hospitality, and engages my great club-room.

There was to be grand doings, and especially initiating of new members; and thinks I, if I don't initiate myself at the same time, I'm no woman. So I takes out the shelves in the club-room closet, which, by good luck, would just hold my low easy cheer, in which I could sit comfortable, with my eye flush with the keyhole. First taking a glass of cordial to steady my nerves, having such a Mellow Drammer, as I may say, agoin to be acted afore me. For they do say there's awful ceremonies at the binding of fresh Apprentices, and what with brandishing red hot pokers, and flashing naked swords overhead, a Mason, after being 'nitiated, needn't fear nothin' for the rest of his life. Well, there I am all snug, but uncommon tedious, for the Grand Lodge of Fidelity was anything but true to their time. However, at long and at last in they come, Grand Masters, Deputy Grands, Past-Masters, Wardens, Tylers, and all the rest of them. Old Griffis, with his red nose and spindle-shanks at their head! I don't mind saying I felt a sort of misgiving come over me, and a wish to be settin anywhere else, partickly with the cramp in both legs, and not daring to call out; for in course I should have been murdered on the spot for prying into their mysteries. But it were too late to alter, so there I was with my two poor calves tying themselves up in double knots; besides, almost bustin with supprest hiccups. Not that I should have minded my sufferings a pin, provided I could have indulged my curiosity; but what with pain, and fright, and nervous noises, in my ears, I was as deaf as a post."

"Why, then, you heard nothing at all?"

"Not a syllable. Only a sort of mumbling, and a whiz, whiz, whiz—like a mill full of spinning jennies in my own head."

"But you could see, ma'am?"

"Yes, a bit of the back of a brown coat, for Brother Somebody had plumped himself down right afore the keyhole—and that's all as I know of the Freemason's Secret!"

CHAPTER V.

"The Secret! The Secret! The Secret!"

The uproar is greater than ever! That last disappointment—from the closet of the Dragon, has turned Curiosity and her vast brood into mere savages, fierce as Furies, ravenous as famished wolves, and so fearless, that were there a Tiger in the bag instead of a Cat, they would ask for it to be let out!

If I could only sell the thing in shares I should make my fortune. Already an official gentleman, who for obvious reasons must remain nameless, has bribed me, in a whisper, with the offer of a round sum of the public "Service Money," called Secret.

"The Secret! The Secret! The Se—sc—secret!"

Oh, those dreadful gossips! those terrible School Girls. Hark to Prospect House! "Do tell us, do, do, do, do, do, there's a love, there's a duck, there's a darling, there's a dear creature; only the first syllable, only the first letter. Make a riddle of it, and let us guess it!"

What a strange yet fearful sight! A hundred thousand at the least of men and women, boys and girls, all agape, as if they were listening

with their mouths; and five thousand deaf people, with their tubes, cornets, and trumpets, fighting, pushing, and elbowing like mad things to get in front.

And all this striving to hear a word, a single word, not so long by an inch as "*Honorificabilitudinitatibus*," a word, possibly, of only two syllables, perhaps only of one, and, maybe, not even that!

CHAPTER VI.

"And do you mean to say, sir,"—bellows a burly, pompous personage, with the very tone and manner of an oracle in his own circle—one of those human omnibuses that are invariably "All right" by their own proclamation, whether full or empty, fast or slow, going up the road, or breaking down in it—"do you really mean to say that the Freemasons have no Secret, sir—no private signs, sir—no symbolical rites, sir—no symbolical ceremonies, sir—of the highest significance?"

"By no means. On the contrary, I propose, according to my promise in the first chapter, to tell all I know on the subject; and to that end am about to detail what I personally witnessed last Christmas."

"Very good, sir"—replies the Great Infallible, with that complacent air with which he bestows such patronage on a modest opinion when it coincides with his own—"Very good, sir—go on, sir."

"I shall premise, then, that the performance in question took place at a House about six miles from London."

"Ah—a Provincial Lodge—Well, sir—and the ceremony was a mystery to you, of course?"

"Quite. A perfect riddle."

"No doubt—as it must be, sir, to the uninitiated."

"O! completely. However, as I said before, the meeting took place in the country—in a large room, handsomely decorated, and profusely lighted up—"

"Stop, sir! Did you observe any Candlesticks?"

"Yes—several very massive ones, and apparently of silver."

"I thought so—very good. And some of the company wore purple scarves, and some had blue ones—and some were decorated with jewels?"

"Certainly—and feathers."

"No doubt, sir—and now for the ceremonies. What came first, sir?"

"A tall gentleman—in a cap and feathers, and a mantle; followed by several companions."

"Companions?—well, sir—what next?"

"The tall gentleman knelt down, very humbly, before another gentleman,—I should say from his accent and physiognomy, a North Briton."

"Not a doubt of it. They're reviving the Order of Chivalry in Edinburgh. Pray how was he dressed, sir?"

"I hardly remember, except that he looked much like a gentleman going to a masquerade."

"Any sword, sir?"

"Yes, naked, in his right hand. He flourished it a great deal about the head of the kneeling gentleman, till I thought he was going to kill him, but, instead of decapitating him, he only gave him a smart blow with the flat of the blade on the shoulder."

"Precisely. I knew it."

"After that the tall gentleman got up, and one of his companions fixed a pair of riding spurs on his heels."

"I said so;—a Knight Templar."

"The tall gentleman in the cap and feathers and mantle then retired with his companions, escorting the gentleman with the drawn sword, with as great ceremony as if he had been a Prince of Blood Royal."

"And so some of them were in old times. Go on, sir."

"After a few minutes the Scotch gentleman came in again, but in a different costume—a robe more like a figured dressing-gown, with a fur cape over his shoulders, and a gold chain over the cape. The tall man walked before him with a long sword, but sheathed; and a shorter man walked behind, with something like a mace. There was a great deal of bowing and ceremony, and then the Scotch gentleman in the robes seated himself, like a judge, in a large elbow chair. I suppose at least that he represented some kind of judge, for several persons were brought before him on some charge which, being rather deaf, I could not hear."

"For a breach of discipline, sir; something against the Rules of the Order."

"Perhaps so. However, by degrees, the whole party began to wrangle, and got to high words."

"What about, sir—what about?"

"Heaven knows! for they all talked together, and made such a noise, that at last, by order of the great man in the chair, whatever he was, the whole of the disputants were put under arrest and forced out of the presence."

"Yes! there has been some schism in the Chapters;—but surely they would not expose themselves so before a stranger! Then you don't know, sir, what the quarrel was about, sir?"

"Not in the least. I only heard the gentleman in the robe, and fur tippet, and gold collar——"

"The Grand Master, sir."

"Well, I only heard him invite the rest of the gentlemen to some Banquet or Festival."

"Where, sir—where?"

"I presume at the *Provisional* Priory. And then the chairman departed, with the same state and ceremony as at his entrance."

"And that was the end, sir?"

"By no means. After a little while the Scotch gentleman——"

"The Knight, sir—the Knight Templar!"

"Well, the Knight Templar, or whatever he was, returned; but with a white cap on his head, and in a long white garment, like a night-gown."

"A surplice, sir—a surplice. First, a Knight and then a Priest, to represent the Church Militant."

"I do not know, sir, whether he was a clergyman or not. At least he did not preach: though he knelt down and seemed to say his prayers, after which he snuffed all the candles in the room, and then lay down on the floor, with only a cushion under his head, and apparently went to sleep."

"Like a Crusader in Palestine.—Good! capital! very symbolical, indeed! Very!—Well, sir, the Knight went to sleep?"

"Or, at least, made believe; and snored louder than any gentleman I ever heard. But he had hardly slumbered five minutes, when the door suddenly burst open, and in rushed a dozen men, dressed up like savages, and with their faces blacked, as if to represent devils."

"Moors, sir, Moors!—Excellent!—An irruption of the Saracens!"

"Why, they certainly looked more like Pagans than Christians; and more like wild Indians, or hobgoblins, than either. And then to see how they danced round the sleeping man; brandishing shovels, tongs, pokers, swords, guns, clubs, bows and arrows, and all sorts of strange weapons; whilst one of the figures straddled across the poor gentleman on the floor, and finally sat down on his body, compressing his chest and stomach till he groaned again!"

"Beautiful! famous! And now, sir, having been present—lord knows how—at a Grand Conclave of the Knight Templars, will you presume, sir—to say, sir—that Free Masonry has no Secrets, sir—no significant rites, sir—no signs, sir—no symbols, no mystical word, sir?"

"Excuse me. All I mean to say is, that, in my decided opinion, the Ceremony just described was only—"

"What, sir; pray what?"

"AN ACTED CHARADE, sir; and that the Grand Secret, the mystical word, expressed by symbols, was simply *Knight-May'r!*"

EPIGRAM.

ON A PICTURE (407) IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Sir, let me just your tasteful eye enveigle
To yonder Painting, of the Madman Eagle.
Which, *that* by Poole? Excuse me, sir, I beg.
I really have no wish to catch "The Plague."

ANECDOTE OF HER PRESENT MAJESTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REAL RANDOM RECORDS."

KING George the Fourth, the uncle of the reigning sovereign, Queen Victoria, is very well known to have held strong opinions on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. I forget on which side, but he could not bear O'Connell; and when Kemble the Poet wrote a Poem called "O'Connell's Child," his Majesty would not read it. Franklin was another of his aversions; I mean the man who drew down lightning with a kite, and went to the North Pole. But his favourite antipathy, or rather his royal Father's, was Wilkie, the North Briton. He was supposed, if I remember rightly, to have a hand with Canning in the famous work called the "Anti-Something" against the French republican principles, which Burke attacked about the same time in Parliament in his celebrated speech, when he threw down the dagger, and said to Fox, "There's a knife and fork." Canning, who afterwards became Prime Minister, was stolen in his youth by a gipsy, one Elizabeth Squires, who was tried for it, and either acquitted or hung. It made a great noise at the time: which reminds me of Mother Brownrigg, who starved her apprentices so cruelly that one of them, named Otway, choked himself in ravenously swallowing a penny roll. I think there was something written on it, called the "Rolliad," but am not sure. Swift was certainly writing on or about the time; and his notorious "Draper's Letters," in favour of shutting up early, were very popular with the shopmen of the metropolis. So were "Sinbad's Voyages to Lilliput." I forget what great people were shown up in it. But the rage was for the "Beggar's Opera," the author of which was said to have made Rich, rich; and Gay, gay. Something runs in my head that he also wrote the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps it was Gray—or did Gray write the "Beggar's Opera?" One gets puzzled between such similar names. For example, one of my own favourite works is White's or Wright's "History of Shelburne or Selburne," I never can remember which. However, as I said before, King William the Fourth had his political prejudices, and who has not? Every bias, as some one says, has its bowl; probably Lord Shaftesbury in his Maxims, if it was Shaftesbury, and if they were maxims. My head is not what it was, nor will be on this side the grave—but so long as my memory serves me to recal an anecdote or two, however imperfectly, I must not complain.

E. T.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GIDEON SHADDOE, ESQ.

No. 1.

“We seem to have entered the world of dreams and witchery.”—*FAUST*.

IN these days of revived mesmerism, another, but milder form, of the same intellectual epidemic that raged among our ancestors in the shape of a confirmed belief in witchcraft and demonology in general, with all its attendant cruel persecutions and executions,—when men and women were tortured into confession of impossibilities, and were burnt “quick” for committing them,—it may not be uninteresting to look back at that dark period when witchfires blazed throughout the land, to mark their flickering, their gradual decline, their extinction, and the occasional half-successful attempt to produce their reappearance, though all the stirring brought forth no more than a feeble glimmer that sank before the dayspring of education and truth.

The mine of superstition that lies hid in the human heart, ready to be called into requisition by him who watches the favourable opportunity for applying the machinery of hopes and fears, is inexhaustible. The vein of imposture is not less rich, nor are there wanting

“Eremites and friers,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery,”

eager to work both.

How the keen and cunning Mersburgian* would chuckle to see the delusion again attempted, and its professors wrecked upon the rocks which he was sufficiently sharp-sighted to weather. In vain do we look in these days, notwithstanding the gullibility of John Bull, for a Monsieur d’Eslon making one hundred thousand pounds by fees from his patients; but who knows what effect might yet be produced by the magnetic tub and pianoforte?

“What was the magnetic tub?”

The magnetic tub, madam, or *baquet* as it was termed by our lively neighbours in the last century, was a covered large round oaken vessel placed in the middle of the room, filled with pounded glass, iron filings, and magnetised water in bottles, all arranged in symmetrical order. The cover was pierced with holes, through which issued polished iron rods of different lengths, bent and moveable. Around this mystic vase the patients were placed in rows, each holding one of the rods, which she or he—I like to be particular—applied to the part of the body supposed to be affected by disease. They were all tied together in a concatenation accordingly, by a cord which was passed round their bodies, and occasionally, to make the charm grow madder, they formed

* Anton Mesmer “first saw the light,” as the biographers express it, at Mersburg, in Swabia, in the year 1734.

a second connexion by seizing each other's thumbs: thus the adepts, literally, had the Parisian world in a string. Then the pianoforte, which stood in a corner, and had been highly charged with magnetism, was played, and, sometimes, vocally accompanied by a magnetised performer, whilst the chief magnetiser stood with a polished iron rod in his hand conducting the whole *à la Jullien*;—a scene worthy of Gillray.*

Animal magnetism, homœopathy, hydropathy, and dryopathy—for it seems that a worthy has started up who will not permit his patients to drink, substituting crusts for claret, like brother Peter—are not, however, the only influences of the time; for, even in this matter-of-fact age, and amid this politico-œconomical, utilitarian generation, ghosts are not laid, if we are to believe good and honest witnesses; nor am I of those who will deny that the apparitions have been seen. Some examples will be hereinafter produced, and they who condescend to read these pages shall judge for themselves.

In common with many others, I, Gideon Shaddoe, flatter myself that I have shaken off the trammels of superstition as completely as any unfeathered biped can; but as very different feelings marked my early years, some account of that portion of my life seems to be a necessary prologue.

I was born, before the last century had run out, I am sorry to say, in one of the principal seaports of the west of England, and in a house where a Guinea captain had committed suicide. It was large, and had, originally, been two houses; but an opulent citizen had bought them both, and, defying the reputation of that part of the house where, to use the town clerk's expression, the captain had entered an appearance *after* suddenly calling on his own trial as a *felo-de-se et aliis*, threw them into one, and lived in credit and comfort, as the principal apothecary of the place. But here, again, was room for people to talk. There were dark hints of the visits of his apprentices to a neighbouring churchyard, and of a housemaid having been thrown into fits, of which she never properly got the better, from sweeping in her excess of cleanliness too far under one of their beds, and bringing out with the brush a ghastly human limb protruding from a bag—"nothing but an upper extremity," as the trembling apprentice termed it in his defence. Our family succeeded the good apothecary; and I must confess that—in my wanderings down in the spacious cellars, and up in a garret which ran the whole length of the house, used for stowing away lumber, and called "The Herbr-room," from the use to which it had been applied by the former tenant—I have seen things looking as if they ought to be in the churchyard

* His "Metallic Tractors" will occur to most of our readers; but some of them may not remember Perkins's instrument, for which he took out a patent, nor his publication on "The Efficacy of Perkins's Metallic Tractors in various Diseases of the Human Body and Animals; exemplified by two hundred and fifty cases from the first literary characters in Europe and America. With a Preliminary Discourse in Refutation of the Objections made by Interest and Prejudice to the Metallic Tractors." Bold words these last; but Dr. Falconer and Dr. Haysgarth, of Bath, settled the question; for the former made tractors of wood, which exactly resembled the metallic tractors in appearance, and both the physicians operated with them on a number of patients in the Bath Hospital, producing the same effects, precisely, with the real and the fictitious instruments.

aforesaid, dangling in bottles dimmed with dust and smoke, that I shrank from examining, though then on the hunt for zoological and mineralogical specimens, which had been put out of the way there, to complete the series in my father's collection : but I am anticipating.

Among my first recollections is a dear old nurse, the widow of a Welsh master of a ship, whom we all loved, notwithstanding the doses which her duty occasionally compelled her to throw in. Even now I shudder at the vision of the castor oil warming in the well-polished silver pap-boat that reflected the nursery fire on a frosty morning in front of our cots. The miserable eyes of four of us, of whom I was the eldest, were fixed on that dread vessel as we all whined in concert at the sight, ignorant, as yet, which was to be the victim, till nurse would say in a provokingly cheerful tone, "Come, Master Gideon, you shall be the first horse of the team ; *you* shall have the mayor's powders to-day." Loud were my lamentations, while the other three, ceasing theirs, sat up in their little beds, their eyes glistening through their tears, to see the execution. The reader shall be spared *that*, with its strugglings and overflowings, and mouth-and-chin scrapings by a dexterous application of the edges of the spout of the boat aforesaid, so that not one fat yellow drop was lost to the patient. This vile potion was always administered under the above name, we being informed that we were a highly-favoured family, and that nobody in all the town, excepting the mayor's children and ourselves, were permitted to take it. The warm oil was bad enough ; but when sprinkled with the best muscovado, and forced down our throats as mayor's *powders*, 'twas too much. I could not swallow the medicine now if my life depended on the sickening glutinous draught.

My health was none of the strongest, and my good nurse would lift me out of my cot when I was restless at night—informing me, however, that I was like the troubled sea—to rock me in her lap till I was lulled to sleep. Some five years had now passed over my curly head ; and, upon these occasions, she and an under-nursemaid, also from the principality, would entertain each other with such ghost stories as I have never heard since. Both were evidently true believers ; and, all the time, I used to feign deep slumber, greedily devouring up their discourse, till, one winter night, old nurse told a story of such surpassing horror, in requital of a tolerably frightful one which her companion had just related, that pretty Peggy's ruddy Welsh face became pale as death. She proceeded in her dreadful tale of seduction and murder ; and just as she was describing, in solemn accents, the appearance of the slaughtered one in the wake of the murderer's ship, gliding stark and stiff in her shroud swiftly, but smoothly on, over the wild sea, which was calmed in her awful path, whilst all around the waves were lashed to their utmost rage amid the war of elements, and the lightning was seen through her form—old Martha happened to look down into my terror-opened eye, which was glaring full upon her. Instantly she broke off into a confusion of nursery songs about

"Hubbabubbub,
Three knaves in a tub,
And the beggars are coming to town," &c., &c.,

and I pretended to drop off to sleep again in the hope of hearing the end, which I never did.*

After this, not entirely abandoning hope, I frequently affected restlessness, and was as often taken up and nursed by the kind old woman—but no more ghost-stories.

I had, however, learned, in the course of these stirring narratives, all about the Guinea captain's death, and how a black man, with fiery eyes,

* The other day I stumbled upon the following morsel in a curious collection of old ballads, *penses me*. The incidents are not unlike Old Martha's story, as far as it went. "The Sailor's Tragedy" commences with an account of his beguiling "the female sex," with the usual consequences to two, one of whom he made his wife :—

The other being left alone,
Crying "You false deluding man,
By me you've done a wicked thing,
Which public shame will on me bring."

Then to a silent shade she went,
Her present shame for to prevent,
And soon she finish'd up the strife,
And cut her tender thread of life.

She hung herself upon a tree ;
Two men a hunting did her see :
Her flesh by beastes was basely tore,
Which made the young men weep full sore.

Straight they went and cut her down,
And in her breast a note was found ;
This note was written out at large :
" Bury me not, I do you charge.

" But on the ground here let me lie,
For every one that passes by,
That they by me a warning take,
And see what follows ere too late.

" As he is false, I do protest
That he on earth shall get no rest ;"
And it is said she plagu'd him so,
That to the seas he's forc'd to go.

As he was on the mainmast high,
A little boat he did espy ;
In it there was a ghost so grim,
That made him tremble every limb.

Down to the deck the young man goes
To the captain his mind to disclose :
" Here is a spirit coming hence,
O captain, stand in my defence !"

Upon the deck the captain goes,
Where soon he spy'd the fatal ghost :
" Captain," said she, " you must, and can,
With speed help me to such a man."

" In St. Helen's this young man died,
And in St. Helen's is his body laid."
" Captain," said she, " do not say so,
For he is in your ship below.

was beheld squatting on his coffin the night after he was screwed down, and how the captain was still visible occasionally, especially when ships in the African trade came into the port, in that house, the blood streaming from a ghastly wound in his throat, with a cat-o'-nine-tails and shackles in one hand, and a bowl of boiled horsebeans in the other; also, how, in one particular room in which none but the male part of the establishment would sleep, a dead man's arm was to be seen, on the nights when the wind blew from the churchyard, projecting from the wall by the light of the corpse-candle which it clutched.

"But, Mr. Shaddoe, you are hardly out of your cradle yet; and are you about to drag us through your school and college days, and inflict upon us the history of your whole career?"

By no means, benevolent reader, I respect thee too much to make thee such a martyr; albeit some passages in my life might provoke a smile, whilst others, perchance, might raise a sigh. I have troubled thee with so much to show at how early an age superstitious notions were impressed on my mind. What I suffered in childhood, in boyhood, ay, even in early manhood, from those impressions, none who have not undergone the same terrors can imagine. Do I blame the memory of my venerable nurse for making me their slave? No, dear old soul, much as my spirit was shaken, the thrilling emotions arising from some of those horrors far outweighed the suffering. If a man of acute sensibilities and strong passions feels more deeply the pains of life than one who is gifted with less feeling, he enjoys its pleasures with a keener relish. He is not so happy, yet much happier. The youthful Johnson could hardly have felt the presence of the ghost in "Hamlet" more forcibly than I did. I very much doubt whether the witches in "Macbeth," *Ariel*, *Caliban*, or *Puck*, ever touched him as they did me. Even *Asmuth* made my flesh creep. And how appallingly is the spirit

"And if you stand in his defence,
A mighty storm I will send hence,
Will cause you and your men to weep,
And leave you sleeping in the deep."

From the deck did the captain go,
And brought this young man to his foe:
On him she fixed her eyes so grim,
Which made him tremble every limb.

"It was well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd;
I am a spirit come for you,
You beguil'd me once, but I have you now."

For to preserve both ship and men,
Into the boat they forced him;
The boat sunk in a flash of fire,
Which made the sailor's all admire.

All you who know what to love belong,
Now you have heard my mournful song,
Be true to one whatever you mind,
And don't delude poor womankind.

Such was the rhyme and reason that satisfied our ancestors.

of the Royal Dane introduced : every thought, every word, every accessory in the short colloquy that precedes its appearance so wonderfully wrought up, creating an atmosphere fit for a being not of this world—and all without effort.

“Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, *Francisco*.
Fran. For this relief much thanks : 'Tis bitter cold,
 And I am sicke at heart.
Barn. Have you had quiet guard ?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.”
 * * * * *
 “*Barn.* Last night of all,
 When yond same starre that's westward from the pole
 Had made his course t'illumine that part of heaven
 Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
 The bell then beating one—
Mar. Peace, breake thee off :
 Looke where it comes againe.” *

At school I absolutely revelled in my dog's-eared Virgil, when I was put on in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. Well do I remember my master—

“I knew him well, and every truant knew”—

who had found out my failing, and had borne with my stammering over the first of Horace's Satires with more than a pedagogue's patience, till I was first considerably basketed, and then regularly planted, exclaiming, “This will never do : try to construe *that*, you incorrigible little witchfinder,” presenting me the eighth satire at the fourteenth line, and stopping me at the thirty-sixth. The Rev. Basil Burch, better known among his irreverend and tingling scholars as “Black Cat,” was surprised at my fluency ; and Canidia saved me.

Could I have relished the Pharmaceutria of Theocritus, or the witch-scenery of Apuleius, “Faust,” “The Ancient Mariner,” “Christabel,” or “Manfred”—to say nothing of Monk Lewis, “William and Margaret,” or “Mary's Dream”—if old Nurse had not taught me how to feel them in the very marrow of my bones ? A question not to be asked.

The subjects of the present psychological musings naturally, or, if you will, unnaturally, arrange themselves under the heads of Dreams, Apparitions, and other impressions affecting the mind and body, Witchcraft, and Demoniactal Visitations.

Locke well says, that the dreams of sleeping men are all made up of the waking man's ideas, though, for the most part, oddly put together ; and, indeed, nothing can come of nothing. Sometimes, but rarely, the dream of the sleeper—for there are waking dreams—is not only vivid but consecutive, as in the celebrated case of Coleridge. The poet was in ill health and retirement in a wild country, for England ; had taken an anodyne, and fell asleep in his chair at the moment when he was reading the passage in “Purchas's Pilgrimage,” describing the locality where Kubla Khan commanded a palace to be built, with a stately garden, so that ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed within a wall. Coleridge relates

* We quote from our carefully-cherished old folio : in the multitude of editions there may be safety ; but we are satisfied with the original wisdom.

that he continued in profound sleep, at least of the external senses, for about three hours, during which time he had the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if, as he observes, that can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the well-known lines, as musical as ever flowed from poet's pen. It is evident that the impressions, though vivid, were not deep; for, at the moment when the poet was writing, he was unfortunately called out by a person on business, and detained by that person above an hour. On his return to his room he found, to his no small surprise and mortification, "that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast; but, alas! without the after-restoration of the latter." The silver chord was broken for ever.

But, far more frequently, the dream is an odd jumble,—a thing of shreds and patches, often, indeed, going on smoothly to a certain point, and then suddenly thrown out of joint,—presenting such unexpected images as an enormous kaleidoscope, containing dead men's bones instead of bits of coloured glass, might combine.

I dreamed that I lay on the smooth yellow sand of the shore in a calm and lovely summer night, with my face on a level with the unruffled surface of the blue sea. Between me and the full moon, which appeared to rise out of its bosom and rest on the horizon, fleets of paper nautili and Portuguese men-of-war spread their living and brilliant sails as they careered along to the music of the wreathed shells that were scattered around. Ever and anon a distant chorus, as of sea nymphs, would steal over the waters spangled with the reflected stars, and at last I slept soundly.

Again my dream recommenced. The moon had gone down, and a few lingering stars were just beginning to wax pale before the glorious sun which was rising behind me. Out of the sea, just where the moon had previously appeared, gradually arose the completely spread train of a gigantic peacock, every fibre in its gorgeous plumage glittering in the sunbeams till the entire bird appeared to stand upon the edge of the surface of the now green ocean. The peacock quivering its depressed wings, brandishing its train-feathers, and trampling with its feet, ran backwards—and so *that* brilliant appearance vanished into space.

The sea now became covered with fog-smoke, and, when it partially cleared away, the water changed into a sort of chaotic, thick, slab gruel, out of which human limbs were continually projecting into a lurid sort of twilight. Presently the same light showed the whole surface alive with myriads of human heads of immense proportions. Suddenly these emerged, were reversed, and every one with hideous contortion began to play on a monster double-bass. Whilst I was endeavouring to find out how these topsy-turvy, grimace-making features contrived to play—and

a horrible din they made—without hands or arms, I awoke to the bel-
lowing of a great spasmodic street-organ upon wheels.

Now this confusion, in which fancy was busy, uncorrected by judgment, arose from bygone zoological, pictorial, and musical recollections, combined with reminiscences of dissections. I could, on waking, trace every one of the phantasms to their prototypes, distorted though some of them were, and assisted in that distortion by external sounds and the rebellious state of the gastric Archæus, who,—thinking fit to take offence at a light supper of lobster-salad, champagne, and Roman punch—had summoned the monstrous assemblage.

Δ.

THE COURT OF LOVE.

THE following verses were suggested by a little poem called “L’Anticamera d’Amore”—“Love’s Ante-chamber”—by Gio. Gherardo de’Rossi, a Roman, who died in 1827, at the age of seventy-three. He began as an improvisatore, then wrote comedies, and afterwards odes, fables, epigrams, stories after the manner of Boccaccio, and some treatises on archæological subjects, for he was an antiquarian and a collector of Etruscan vases and coins.

Young Love one day would hold a court,
As other monarchs do ;
And some there were who came for sport,
And some that came to sue.

Caprice stood usher at the gate,
Throughout the livelong noon,
And in one breath, to this, “Too late,”
He cried ; to that, “Too soon.”

Youth quickly had his suit preferr’d,
All show’d him smiling faces ;
And Beauty for awhile was heard,
But not without the Graces.

Sir Laughter gaily enter’d in,
With Mirth his bonny bride ;
Both came out with a rueful grin,
And laughing the wrong side.

Lord Treachery, with eyes askance
That his dark soul declared,
Crept in ; but a triumphant glance
Soon told how well he fared.

Fair Truth and Innocence, a pair,
As blest as e'er was seen,
In simple gladness, entering there,
Stepp'd forth with saddest mien.

Anger and Jealousy rush'd by,
Assured that none could stop them :
Love blush'd, and then turn'd pale ; look'd shy,
But felt he could not drop them.

Folly, with ostrich feathers crown'd,
Stared, simper'd, sidled, nodded,
Had a long audience, and found
How much she pleased his godhead.

Wit, deck'd in sparkling jewels rare,
Was somewhat less admired ;
And Learning (fool, to venture there),
Abash'd and dumb, retired.

Reason was last. Caprice of late
Had been with her offended :
So at the door he made her wait,
Till all was nearly ended.

'Twas all in vain to push and shove,
Reason could get no nearer ;
" We've had enough to-day," quoth Love,
" Some other time I'll hear her."

THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

A Scene in Madrid.

IN an inner room of his counting-house, which occupied a wing of his splendid mansion in the Calle Alcalá, sat Don José Solano, one of the richest bankers in Madrid, ruminating with much self-complacency upon the profitable results of a recent speculation. He was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of one of his clerks ushering in a stranger, who brought a letter of introduction from a banker at Mexico, with whom Don José had had occasional transactions. The letter stated that the bearer, the Conde de Valleja, was of a highly-respected family of Mexican nobility, that he was desirous of visiting Europe, and more especially the country of his ancestors, Spain; and it then went on to recommend him in the strongest terms to the Madrid banker, as one whose intimacy and friendship could not fail to be sought after by all who became acquainted with his many excellent and agreeable qualities.

The appearance of the Count seemed to justify, as far as appearance can do, the high terms in which he was spoken of in this letter. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, dark complexioned, with a high clear forehead, short crisp curling hair, an intelligent and regular countenance, and a smile of singular beauty and fascination. His eyes were the only feature which could be pronounced otherwise than extremely pleasing: although large, black, and lustrous, they had a certain fixity and hardness of expression that produced an unpleasant impression upon the beholder, and would, perhaps, have been more disagreeable had not the mellow tones of the Count's voice, and his suavity and polish of manner, served in great measure to counteract the effect of this peculiarity.

Doing due honour to the strong recommendation of his esteemed correspondent, Don José welcomed the young Conde with the utmost hospitality, insisted on taking possession of him for the whole of the day, and, without allowing him to return to his hotel, dragged him into the house, presented him to his son and daughter, and charged them to use their utmost exertions to entertain their guest, while he himself returned to his occupations till dinner-time. At one o'clock the old banker reappeared in the sala, where he found Rafael and Mariquita Solano listening with avidity to the agreeable conversation of the Count, who, in his rich and characteristic Mexican Spanish, was giving them the most interesting details concerning the country he had recently left. The magnificence of Mexican scenery, the peculiarities of the Indian races, the gorgeous vegetation and strange animals of the tropics, formed the subjects of his discourse, not a little interesting to a young man of three-and-twenty, and a girl of eighteen, who had never as yet been fifty leagues away from Madrid. Nor had the stranger's conversation less charms for the old

banker. Valleja had been at the Havannah; was acquainted with scenes, if not with persons, with which were associated some of Don José's most agreeable reminiscences: scenes that he had visited in the days of his youth, when he laid the first foundation of his princely fortune. To be brief; the agreeable manners and conversation of the Count so won upon father, son, and daughter, that when at nightfall he rose to take his leave, the banker put his house *à su disposicion*, and followed up what is usually a mere verbal compliment, by insisting upon Valleja's taking up his abode with him during his stay in Madrid. Valleja raised many difficulties on the score of the inconvenience or trouble he might occasion; but they were all overruled, and the contest of politeness terminated in the Count's accepting the hospitality thus cordially pressed upon him. The very next day he was installed in a splendid apartment in the house of Don José.

Several days, even weeks, elapsed, during which Valleja continued to be the inmate of the Casa Solano. He appeared very well pleased with his quarters, and, on the other hand, his hosts found no reason to regret the hospitality shown him. He soon became the spoiled child of the family; Don José could not make a meal without Valleja was there to chat with him about the Havannah; Rafael was the inseparable companion of his walks, rides, and out-door diversions; while the blooming Mariquita never seemed so happy as when the handsome Mexican was seated beside her embroidery frame, conversing with her in his low soft tones, or singing to the accompaniment of her guitar some of the wild melodies of his native country. Indeed, so marked were the Count's attentions to the young girl, and so favourably did she receive them, that more than one officious or well-meaning friend hinted to Don José the propriety of instituting some inquiry into the circumstances and antecedents of a man, who it seemed not improbable might eventually aspire to become his son-in-law. But the banker's prepossession in favour of Valleja was so strong that he gave little heed to these hints, contenting himself with writing to his correspondent at Mexico, expressing the pleasure he had had in making the Count's acquaintance, and receiving him as an inmate of his house; but without asking for any information concerning him. In fact, the letter Valleja had brought was such as to render any further inquiries nearly superfluous. It mentioned the Count as of a noble and respected family, and credited him to the amount of ten thousand dollars, a sum of sufficient importance to make it presumable that his means were ample.

Before Valleja had been three days at Madrid he had obtained his *entrée* to a house at which a number of idlers and fashionables were in the habit of meeting to play *monté*, the game of all others most fascinating to a Spaniard. Thither he used to repair each afternoon, accompanied by Rafael Solano, and there he soon made himself remarked by his judgment in play, and by the cool indifference with which he lost and won very considerable sums. For some time he was exceedingly successful. Every stake he put down doubled itself; he seemed to play with charmed money; and the bankers trembled when they saw him approach the table, and, after a glance at the state of the game, place a pile of golden ounces on a card, which almost invariably won the very

next moment. This lasted several days, and he began to be considered as invincible, when suddenly his good fortune deserted him, and he lost as fast, or faster, than he had previously won; so that after a fortnight of incessant bad luck, it was estimated by certain old gamblers who had taken an interest in watching his proceedings, that he had lost not only all his winnings, but a very considerable sum in addition. Rafael, who rarely played, and then only for small stakes, urged his friend to discontinue a game which he found so losing; but Valleja laughed at his remonstrances, and treated his losses as trifling ones, which a single day's good fortune might retrieve. Gambling is scarcely looked upon as a vice in Spain, and young Solano saw nothing unusual or blameable in the Count's indulging in his afternoon *juego*, or in his losing his money if it so pleased him, and if he thought an hour or two's excitement worth the large sums which it usually cost him. Indeed, the circumstance of their visits to the gaming-room appeared to him so unimportant, that it never occurred to him to mention it to his father or sister; and they, on their part, never dreamed of inquiring in what way the young men passed the few hours of the day during which they absented themselves from their society.

The monté-table which Valleja was in the habit of frequenting was situated on the third floor of a house in a narrow street leading out of the Calle Alcalá, within two or three hundred yards of the Casa Solano. Amongst the persons to be met there were many of the richest and highest in Madrid; generals and ministers, counts and marquises, and even grandees of Spain were in the habit of repairing thither to while away the long winter evenings or the sultriness of the summer day; and the play was proportionate to the high rank and great opulence of most of the players. The bank was held, as is customary in Spain, by the person who offered to put in the largest sum, the keeper of the room being remunerated by a certain tax upon the cards: a tax which, in this instance, was a heavy one, in order to compensate for the luxury displayed in the decoration and arrangements of the establishment. The three rooms were fitted up in the most costly manner; the walls lined with magnificent pier-glasses; the floor covered in winter with rich carpets, and in summer with the finest Indian matting; the furniture was of the newest French fashion. Splendid chandeliers hung from the ceiling; musical clocks stood upon the side-tables; the gilt balconies were filled with the rarest exotics and flowering plants. Two of the rooms were devoted to play; in the third, ices and refreshments awaited the parched throats of the feverish gamblers.

On a scorching June afternoon, about a month after Valleja's arrival at Madrid, the Mexican and Rafael left Don José's dwelling, and bent their steps in the usual direction. While ascending the well-worn stairs of the gaming-house, young Solano could not forbear addressing a remonstrance to his friend on the subject of his losses. Although the Count's perfect command over himself and his countenance made it very difficult for so young and inexperienced a man as Rafael to judge of what was passing in his mind, the latter, nevertheless, fancied that for three or four days past there had been a change in his demeanour denoting uneasiness and anxiety. It was not that he was duller or

more silent : on the contrary, his conversation was, perhaps, more brilliant and varied, his laugh louder and more frequent than usual, but there was a hollowness in the laugh, and a strained tone in the conversation, as if he were compelling himself to be gay in order to drive away painful thoughts—intoxicating himself with many words and forced merriment. Rafael attributed this to the annoyance caused by his heavy losses, and now urged him to discontinue his visits to the *monté-table*, at least for a time, or until his luck became better. The Count met the suggestion with a smile.

"My dear Rafael," cried he, gaily, "you surely do not suppose that the loss of a few hundred miserable ounces would be sufficient to annoy me for a moment? As to abandoning play, we should be puzzled then to pass the idle hour or two following the siesta. Besides that, it amuses me. But do not make yourself uneasy; I shall do myself no harm, and, moreover, I intend this very day to win back all my losings : I feel in the vein."

"I heartily hope you may do as you intend," said Rafael, laughing, quite reassured by his friend's cheerful, careless manner; and, as he uttered the words, the Count pushed open the door and they entered the *monté-room*.

The game was already in full activity and the play very high; the table strewn with the showy Spanish cards, on which, instead of the spades and diamonds familiar to most European cardplayers, suns and vases, sabres and horses were depicted in various and brilliant colours. An officer of the royal guard and a dry, snuffy old marquis held the bank, which had been very successful. Large piles of ounces and of four and eight dollar pieces were on the green cloth before them, as well as a roll of paper nearly treble the value of the specie. Twenty or thirty players were congregated round the table, while a few unfortunates, whose pockets had already been emptied, were solacing themselves with their cigars, and occasionally indulging in an oath or impatient stamp of the foot when they saw a card come up which they would certainly have backed—had they had money so to do. Two or three idlers were sitting on the low sills of the long French windows, reading newspapers and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers; protected from the reflected glare of the opposite houses, on which the sun was darting its rays, by awnings of striped linen that fell from above the windows, and hung over the outside of the small semicircular balconies.

After standing for a few minutes at the table, and staking a doubloon, which he instantly lost, Rafael Solano took up a paper and threw himself into an arm-chair, while Valleja remained watching with keen attention the various fluctuations of the cards. For some time he did not join in the game, rather to the astonishment of the other players, who were accustomed to see him stake his money, as soon as he entered the room, with an unhesitating boldness and confidence. Half an hour passed in this manner, and the presence of Valleja was beginning to be forgotten, when he suddenly drew a heavy rouleau of gold from his pocket and placed it upon a card. The game went on; Valleja lost, and with his usual *sang-froid* saw his stake thrown into the bank. Another followed, and a third, and a fourth. In four *coups* he had lost three thousand

dollars. Still not a sign of excitement or discomposure appeared upon the handsome countenance of the Mexican; only an officer who was standing by him observed, that a pack of the thin Spanish cards, which he had been holding in his hands, fell to the ground, torn completely in half by one violent wrench.

The four high stakes, so boldly played and so rapidly lost, rivetted the observation of the gamblers upon Valleja's proceedings. Everybody crowded round the table, and even the slight buzz of conversation that had before been heard, totally ceased. His attention attracted by this sudden stillness, Rafael rose from his chair and joined his friend. A glance at the increased wealth of the bank, and the eagerness with which all seemed to be awaiting Valleja's movements, made him conjecture what had occurred.

"You have lost," said he to the Count, "and heavily, I fear. Come, that will do for to-day. Let us go."

"Pshaw!" replied the Mexican, "a mere trifle, which you shall see me win back." And then turning to the banker, who was just commencing a deal,

"*Copo*," said he, "the king against the ace."

For the uninitiated in the mysteries of *monté*, it may be necessary to state, that by uttering these words Valleja bound himself, if an ace came up before a king, to pay an equal amount to that in the bank, as well as all the winnings of those who had backed the ace. If, on the other hand, the king won, the whole capital of the bank was his, as well as the stakes of those who bet against him.

"*Copo al Rey*."

There was a general murmur of astonishment. The bank was the largest that had been seen in that room since a certain memorable night, when King Ferdinand himself, being out upon one of the nocturnal frolics in which he so much delighted, had come up in disguise with an officer of his household, and lost a sum that had greatly advantaged the bankers and sorely diminished the contents of his Catholic Majesty's privy purse. There were at least twenty thousand dollars on the table in gold and paper, and besides that, scarcely had the Mexican uttered the name of the card he favoured, when, on the strength of his previous ill luck, some of the players put down nearly half as much more against it. The two bankers looked at each other: the guardsman shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows. Both movements were so slight as to be scarcely perceptible; but they were, nevertheless, excellently well observed and understood by his partner, the high-dried old Marquis, sitting opposite to him, who laid the pack of cards upon the table, their face to the cloth, and, after placing a piece of money on them to prevent their being disturbed by any chance puff of wind, opened his gold box, and took a prodigious pinch of snuff. Having done this with much deliberation, he let his hands fall upon his knees, and leant back in his chair with a countenance expressive of inexhaustible patience. The players waited for nearly a minute, but then began to grow impatient of the delay. At the first question put to the Marquis, as to its motive, he waved his hand towards Valleja.

"I am waiting for the *Señor Conde*," said he.

"For me?" replied Valleja. "It is unnecessary."

"There are about twenty thousand dollars in the bank," said the Marquis, leaning forward, and affecting to count the rouleaus lying before him, "and some eight thousand staked by these gentlemen. Will your Señoria be pleased to place a similar sum upon the table?"

Several of the gamblers exchanged significant glances and half smiles. The rule of the game required the player who endeavoured, as Valleja was doing, to annihilate the bank at one fell swoop, to produce a sum equal to that which he had a chance of carrying off. At the same time, in societies like this one, where the players were all more or less known to each other,—all men of rank, name, and fortune,—it was not unusual to play this sort of decisive coup upon parole, and, if lost, the money was invariably forthcoming the same day.

Valleja smiled bitterly.

"I thought I had been sufficiently known here," said he, "to be admitted to the same privilege as other players. Rafael," added he, turning to his friend and handing him a key, "your father's ten thousand dollars have melted, but I have a packet of notes and current securities to considerably more than the needful amount in the brass-bound box in my apartment. Will you have the kindness to fetch them for me? I do not wish to interrupt my observation of the game."

"With pleasure!" replied Rafael, taking the key, and eager to oblige his friend.

"And, perhaps," continued Valleja, smiling, and detaining him as he was about to hasten out of the room, "perhaps you will not object to tell these gentlemen, that until you return with the money they may take Luis Valleja's word for the sum he wishes to play."

"Most assuredly I will," answered the young man hastily, "and I am only sorry that the Señor Marques should have thought it advisable to put anything resembling a slight upon a friend of mine and my father's. Gentlemen!" he continued, to the bankers, "I offer you my guarantee for the sum Count Valleja is about to play."

The old Marquis bowed his head.

"That is quite sufficient, Don Rafael," said he. "I have the honour of knowing you perfectly well. His Señoria, the Count Valleja, is only known to me as Count Valleja, and I am certain that, on reflection, neither he nor you will blame me for acting as I do, when so heavy a sum is at stake."

Don Rafael left the room. The formal Marquis removed the piece of money from off the pack, and took up the cards with as much dry indifference as if he were no way concerned in the result of the important game that was about to be played. Valleja sauntered to the window, humming a tune between his teeth, and stepping out, pushed the awning a little aside, and leaned over the balcony.

The banker began to draw the cards, one after the other, slowly and deliberately. Nearly half the pack was dealt out without a king or an ace appearing. The players and lookers on were breathless with anxiety; the fall of a pin would have been audible; the tune which the Count continued to hum from his station on the balcony was heard in the stillness that reigned, as distinctly as though it had been thundered

out by a whole orchestra. Another card, and another, was drawn, and then—the decisive one appeared. The silence was immediately exchanged for a tumult of words and exclamations.

"*Que es eso ?*" said Valleja, turning half round, and smelling, as he spoke, at a superb flower, which he had just plucked from one of the plants in the balcony. "What's the matter?"

"The ace"—said the person nearest the window, who then paused and hesitated.

"Well!" said Valleja, with a sneer, "the ace—what then? It has won, I suppose."

"It has won."

"*Muy bien*. It was to be expected it would, since I went on the king." And, turning round again, he resumed his tune and his gaze into the street.

"*Ha de ser rico*," said the Spaniard to another of the players. "He must be rich. It would be difficult to take the loss of thirty thousand dollars more coolly than that."

Five minutes elapsed, during which the bankers were busy counting out their bank, in order to see the exact sum due to them by the unfortunate loser. When the jingle of money and rustle of paper ceased, Valleja looked round for the second time.

"How much is there, Señores?" cried he.

"Thirty thousand four hundred and thirty dollars, Señor Conde," replied the old Marquis, with a bow of profound respect for one who could bear such a loss with such admirable indifference.

"Very good," was the Count's answer; "and here comes the man who will pay it you."

Accordingly, the next minute a hasty step was heard upon the stairs. All eyes were turned to the door, which opened, and Rafael Solano entered.

"Where is the Count?" exclaimed he, in a hurried voice, and with a discomposed countenance.

Again every head was turned towards the window; but the Count had disappeared. At the same moment, from the street below, which was a quiet and unfrequented one, there arose an unusual uproar and noise of voices. The *monté* players rushed to the windows, and saw several persons collected round a man whom they were raising from the ground. His skull was frightfully fractured, and the pavement around sprinkled with his blood. Rafael and some others hurried down, but before they reached the street Count Luis Valleja had expired. The gambler's last stake had been his life.

When young Solano reached his father's house, and, repairing to the Count's apartment, opened the desk of which Valleja had given him the key, he found that it contained neither notes nor anything else of value, but merely a few worthless papers. Astonished at this, and, in spite of his prepossession in favour of the Count, feeling his suspicions a little roused by what he could hardly consider an oversight, he hurried back to the *monté*-room, where his arrival served as the signal for the catastrophe that has been related.

The same evening the amount lost was paid by Rafael Solano into the

hands of the winners. The following day the body of the Count was privately interred.

After the lapse of a few weeks, there came a letter from Mexico in reply to the one which Don José Solano had written to announce the arrival of Valleja. His Mexican correspondent wrote in all haste, anxious, if still possible, to preserve Don José from becoming the dupe of a swindler. The Conde de Valleja, he said, was the last and unworthy scion of a noble and once respected family. From his early youth he had made himself remarkable, as well for the vices of his character as for the skill with which he concealed them under a mask of agreeable accomplishments and fascinating manners. His father dying shortly after he became of age, had left him the uncontrolled master of his fortune, which he speedily squandered; and when it was gone, he lived for some time by the exercise of his wits, and by preying on all who were sufficiently credulous to confide in him. At length, having exhausted every resource,—when no man of honour would speak to him, and no usurer lend him a maravedi at any rate of interest,—he had, by an unworthy artifice, duped the very last person who took any interest in him out of a few hundred dollars, and taken ship at Vera Cruz for Europe.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the letter of credit was a forgery.

OUR EARLY LOVED.

Our early loved—how their memory clings
To the hearts that love no more!
Like a rose that still in its sweetness springs
Where a garden's pride is o'er.
Though the weeds and thorns may have long defaced
The place of the perished flowers,
Yet that lingerer gladdens the cheerless waste
With the bloom of its brighter hours.

Our early loved—hath their after-path
From our steps far parted been,—
Hath the hand of power, or the flame of wrath,
On life's barriers risen between?
Yet still, in our dreams, their shadows come
Through the parting waste of years,
Though the path is marked with many a tomb,
And its sands are wet with tears.

They come, with a light left far behind
On the distant mountain's brow,
Where the sunrise shone on the waking mind
That is dark with shadows now :
But even as the morning star returns
To brighten the evening shades,
So the lamp of their memory brighter burns
As the spirit's daylight fades.

Our early loved—have we found them changed
In the gloom of our winter days,
And their bright locks blanched, and their looks estranged,
Till they scarce return our gaze.
But far in the land where storms or time
Can no longer sear or chill,
In the light of our memory's cloudless clime
We will find them changeless still.

Hath the grass on the grave grown rankly green,
Where we laid so long ago
Our first affections, all unseen,
In their deep and quenchless glow ?
Alas ! for the dust so darkly piled
O'er the bright but buried gem ;
But safe are the treasures death hath sealed,
For there comes no change on them.

We may love again, and the later ties
Of life may be bright and strong,
But if broken, never in memory's eyes
Will their fragments shine so long :
And the shrines of our childhood's stainless faith
We may leave them far and cold,
But the heart still turns to the stars of youth
With a love that ne'er grows old.

FRANCES BROWN.

STANFORD,

Feb. 15th, 1844.

A TALE OF ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.

DURING his sojourn in London, my good friend Leland Oldentime was far more willing, as the reader may suppose from his confessions, to bend his footsteps eastward than towards the West-end. Indeed, had it not been that Westminster Hall still remained as of yore, and the Abbey, that true and impressive "Pictorial History of England," still lifted its venerable head, I doubt whether he would have condescended even to pass Temple-bar. What was the fashionable part of the town to him?—a fragment of old London-wall was worth all the miracles of lath-and-plaster art in all Regent-street. What were the "lions" of the West-end to him, now that Exeter Change, and its real live ones, had been swept away? But yet, there was *one* lion still left, to whom he delighted sometimes to go in duteous pilgrimage, and to whom I verily believe he could have taken off his hat in a fit of antiquarian enthusiasm,—that noble lion "passant," as the heralds say, with such a dignified turn of the head, and swinge of his long tail, the lion of the Seymours, which still keeps guard above the gateway of Northumberland House.

There he stands, looking calmly down upon the cabs and omnibuses, the asphaltum pavement, policemen, and gas-lights, just as he did upon the lumbering hackney-coaches, the "ancient and most honourable watchmen," and the darkness-made-visible lamps of a past generation; just as he did upon the velvet caroches with their masked ladies and plumed gallants; the falconers in the royal livery, with hooded hawk on hand; the water-bearers with their iron-bound tankards; the gallant processions of masquers bound to Whitehall to enact some quaint masque of rare Ben Jonson, or the merry revellers that swept by on May morning; all that motley, but more picturesque crowd of a still earlier day. That noble old lion! What stirring scenes in English history has *he* beheld! I verily believe my good old friend would have parted with half his fortune to some learned adept, some brother of the Rosy Cross, who would have promised to provide that lion with a tongue.

Truly it was comforting to the vexed antiquary, among so many sorrowful seekings after what was no longer to be found, to see the screen of Northumberland House, and its venerable lion, still remaining *in statu quo*.

"There are not so many relics of the past at the West-end," said he, glancing a reproachful look toward Trafalgar-square, "that they could afford to turn everything to the rightabout in this manner. And strange too it seems to me, that the feeling which deems the ancient family worthy of honour should not bestow an equal honour on the ancient place. But look at your fashionable localities; why New York and Boston can furnish antiquity as venerable. How does Miss Lealie, in

her pretty account of the old churchyard in Boston, describe, with a kind of antiquarian feeling, the quaintly-carved cherubs, the mouldering letters, and the crumbling stone, bearing date 1630, and give a prose picture of the fine old house with 1640 inscribed on its gable? Well, modern as this would appear to us, it is yet a higher antiquity than all the fashionable squares can boast. Why, only a hundred and twenty years ago Grosvenor-square was mere pasture ground; Piccadilly the great thoroughfare, not for carriages, but for hucksters' carts and hay waggons, while May-fair—aristocratic, exclusive May-fair—was a most unaristocratic spot, the site of a fair held in the Brookfield, which at length was presented by the Westminster jury, as prosing John Strype informs us, 'by cause of the yearly riotous and tumultuous assembly therein,' and which was in consequence suppressed."

"Yes, if Master John Strype were to rise from the dead, surprised as he would be at the changes in old London, he would stare around him with greater surprise here," I remarked.

"That would he; and amusing indeed is it, to turn over his cumbrous folios with their 'full, true, and particular account' of every street, court, and alley, in existence 'in the year of grace 1720.' The Haymarket, 'a spacious street, full of inns on account of the market for hay;' Drury-lane, worthy of notice only account of 'my Lord Craven's house having a large yard, and at the back a handsome garden;' Compton-street, 'a very dirty, narrow, ill-built street, and ill-inhabited,' which is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that it was in the immediate neighbourhood of 'Knaves'-acre,' a locality apparently most appropriately named.

"And then the list of inns in Piccadilly, 'as you turn the corner;' and its courts, 'Saddler's-court, which is small and mean;' 'Maggot's-court, which is a pretty handsome place, with a freestone pavement;' and then the great 'lion' of that quarter, 'Burlington-house, built by my Lord Burlington,' and the illustrative bird's-eye view, 'prospective,' as he calls it, where you see the house right in the middle of the picture, with a garden of clipped trees before and behind; and beyond the back garden, fields, and ladies walking with fly-caps and fans, and a maid milking a cow, just above the stack of chimneys. Well may any one tell, by that goodly picture, that in master John Strype's day there was an uninterrupted view from Piccadilly to Harrow-on-the-hill." And the worthy antiquary shook his head as though he wished that that view had still continued uninterrupted.

"No," continued he, after a pause, "for historical recollections we must keep, as the old song says, 'all by the river side;' and there,—what reminiscences of the long past—what crowding memories of the Tudors, the Plantagenets; though still, even there, how inferior to those which old London, London within the walls—alas! how few fragments remain of *them*—can supply."

"Nay, remember Thorney Island, and the toiling fisherman, and the vision of St. Peter, and the angels which graced the foundation of yonder abbey in the time of Sebert, king of the East Saxons, more than three centuries before the Conquest."

My friend shook his head; he evidently viewed the story as apocry-

phal. "Well, even were it so," said he, "it proves that no town, nor even village, was there; besides, look to that most curious and valuable of our ancient documents, Domesday-book, and what record do we find of Westminster? I love to look over the Domesday Survey of Middlesex, and picture to myself the people, their occupations, the wide woods, the small patches of arable land, the wider pastures, the scattered dwellings, where now for centuries brick and mortar have driven all thoughts of country far away. What says it of the royal city of Westminster?—that it had twenty-five houses, belonging to the men of the abbey; that the abbey itself owned above a thousand acres of pasture land, besides licence to feed a hundred swine in the woods there; and one Bainard had licence to feed another hundred also. This Bainard was some one of importance; for it is farther said, that he pays rent for 'a vineyard three arpents in extent, newly planted.'"

"And this is all the record of Westminster! Well, is aught said of the church yonder, now so inappropriately named St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, or of the district beyond?"

"Nought; for the 'fields' were not as yet reclaimed from the forest; and all the record we have of the north-west is, so many score of swine fed where Tottenham-court-road stands; and fifty, belonging to the Abbess of Barking, enjoying themselves on mast and acorns in the vicinity of Great Marlborough-street. No—slowly were the old oaks of the forest of Middlesex cut down, and slowly indeed did a scanty population gather around the lowly church of St. Martin, which still stood in the fields, even when yonder noble lion first looked down from his high vantage ground on the scene beneath him.

"The church of St. Martin, however, became an object of interest to the ancient inhabitants of London, at a very early period—indeed soon after its foundation—while as yet the Strand was a miry way, crossed by two or three streams; and ere the Stone Cross, erected as a justice-seat for the king's justices in eyre, to judge without delay of justice, the strong thieves, whose 'whereabouts' was in that vicinity, had been cast down to make room for the Maypole, which in its turn was removed to make room for the church of St. Mary-le-Strand. Ay, there were strong thieves between London and Westminster in those days, and there were cunning ones, too, and strange adventures here, as poor Fabian de Knyveton found to his cost; and as King Edward, the 'ruthless King' of the poet, and the 'English Justinian' of Hume, also found to his cost, when they ransacked his Exchequer, and carried off plate and jewels enough to have set up three kings in housekeeping, or a sultan and his vizier too, in the famed city of Bagdad. Shall I tell you the story?"

"Most willingly."

"Well, then:—

Whatever varieties of idols men in different ages and countries have fallen down to and worshipped, one has received universal homage—gold. And this idol, gold, while it has incited more active minds to work, to strive, to fight, to plough the ocean, to attain its benefits, has been the source of many a longing dream, many a wild fancy to the

imaginative; and hence the notion of vast treasures buried in the earth, and to be obtained by courage, spell, or talisman, belongs to the common stock of universal superstition. Our forefathers devoutly believed in these fables of hidden treasures; fables derived from their Teutonic ancestors; and, as they placed strength of arm, and a stout heart, among their choicest possessions, so they fabled that these hidden spoils were only to be obtained by the bold one who would seek out the "golde-horde"—like Beowulf, in that fine old Saxon epic; and do battle with the gallant serpent that, in panoply of glittering scales, and armed with poisonous breath, and triple row of teeth, kept a sleepless watch over his guarded treasure; and tales of bold hearts winning countless wealth—perchance a fair lady too—in this romantic way, often beguiled the winter evening; and even to the present day there is scarcely a remote village where such a tale may not still be found.

Among our London forefathers such tales were very popular; although, as commerce advanced and men became more familiar with tales of eastern marvels, the serpent, or dragon, began to play a subordinate part, and the modified legend now told how the dream, or the hazel rod, pointed to the lucky spot, and how talisman, or rhymed incantation, insured success to the adventurer. When we remember the wealth of Roman Britain, and the buried treasure that has at various times been discovered, it will not appear unlikely that, during the Saxon earlier occupation of London, many such "hordes," in the vicinity of the old Roman ways, should have been actually found.

Certain it is that at an early period—ere the close of Cœur de Lion's reign—the belief that there was much buried treasure near London prevailed. This belief was probably nearly lost sight of during the wars and strifes of King John's and the third Henry's reigns; but when, toward the close of the first Edward's reign, the monarch's exactions pressed heavily on the citizens, and the shamefully-debased coinage was called in, to their great inconvenience and loss, the story of hidden treasures, naturally enough, recurred to their minds; and, from the curious old "Chronicle of London," we learn that in "this yere (1300) the men of London went and searched the churche of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields for tresor of golde, thro' the wordes of a gardener, who saide there was a golde-horde, but they founde noughte." Although it appears they did not find gold, the sequel informs us that they found they had incurred high ecclesiastical censure, for the Dean of St. Paul's, by command of the Archbishop, "denouncyd them all accursed, openlye, at the crosse of St. Paul's, that searchede, as was saide."

So far the chronicle—but the days were well nigh passed in London, when the anathema of the Dean of St. Paul's could produce much effect; so old Peter de Welsford, the scribe of Paternoster-row, who had been principal, it was said, among these treasure-seekers, and who stood among the crowd at Paul's-Cross, only pulled his hood closer round his ears, and deliberately walked home to his pork and pease-porridge; while, by way of counteracting the Dean's anathema, he opened a flask of his choicest malvoisie, and sent to brother Elfric, one of the most celebrated preachers among the Grey Friars, to aid him; not only in finishing the wine, but in discussing the benefits of the

"voluntary system," which certainly had "worked well" for the Grey Friars. But although Dean and Archbishop too, were indignant to find so little effect had followed their joint denunciations—not one of the treasure-seekers having even suffered from a passing fit of the cramp—and although, from the contempt with which established ecclesiastical authority was treated, they agreed that some very grievous judgments were coming on the land, these dignitaries took no further steps, well knowing they could obtain little aid from the royal power. So they contented themselves with suspending the parson of St. Martin's for allowing such doings in his church, directing the gardener and two subordinates to be turned away; and—which was, perhaps, the most effectual of all—causing a strong double lock to be placed on the church door, and commanding that it should be kept closed, from complin to the morning service.

Ere long, the dream of the "golde-horde" faded from men's minds. Trade increased, the exactions of the King were not quite so exorbitant; and when about three years after, the story of the robbery of the King's Exchequer filled all minds with wonder, both at the extent of the property taken, and the mysterious manner in which it had been effected, we doubt if even the church-door had been left wide open, whether a single treasure-seeker would have thought of entering.

The King was enraged, as was very natural, at this wholesale robbery; and, deeming the monks of Westminster to have had a share in the spoil, he committed many of them to the Tower. He also caused strict inquiry to be made throughout the twenty-four wards of the city as to the stolen property; but although a portion was recovered, much, and among it several valuable jewels, was undiscovered. The story of the robbery of the King's Exchequer wore away in time, and now the talk was about the failing health of the King, and his Scottish victories; and these, mingled with pleasant remarks about the approaching festival, at which the King's son was to be made a knight, formed the chief topics of conversation among the Londoners.

A pleasant sight on springtide evenings was it to see the youth of the city pouring out at the different gates into the fields; some with bows and arrows, some with huge footballs, some walking with their elder companions engaged in pleasant converse, or standing beside the fountains, where, as though in imitation of eastern custom, a goodly number of both young and old were generally gathered. Very pleasant were these gatherings by the fountain side to the old citizens. There the latest news circulated, there the most important topics of city politics were discussed, and there all the scholarship of the city were accustomed to assemble to signalize themselves in "the war of words," a war which occasionally, such was the belligerent spirit of the age, ended in a less figurative warfare. And around the well of St. Clement, just beside the lowly church dedicated to that saint, seated on the soft green sward, and canopied by the trees now bright in their springtide livery, a goodly number of youths in their scholars' gowns were assembled ready to begin their disputation; and Magister Simon de Bordesley, a sergeant learned in the law, and Master Peter de Walsford, whom we have already introduced to the reader, were seated in solemn

state beneath the aged elm that flung its branches across St. Clement's well, as umpires.

Ere the disputation commenced, an old man, staff in hand, was observed crossing from the Strand, then a miry road quite open to the river, toward this group; and he courteously inquired for Master Peter de Welsford, the scribe of Paternoster-row. Master Peter was soon pointed out, and, with dignified courtesy, the old man addressed him, stating he was a traveller from beyond the seas, and charged with a kind message from Julian Hatherley, now a professor in the University of Salamanca. At this name the young scholars pressed eagerly round the old man; for Julian Hatherley had some twenty years ago, so said their fathers, occupied no little share of the citizens' attention, he having preferred the life of a wandering student to the well-filled coffers and warehouses of his uncle, and having, even before he finally left, obtained the name of a great "philosofre."

It was pleasant to hear that old man talk about the learned men he had met in his travels; about the wonderful discoveries that had been made at that celebrated university; about the high repute in which Julian Hatherley was held both by Moor and Christian; and then, with a kind smile, he bade the youths around him take heed, and not trifle away the golden days of their youths, but be diligent and upright, and full of good deeds, for then who could tell what wondrous discoveries heaven might vouchsafe to them.

The youths listened with breathless attention, for there was something strangely captivating in that old man; but one among their number stood with his eyes rivetted on him as though spell-bound. This was Fabian de Knyveton, a young man, a distant relation of Master Peter de Welsford, who had been intended for the law, and been sent to Oxford, but who, on the sudden death of his father, and the loss of his little property, had come back to London to endeavour to procure a subsistence for himself and his mother. No common youth was Fabian de Knyveton: he had been first scholar at the school of St. Martin's-le-Grand, he had excited much attention at Oxford, and it was unhesitatingly said, that his would be no ordinary career, but that in time, did heaven grant him leisure to pursue his studies, he might become Recorder of London, or even one of the king's judges. But, although Fabian studied diligently, the dull technicalities of the law were not his choice, and he often turned aside to the more congenial pursuits of romance and poetry. The middle ages were poetical, although albums and annuals were unknown, perhaps because they were so; and therefore when a pretty song, written by the young law-student, was sung far and wide, that is, far and wide throughout the city, nobody shook his head and prophesied that the young writer would turn out good for nothing, but people began to think that a place about the court, or to go on some mission to foreign lands, would be most suitable to talents superior as his were. And so poor Fabian thought, and so he wished; but how was he to obtain an introduction at court? Still, youth feeds upon hope, and finds it a right pleasant, though unsubstantial diet; so from day to day he wandered forth in the fields, indulging many golden dreams, arranging many admirable chances, which might *perhaps* come

to pass, until one day, standing just beside the stone wall that girdled round the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, an old man at arms, lame and wounded, earnestly asked his charity. Young Fabian was touched with the sad story, the more so as he had in childhood known the man when he was a stalwart forester in the woods hard by, so he opened his purse and placed two thin silver coins in his hand. Alas! there were but two now remaining; where should *he* look for more? "I have indulged in these idle dreams too long," said he; and hastily taking his way back to the city, he offered himself as assistant to Master Peter de Welsford, and quietly sat down at the scribe's desk to write out Paternosters, or to copy dull verses for other people, instead of making them himself. Now, the witching converse of that old man reawakened in his mind all the pleasant visions which had been so long banished. Right gladly did he hear Peter de Welsford courteously invite the old man to his house, and when, with a pleasant smile, he promised to come, and, when advancing close to Fabian, he whispered, "fail not to meet me beside this well ere sunrise to-morrow morning," the young man felt as though he was almost beside himself with joy; but he knew not what was to come.

"A wondrous man that, and I doubt not a great 'philosofre,'" said the scribe of Paternoster-row, as he turned toward the Bar, just beside the house and church of the Templars, for the old man had held the whole company in such pleasant converse that the disputation had never been thought of.

"He is, indeed," said Fabian.

"And he spoke to you; know you aught of him?"

"I met him last year at Oxford," was the reply, "where he aided Magister Nicholas, of St. Frideswide, in seeking for hidden treasures."

"Ah! I fear me that is but an idle dream, although brother Elfric saith treasure hath been found by the art of the philosopher," said the scribe, and he shook his head as he remembered his long and fruitless watchings in the little church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

"Surely nought can withstand the philosopher," said Fabian, warmly. "Readeth he not the stars? Seeth he not the things that are yet to come? Then is it strange if he, in dreams or in charmed mirror, should see where the treasures of past times are hidden?"

"Surely not. I tried long, and in vain; but this old man has, doubtless, more wondrous skill. Found he aught at Oxford?"

"I never knew, in sooth; if they had it would have been unwise to have told it."

"Ay, truly; what with the lord-king, and what with the lords-bishops, little had remained for them. Well, 'tis a learned man, and I would ask him what were best to be done, if I were you, Fabian, for I would ye had a better service than with me."

"Many thanks, kind Master Welsford; I trust better fortune is at hand."

The young man paused; he was unwilling to tell all to Master Peter, else he could have told how, just when he had received the news of his father's dangerous illness, and how his venture of three hundred marks' worth of wool had been lost by the vessel being taken by a Norway

pirate; how, as he was standing disconsolately beside St. Frideswide's Church, that very old man had told him to live in hope of better days, and bade him go to London, and from time to time walk in the fields between St. Clement's Well and the church of St. Martin, until he should meet him again. This he could have told, and further, how that the old man had bade him not to be cast down, however long the delay, for, if not before, at all events within a year and a day he would meet him again. Yes, it was on the 18th of April, the eve of St. Alphege, that this was said, and now, on the very eve of St. Alphege, he had returned again!

Fabian had bade good even to the scribe at the corner of the low stone-wall just beside St. Paul's bell-tower, and hastened home, full of glad expectations. "Better times are dawning, dear mother," said he; but the mother smiled mournfully, for age feeds not upon hope.

Almost ere dawn, before the city gates were open, was Fabian standing beside King Lud's Gate, and as the huge doors heavily swung back he bounded forth and hurried towards St. Clement's Well.

Did his eyes deceive him in the grey, tremulous light? Surely there were figures moving to and fro: there was a female figure, too, tall and stately, clad in a rich mantle: he turned his head, for he thought he heard footsteps behind him, and when he again looked there was the sparkling and abundant spring bubbling up among the well-worn stones, but no living being could be seen. He approached its margin slowly, and close beside, the old man of whom he was in search was sitting with his eyes fixed upon the well-spring.

The old man lifted his head and greeted Fabian kindly, but he marked the earnest looks which he cast around: "Hast thou seen aught, my son?" said he; and when the young man described the figures which he fancied had appeared to him, the old man looked at him with earnest astonishment. "Thou art highly favoured, my son," said he; "it is not to every one that spirits like these are visible. Say to no one what thou hast seen, and they will still watch over thee."

This advice was in accordance with the universal belief of the age; for saints, and angels, and demons were not the sole supernatural agents believed to take part in the affairs of men. Celtic mythology had peopled the groves, but especially the streams and fountains, with that poetical race, the fairies—not the tiny beings of a later day, but such as play so important a part in the romances of the middle ages; and the inhabitant of London, like the Welsh peasant in the present day, firmly believed both the value of fairy favours, and the necessity of profound secrecy to preserve them.

"Thou art highly favoured, my son," continued the old man. "Methought when I first saw thee thou hadst courage, and energy, and enterprise; now is the time to use them—art thou willing?"

"Right willing," was the eager reply.

The old man drew a scroll from beneath his mantle, and opened it. It was written in strange characters, and he pored attentively over it. "Not to-night," said he, at length, "but three mornings hence meet me here, as thou hast this morning, ere sunrise."

Fabian bade the old man farewell, and retraced his steps, marvelling

much at what he had seen, and wishing the third morning to arrive that he might learn what the old man would have him do.

And the third morning arrived; and eagerly, though not without awe, did Fabian take his way to St. Clement's Well. There were the sweet waters gushing forth and making pleasant music on the stones, but no one was there, and he looked around disappointed. As he turned to retrace his steps, there was a slight rustling among the trees; surely that tall and stately figure which he had before seen in that dim twilight was there—and there were whisperings; should he flee, or stay? Not long did he deliberate, for the old man approached. "Hast seen aught again, my son?" said he. Fabian told him.

"Thrice favoured art thou, my son," said the old man, sitting down; "for, whatever may be the difficulties, thy success is now sure. Thou hast heard of the 'golde-horde,' said to be within St. Martin's Church, and how many of the citizens, and good Peter de Welsford among them, sought for it in vain. That 'golde-horde' still remains untouched; but it is just without-side the churchyard, and therefore was not found. Wondrous is the treasure buried there; not of gold and jewels alone, but of curious talismans and precious parchments, more valuable to the scholar than the riches of the East. Wherefore should they remain buried in the earth? My good youth, thine arm is strong, thy courage is high; wilt thou not dig them up?"

"Right willingly," said Fabian.

"Then meet me just beside Ludgate an hour after curfew."

Fabian returned, but the day appeared long to him; and at the appointed hour, an hour when the greater portion of the inhabitants of London were at rest, he met the mysterious old man, who passed the city gate unchallenged by the warder, and they were soon on their road to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

It was a dreary road; and right before them the Stone Cross rose, looking spectral in the faint moonlight. As they approached, some one seemed beside it. "Go onward, my son, and fear not," said the old man: "I will follow thee." Slowly Fabian journeyed onward, and at length reached the chapel of St. Mary Rouncevals, beside which the path to St. Martin's Church turned off.

"I stayed beside the cross but to ask a blessing on our errand," said the old man coming up. "Blessed be the saints, we are just at the spot."

The old man drew forth a lantern, which had been concealed beneath his cloak, pointed to a spade that lay beside the church wall, and with eager haste did the young man begin his task.

The bells chimed for Lauds—the midnight service—ere that task was done; but then a large stone appeared, which the old man and his companion with difficulty removed, and then, silver cups filled to the brim with bezants of bright red gold, jewelled girdles, brooches, bracelets of antique form, and gems of dazzling splendour, met their eyes.

"The golde-horde, indeed!" exclaimed the astonished young man.

The old man leaned down toward the glimmering light, and peered intently over the scroll. "There is yet more treasure," said he, "but morning will dawn ere ye can find it, so replace the stone, throw in the

earth, and to-morrow night we will repair hither again." This was done; and Fabian, bearing the precious spoils, accompanied the old man homeward.

They passed the Stone Cross, and, weary with the weight of his precious burden, Fabian leaned against the high bank just over against St. Clement's Church. "You are weary, my son," said the old man, "and it might raise suspicion were this burden brought through Ludgate; take it therefore to St. Clement's Well,—I would go with you, but I am sorely aweary,—so take it thither, and lay it down on the further side, just beneath the white thorn, and place three green sods over it."

The young man hesitated. "Strong thieves are about, good father," said he; "were it not better that we remained here with it till morning?"

"Do my bidding, my son, and fear not," replied the old man; "know you not how yonder blessed well is guarded?—know you not that the thorn-bush and the well-spring are under the especial guardianship of the bright beings thou hast twice seen there? Go, then, and do my bidding; but remember, as thou leavest, look not behind thee."

Fabian dragged his burden to the margin of St. Clement's Well;—there was a rustling of leaves, and by the faint light of the setting moon, he thought he saw shadows pass over the face of the pebbly basin beside the spring. With awe, not unmixed with terror, he drew aside the boughs of the thorn-bush, and found just beneath a cavity large enough to receive the treasure. He hastily cut three sods from the green sward, at a short distance, placed them above, and proceeded with quickened steps towards the high road. Just as he turned away peals of light, merry laughter rang from behind the thorn-bush; but Fabian remembered the warning, and without looking back, hastened away.

With a glad heart Fabian arose in the morning: much did his mother, and much did Peter de Welsford, wonder at his joyous looks. "He hath had pleasant dreams, I'll warrant me," said the scribe; and the young man, gaily laughing, acknowledged that he had. The hours wore on, and, as Fabian quitted the desk where he had toiled all day, the vesper bell—that pleasant summons, for it told of ended labour and return to home—rang out its silvery chime.

"I will go and return thanks for past protection," said he, "and pray for a blessing on to-night's labour."

He turned aside from the lofty cathedral, and took his way toward the church of the Grey Friars, where Christ Church, Newgate-street, now stands, and knelt down.

Just as the service concluded a shrouded figure who had knelt beside him turned and whispered, "Beware!"

Fabian looked hastily round. "What mean you?" said he.

The stranger again whispered, "Meet me in the porch," and hurried away.

Fabian hastened to the church porch; it was crowded as usual with friends and neighbours, each having something to say; but at length the stranger came up. "Good Master Fabian, I am come hither expressly to warn you," said he: "it was your bounty that aided me to

go back to my friends, so heaven forbid that I should not do you all the service in my power."

"But wherefore this warning; and who are you?" said Fabian.

"My good youth, I have just been seeking ye," said another voice—it was the old man's, and he hastily seized Fabian's arm—"Away, I have much to tell."

The stranger stretched forth his hand, and grasped Fabian's cloak tightly, "Listen but for a moment," said he.

"Another time, good man," said Fabian, hastily disengaging himself.

"He is gone!" said the stranger, clasping his hands; "how shall I now warn him!"

Meanwhile, the old man and his companion walked hastily along. "I would ye went with me to the well," said he, "for I cannot find the treasure, though I have searched diligently."

"Impossible!" said Fabian; "I did your bidding in every point—what can have come to pass?"

"My son, didst thou sprinkle water from the well over it?"

"Surely not, but I did all your bidding."

"Heard ye aught?"

"Laughter, loud and merry."

"But thou lookedst not back?"

"Surely not."

"'Tis well. You know, my son, how greatly evil spirits grudge that hidden treasures should be found. Now, they had no power over thee, else had they appeared on the spot; but they doubtless seized the treasure even as thou didst leave it."

"But it was left beneath the white thorn, good father—let us go thither even now," said the disappointed young man.

"Not now, my son, see how the folk are flocking thither. Well, thanks to heaven, much treasure yet remains, so saith the scroll; and mighty talismans too, by which we may win again even all we have lost. But the work is great; so let us sit down here and spend the time till after curfew in prayer." The old man sat down on a pleasant bank which overlooked the daisied slopes toward the well and the green pastures on the other side the Strand, and the broad fair river in the distance; but he looked not at the scene around him, for he took out a small missal and sat diligently reading it, until the fading light bade him close the book.

Darkness came on—it was a cloudy night; and when the London curfews tolled out, young Fabian looked anxiously around, for the warning of the stranger haunted his mind, and he half wished he had never dreamed of hidden treasures.

The hour arrived; they set forth in silence, and proceeded to the spot. The place seemed undisturbed, the spade lay just beneath the wall, and Fabian began his labour. The large stone was removed, but there was earth and rubbish beneath. "Fear not, faint not," said the old man, "your spade even now strikes upon the stone chest."

It was so—the joint efforts of the old man and his young companion could scarcely lift it; but when placed on the ground and opened, what gorgeous gems met their eyes!

"This is worth labouring for," said the old man, exultingly; "but hark! Surely there was a sound of footsteps? No, it was a distant echo."

"There are voices," said Fabian,

"The fiends envy our spoil," said the old man; "but fight them bravely."

The doctrine of impalpable ghosts and demons was unknown to our forefathers; the departed spirit walked with as heavy a tread as the living man; and the fight with an evil spirit required the same strength of arm as the fight with a strong thief: so when Fabian saw himself surrounded by dark figures, and in the grasp of a powerful hand, he laid about him stoutly, repeating all the while his night-spell, nor until a cloak was thrown over his head, and his hands were tied behind him, did he find that he had been fighting with mortal men.

"You may leave off your night-spell, my fair sir," said one, "for your shrift will be but short I promise ye."

The bewiltiered young man was hurried along, whither he knew not; but at length they stopped and uncovered his eyes, and he found himself beside the Stone Cross in the Strand, and right over against him stood out the tall gibbet on the pale sky.

"What have I done? why am I here?" said he.

"Methinks ye should know best, master outlaw, for stealing the king's plate from the Exchequer, and then aiding yonder old Fleming in carrying it off from where ye had buried it."

"I am no outlaw; I know nought, save about the 'golde-horde.'"

"Ay, master outlaw, 'tis all well, but your time is short, and we wait but for the priest to shrive you."

"I am no outlaw; wait but till morning; many, many friends have I yonder in London."

A mounted man at arms advanced. "Bring on the prisoner forthwith to the palace of Westminster," said he; "Sir Philip Lovel will examine him."

The hapless young man lifted his head at these words, "O take me not before him," he cried.

He was hurried along; and ere he was aware, was standing in the Antioch chamber, and the eyes of the king's chancellor sternly fixed on him.

"And wherefore did a young man, a citizen, turn aside from an honest calling, to join with such dishonest company?" said he.

Poor Fabian was silent, for he was wholly bewildered, when a stranger advanced. "Good Sir Philip, this young man is innocent, as I can shortly prove."

"Who are you?"

"An old man at-arms, who returned discharged from Gascoigny last summer, sick and sorely wounded. I met good Master Fabian in the fields just by the church of St. Martin's, and I asked an alms. He had but four silver pieces in his purse, but he gave me two, and walked away. I was standing just beside the church, and thus I bethought me of St. Martin, how he divided his only cloak with a beggar, and methought this young man had done like him. So I knelt down and

prayed that the time might come when I might do him good service for his kindness to me. I went to my native place, and only the night before last returned. The gates were shut, the night was pleasant, so I wrapped myself in my cloak, and lay down behind the thorn-bush beside St. Clement's Well. There I saw the vile companions of that old man, and heard their laughter as my kind friend laid down his burthen, and I watched and saw the old man and two women carry it away. I went and waited about, but could not find Master Fabian, until we met in the church. He heeded not my warning, so I went to Father Gervase, the Prior, and told him all. He gave notice to the captain of the watch and ward, and we both watched behind the church-wall."

"It is true," said the Prior, coming forward, "this worthy young man hath been beguiled by the delusions of that wicked old man, who was sent over by those who robbed the King's Exchequer, to convey away the spoil which they had not been able to take with them. Two women and a feeble old man were unable to dig it up, and therefore did poor Fabian de Knyveton fall into their snare."

"Is *that* your name," said the chancellor.

"It is, Sir Philip," said the Prior of the Grey Friars, "and Alice Knyveton is at hand, ready to greet her brother, if he at length so wills it."

"Most gladly," cried the chancellor, "I have no reason to be ashamed of my nephew, though," added he, smiling, "he hath broken the heads of half a dozen of the king's watch and ward."

Soon did Alice Knyveton repair to the king's palace, and warmly greet the brother from whom she had been many years separated; and prosperous was the career of young Fabian; and when, many years after, he sat in scarlet and ermine on the steps of the Stone Cross in the Strand, to administer justice, that justice was always tempered with mercy; for his thoughts turned back with deep gratitude to that night, when a prisoner, and unpitied, he stood there—that eventful night, when he sought for the "golde-horde," beside the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

H. L.

THE TEMPLAR'S SUMMONS.

On Seine's bright banks, at early day,
 The fatal pile was raised ;
 And on the fearful pagentry
 A gathered city gazed :
 For banners fair were floating there
 O'er knightly shield and spear ;
 And a monarch sate in solemn state
 With prelate, prince, and peer.

But there were three, that fettered stood
 Where fagots round them lay,
 More stately in their fearless mood
 Than all that proud array :
 For peasants came to mark the spot,
 And warriors came to sigh,
 And the King to seize his triumph ; but
 The Templars came to die !

Oh, had they thought to perish thus
 When, on the Paynim shore,
 To far Caucasus' trackless snows
 Their conquering Cross they bore !
 For many a green and glorious grave
 They left in distant lands,
 To die, as ill became the brave,
 With scorn, and fettered hands.

They were but three : and two were old
 , And stately in their age,
 For o'er them many a storm had rolled
 In life's long pilgrimage.
 But all of mortal pains or woes
 Had left their tearless eyes,
 For one was gazing on the Cross,
 And one upon the skies :

And one, the youngest of the three,
Whose proudly pallid brow
Still spoke of martial sovereignty,
Though marred and furrowed now—
He cast no glance on earth or sky,
On holy cross or book,
But on that mighty Monarch's face
He fix'd a steadfast look.

There was no passion in that gaze,
Its light was cold and clear,
And yet, amid his splendour's blaze,
The Monarch shook with fear.
And on the gathered thousands fell
A silence, deep and dread,
As thus, amid the kindled pile,
That noble Templar said :

“ The King, whose hate and wrath for us
Prepared this fiery tomb ;
The Pope, whose fiat crushed our cause
And sealed our hopeless doom ;—
For trial just, for guerdon meet,
We summon to appear
Before the Eternal Judgment seat
Within this circling year ! ”

He ceased, as fiercely round them rose
A surge of living flame,
That only sunk to leave no trace
Of human face or frame ;
But when the winds of heaven had borne
Their scattered dust away,
In two dark souls remain'd unknown
The memory of that day.

The Pope sat in the Vatican,
With keys and triple crown,
And low before his footstool then
A sovereign Prince bow'd down :

But, 'neath that crown of mystick power,
 The dews of terror broke
 From his dark brow, for in that hour
 The dying Templar spoke.

And Philip shared the thorns and flowers
 That rise around a throne,
 And still, in camp and courtly bowers,
 A martial monarch shone ;
 But oft, at festive board and bowl,
 Like quickening aspen shook,
 As darkly rose upon his soul
 That Templar's steadfast look :

And when the western woods were green
 With April's sun and showers,
 The sable pomp of woe was seen
 Around the Roman towers ;
 And when November darkened o'er
 The hills with stormy gloom,
 The Gallic people tearless bore
 Proud Philip to his tomb.

My lay is of the tales that fill
 The faith of olden times,
 Which, in tradition, murmurs still
 In homes of darker climes :
 But priests and princes, in their wrath
 And power, may learn from them,
 That He who judgeth all the earth
 Will mark how they condemn.

FRANCES BROWN.

STRANORLAR,

Feb. 15, 1844.

NOTE.—At the suppression of the order of the Templars, all who refused to abjure their vows and confess the crimes laid to their charge, were put to death ; and, among others, the Grand Master and two of his brethren were buried alive at Paris, in March 1314, after having, according to tradition, cited the King of France and the Pope, who had condemned them, to appear at the judgment-seat of God within the year ; which was remarkably fulfilled, for the Pope died in April and the King in November.

BABBINGTON DRONEHAM, THE QUIETEST MAN IN COLLEGE.

BY SUUM CUIQUE, ESQ.

- Impium
Lenite clamorem, sodales.—HORACE.

CHAPTER I.

"You are not gone to sleep; indulging in sweet oblivion, as fine-talking ladies say?" inquired Great Tom.

"I am as wide awake," said I, "as a detective-service police-officer on a dangerous duty."

"But you don't laugh," said Tom.

"I respectfully beg leave to contradict you," I replied; "I laugh within myself."

"Within *me*, you mean."

"Both. I am afraid to give vent to a regular burst."

"Afraid? Why?"

"Lest I should bring down the weight of your heavy displeasure upon me," said I, "and extinguish myself for ever."

"Pooh—pooh! I am sound enough—as right as a mail-coach. I wish I may be shot if I ain't. These words remind me of a man who was up here—I don't mean in this belfry, but up in college—some years since when there *were* such things as mail-coaches, whose guards called 'all right,' and whose drivers kept time to a second. He was a nice young man—very particular nice. Shall I tell you his story?"

"If you will excuse me now," said I, "I would rather——"

"Cut and run—slip off into bed? I see—but you have not a chance. You have taken an inside place in my *rotonde*, and here you stop until Nox has done his work, and given up the reins to Phœbus Apollo."

"Then the story by all means; for it's very hard lying——"

"I am glad to hear you say so. Some men find it easier than speaking the truth."

"I mean lying here upon the floor," said I.

"Few men like to be floored, and as this is your 'first appearance on these boards,' I have no doubt you feel a little queerish; but never mind, consider it a night rehearsal, when there is no fear of apples, orange-peel, or hisses from boxes, pit, or gallery."

I began an expostulation, but the confounded hammer came down "Bom, bom, bom;" and as soon as the awful sound had made its escape through the windows to let the Oxford people know what o'clock it was, Tom commenced his kind tale thus:—

In a retired spot near the borders of Wychwood Forest lived one Mr. David Droneham. He cultivated his own estate—a small farm of some two hundred acres—that is, he fancied *he* cultivated it, though in reality the whole was under the management of a working bailiff. Giles Darman, though he was called a farming servant, was really his master's master, and a very despotic master he was. David Droneham was a great agriculturist in theory; Giles Darman despised theory, and relied entirely on practice. If the master, who took in all the publications relating to agriculture that were issued, hebdomadally, monthly, and annually, from the press, and was frequently taken in by the writers of them, ventured to purchase any new implement which was to work wonders at half the cost of time and labour required by the old implement, his man invariably pretended to be struck by its ingenuity and utility, and to have it damaged in some way or other the very first time its powers were tested. If a piece of wheat was to be drilled, the patent drill was sure to be found minus a wheel or an important screw, or something or other. If a rick was to be thrashed out in a day, the machine was sure to be out of order. The patent plough was noseless after a ten minutes' trial; and as to artificial manures, Giles had a method of rendering them valueless, and grinned maliciously in his master's face as he pointed out to him the "dead failure" of the acres on which they had been used.

David Droneham was vexed at the little success which attended his introduction of all the newest inventions, but he was not to be easily defeated. He tried and tried again, until his machine-maker's bills for new engines and repairs of the same consumed the profits of the farm, and left him without an income to live upon.

Giles Darman grinned the more maliciously when his master proved to him from his books that he was losing money, and of course attributed it to his folly in not being satisfied to go on as his forefathers had done before him. The master uttered a bold *negatur*, but the man undertook to prove the truth of his premises and conclusion. A most illogical quarrel ensued, which ended in Giles Darman's being turned off by his indignant master, and another bailiff, a north countryman, an advertiser in some Farmer's Gazette or Journal, who boasted of having thoroughly acquired a knowledge of the theory and practice of agriculture, being engaged at a high salary in his place.

David Droneham would have been happy with his new bailiff, whose opinions so closely accorded with his own; but whenever a new experiment was to be tried, a new live-labour-saving machine to be tested, the experimentalist was sure to see the face of Giles Darman, with a most contemptuous sneer upon it, grinning at him and his bailiff through the barn-doors or a gap in a hedge-row. In vain did he warn him off his premises, serve him with notices of actions for malicious trespasses, and have him up before the magistrates. Giles despised the warnings, fought his pipe with the notices, and showed a sovereign contempt of court as he paid his fines to the magistrates' clerk.

Unluckily the season proved unfavourable to mangel-wurzel, Swedish turnips, and Italian rye-grass. The cattle, too, were blown by getting access to a field of patent clover that was to yield some ten or twelve

tons to the acre; and at the gathering of the harvest the patent wheat drilled in a patent way was found to yield a mere nothing. Sad was the heart of David Droneham when he was compelled to acknowledge to his new bailiff, that he must decline his valuable assistance for the future from want of means to pay him his high salary, and to carry out his ingenious theories.

The bailiff could do no more than express his sorrow at being compelled by adverse circumstances to quit a master who was possessed of a mind so thoroughly unfettered by old-fashioned prejudices, and ask him for a written opinion of his conduct and abilities. This was readily given; and as David Droneham shook the experimental bailiff by the hand at parting, he heard a loud laugh in his rick-yard, and saw Giles Darman dancing with delight on the top of a patent winnowing machine, and throwing his arms about like the sails of a windmill.

David was in a great passion—as well he might be. What should he do? shoot him? it was a dangerous experiment, and might be attended with serious results. Should he let the great dog loose and set him at him? Pooh! Tiger knew Giles better than his own master, and would not even show his teeth at him. He made up his mind to give his men a quart of his strongest beer all round to thrash him with their flails; but he recollected that all the flails had been superseded by a patent thrashing machine, and that his men were in a sulky, rebellious mood at the introduction of his new-fangled nonsenses, which they firmly believed were invented to rob them of their means of living. David Droneham, therefore, wisely contented himself with shaking his fist at his tormentor, and rushed into his parlour to hide his indignation, and to examine into the state of his affairs.

The result of the examination induced him to put the writings, as title-deeds are called in the country, of his little estate into his pocket, and ride over to Charlbury to consult his attorney about raising a certain sum of money upon them to relieve him from his most pressing embarrassments.

The lawyer promised to supply "the needful," but, at the same time, seriously advised his client either to let the farm, and live upon the rent of it; or to take Giles Darman into his service again, and permit him to manage it on the old and successful plan. To the latter proposition a decided refusal was given, "he would, die sooner than give such an impudent fellow such a triumph over him." To the former plan, after much proing and coning, he assented. The farm was advertised to be let, and, within ten minutes of the appearance on the barn-door of the bill which proclaimed the fact to the world of Wychwood, Giles Darman was in his former employer's parlour. He offered to become his tenant, and put down half-a-year's rent in advance! This was too much. David looked at Giles and at the yellow canvas bag that contained the money—money saved in his own service, and with a fearful oath him leave the room.

Giles only grinned. His old master rose from his seat and bade him begone. Giles began an argument, but before the first proposition had passed his lips, a huge leaden inkstand flew through the air and knocked him down. Before he could scramble up again, and cleanse his eyes and

mouth from the ink that filled them like an overflow of the river Niger, he felt a heavy horsewhip applied to his arms, back, head, legs, and face, as, in his convulsions and struggles to escape the blows, each part presented itself to the view of the angry inflictor of the punishment.

Giles escaped as soon as David was exhausted, and presented himself in a shocking plight before the nearest magistrate, and demanded a warrant for the assault. The worthy justice, who had had to inflict many penalties on Giles for wilful trespasses upon his former employer's grounds, and knew what an impudent aggravating rogue he was, refused to grant the warrant upon his mere *ipse dixit*, and without corroborative evidence. Giles first expostulated, then became abusive, and, at last, was turned out of the house by the magistrate's servants, who, in reply to his recitation of his ill-treatment, consoled him by telling him, in the words of a Wiltshire jury's verdict, that "it sarved him right."

Giles took his revenge thus. He stationed himself in the road that led to David's house, and accosted every farmer who rode over to look at the land to be let; and, after telling him that he had been bailiff on it for many years, left him with a full assurance that the farm was not worth above half the rent that the owner asked for it. The consequence was, David Droneham failed to get a tenant, and, from persevering in his new system of farming his land upon his own account, he became more deeply involved.

More money was advanced upon "the writings;" but David Droneham knew that such a mode of proceeding must ruin him at last. But what could he do? No one would take the farm, and he began to be convinced that he could not make it profitable himself unless he gratified Giles Darman, by returning to a system which he had deprecated and despised. That would never do. He thought and thought again, until it occurred to him, that he might carry on the farm upon scientific principles, triumph over his old bailiff, and repay the monies advanced upon the writings. How? By marrying a lady with the wherewithal.

David Droneham was doubly a widower: he had been married twice, and was rather advanced in life. Unlike his estate, he was without an incumbrance. He had never had a child. David looked in his glass, and, although he saw reflected a remarkably squat person, surmounted by a very ugly face, he did not despair. He dressed himself in his best white cords, newest top-boots, sprucest blue coat, and ordered his horse. Before he mounted, he bade one of his men catch a very fine peacock that was spreading his tail on the lawn, and bear it before him to the house of a wealthy widow lady, who dwelt on the confines of the parish of ———. The Widow Babbington, he knew, greatly admired this bird; for he had often seen her drive her pony-carriage slowly by his door to gaze upon its beauties. He was resolved that the bird should be the basis on which his claims should be rested, and thought it would do for a ~~love~~ bird, as well as a Venus's dove.

The bird was conveyed safely, and David saw his man place him on the grass-plot before he knocked at the door. He saw the widow come out, and admire the proud bird as he strutted about with expanded tail. "Now or never," said he; and, ere she was aware of his presence, he was at the widow's side. An invitation to drink tea was given and

accepted, and David Droneham made such good use of his opportunity, that the widow thought him much less like an ourang-outang in the face when he left her, than she did upon his arrival. "*Repetatur haustus*," said David to himself, and the following day saw him at the widow's to inquire after the peacock. Argus, with any one of his hundred eyes, would have seen that the widow was pleased with his polite attentions. David stayed to dinner and tea, and before supper had begun the siege in due form. The outworks were completed before he left; and in less than a month the citadel was taken. The peacock was carried back to his former home on the top of the carriage which conveyed his master and mistress from the parish church.

CHAPTER II.

For six weeks David was a happy man, for he travelled about from place to place with his wealthy wife, and visited every model farm he could hear of in his route. When he returned home from the wedding trip, he told his lady of all he meant to do in the way of farming. The north-country experimental bailiff was to be sent for immediately, and an extensive order given for new patent ridging, turnip-cutting, and other machines, and wonders were to be done upon the land.

The lady listened attentively to all his plots and plans, and when they were fully disclosed to her, quietly told him that he should not play at ducks and drakes with *her* money, and squander it away, as he had done his own, upon a parcel of tomfooleries.

David was amazed; but he was still more amazed when he heard Mrs. Droneham recommend him, as the best thing he could do, to take Giles Darman into his service again, and let him manage the farm in his own way.

"I'll suffer any torments sooner than consent to take that impudent fellow into my employment again. I never will consent to such a thing," said David.

"Yes, you will, my dear, but take your own time about it."

David held out for three long months, and then gave in. Mrs. Droneham had held a private talk with the village doctor, and engaged a respectable old lady to be ready by about a certain day to take up her residence with her for a month or six weeks. He was likely to become a parent! and Giles Darman had touched his hat respectfully as he complimented him on the pleasing prospect. All his former impudence was forgotten and forgiven. He was re-elected bailiff, and allowed to plough, sow, and thrash as his forefathers had done before him. From that day David prospered, although he privately attributed Giles Darman's success on the farm to the mode in which he had tilled the land while he had the power of cropping it and manuring it on scientific principles.

In due time a boy was born to his happy parents: in due time he was christened and called by his mother's name of Babbington, which was also her maiden name, as she had married her first cousin. The little fellow thrived and grew rapidly, and was one of the quietest and best-conducted children at the age of ten years that could be found in the

neighbourhood of Wychwood Forest. Then, alas! he lost his mother, who took care to have all her fortune settled upon her child, fearing lest David, as soon as he was a free agent, should make ducks and drakes of it by resuming his tomfooleries. The widower-for-a-third-time had no such designs. He was cured of his rage for novelties by prospering under the old system; but then he would call Babbington "a *model* child," and that made his mother suspect that he was secretly thinking of a "model farm."

Master Babbington Droneham had never been out of his mother's sight since he was born, except when he was in bed, and then, to be safe, he slept in a sort of closet within her own room. He had been petted, though not spoiled in the usual sense of that word. She had taught him nearly all she knew herself, so that he could read, write, and cipher as well or better than most children of his age. All boyish sports, however, had been forbidden. Bats, balls, tops, and marbles he knew only by name; but he could amuse himself with a needle, a pair of scissors and a sheet of paper, as well as a little girl, and could cut ladies out of pocket-books and colour them to the life. All his pursuits had been sedentary; for he never went out but with his mother. He was not allowed to stroll about the farm with his father, lest he should get his clothes dirty and his feet wet. In short, he was what Giles Darman pronounced him to be—"a little mollicoddle."

Giles resolved to, what he called, "save the boy, and make a man of him."

"I wonder, sir," said he to his master, "that you don't send that little fellow out to school."

"Never, Giles—his mother's wish was that he should be educated at home, and then sent up to Oxford," replied David Droneham.

"To be made a parson of, I suppose."

"Your supposition is a wrong one, then; Master Babbington Droneham is to be brought up as a gentleman, like his father."

"Upon scientific principles?" inquired Giles. His master gave Giles a look that reminded him of a certain leaden inkstand and a heavy horsewhip, so he said no more on that subject.

"I really think the young gentleman (a stress on the latter word) looks as if he wanted fresh air. His cheeks are as white as a turnip, and they tell me he don't know a plough from a harrow. If you were to let him walk about the farm with you, sir, it would do him good."

"His mother always dreaded damp feet," said the father.

"Then order him a thick pair of boots, sir; rely upon it a little outdoor exercise will do him good."

David Droneham thought the matter over in his mind, and felt convinced that what Giles had suggested was the best plan to pursue. Master Babbington, therefore, soon appeared in a dress suitable for following his father to the field, and, when once the boy had fully tasted the sweets of freedom and fresh air, nothing could keep him within the house. He was here, there, and everywhere in fine weather and foul, and, as he had no play-fellows meet for him, he associated with the plough-boys and men about the farm. They were astonished at his gross ignorance of all boyish sports, and earnestly set about initiating him into the

mysteries of taws and alleys, cricket and football, and such other games as they themselves delighted in. Giles, moreover, "put him up to" a great many things of which he had better have remained ignorant altogether, or, at all events, for many years to come; for he taught him to ferret rats and rabbits, to trap birds and wire hares, and even to shoot flying; but, worst of all, to do all these things, and never to let his father or anybody else know that he could do them.

This was the boy's first lesson in the art of deceiving, and so well did he learn it that neither David Droneham, nor any of the family within doors, had the most distant notion how his time was employed. If he robbed the hen-roosts and sucked the eggs, he put back the shells and gave the rats the credit of the robbery. He kept ferrets and rat-dogs, but it was down at Giles Darman's cottage. His gun and his fishing tackle were never seen at home, and he always had a tale ready to account for any extraordinary absence from the house or any peculiar appearance in his outward boy. To the servants and his father he appeared unchanged, except in his healthy looks and daily-strengthening frame. If he went out with his father to spend an evening with a neighbour, he was so well-behaved and smooth in his demeanour, and so very innocent in his remarks, that he acquired the title of the quietest little boy in the county.

Giles was quite delighted with his success as a tutor, but did not think his pupil's education completed until he had taught him to smoke and drink with him, and sing "'Tis my delight of a shiny night," with proper emphasis and due effect. The boy soon acquired these arts, and could manage a pipe and toss off his glass as well as his tutor. But at home he never indulged in the least excess. If he got a little excited at Giles's cottage, he stole home by a backway, and crawled up to bed pleading a headache in excuse.

For two years the boy was left to the evil influence of Giles Darman, and had become, unsuspected, a most perfect little scamp. Only once did he forget the lesson of dissimulation taught him by his tutor. A neighbour who had been dining at the farm, as he sat over his wine, of which Babbington had quietly and unobservedly taken a larger share than ordinary, remarked, that he was annoyed by his pointer having taken to killing his own mutton.

"Cure him in five minutes," cried the boy, in a tone that no one but Giles had ever heard before. "Shut him up in a barn with an old ram, and he will either butt his breath out or give him a lesson he will never forget. He won't look a grass-nibbler in the face again."

David Droneham and his guest stared at the quietest little boy in the county; but Babbington saw his mistake, resumed his quiet tone instantly, and meekly told his father that he had found the prescription in a dictionary of agriculture. He then left the room, and ran down to Giles to tell him how he had "queered the old ones."

"Grass-nibbler! hum!" said the guest; "I don't think I ever saw a sheep called by that name in any of my reading."

"Nor I," said the father. "He must have caught it of the boys."

"I wonder you do not send that nice little quiet fellow to school."

"I promised the late lamented Mrs. Droneham not to send him from home," replied David, looking very widowery.

"Then, I would have a tutor for him. He is getting quite old enough for Latin and Greek," said the guest. "The boy shoots well."

"What!" screamed David; "he never *saw* a gun to my knowledge, except the old musket used by the bird-keepers against the rooks."

"All I can say is, that I saw him cut down a partridge in your nine-acre piece as cleverly as I could do it myself. It was not the first he had killed either, by the skilful way in which he twisted the bird's neck, turned it under his wing, and pocketed it."

"Impossible! You must have been mistaken."

"Oh, dear! no. I saw him as plainly as I see you, and admired him for his skill. What does he do with his pocket-money?"

"I do not know—I never thought to ask him," said David, quite disconcerted.

"Hum!" said the guest, but dropped the subject, as it seemed an unpleasant one.

David Droneham questioned Babbington before he went to bed that night; but the boy denied the charge so quietly, and gave such a truth-seeming account of the way in which he disposed of his allowance, that it almost satisfied his father that his guest must have been mistaken. He could not, however, help thinking about the boy before he went to sleep more, perhaps, than he had ever done before. The result of his meditations was, that as soon as he had finished his morning meal he mounted his horse, and rode over to the rectory of an adjoining parish.

The house was occupied by the curate, a quiet, pious, single-hearted man, who to relieve the disorder common to curates, and aggravated in his case by a sick wife and a large little family—poverty—took pupils, and devoted all the hours he could spare from his parish to their mental and moral improvement.

Mr. David Droneham wished, by an offer of a liberal salary, to induce this gentleman to attend his son at home for a certain number of hours daily; but his other engagements would not permit of such an arrangement. It was finally settled that Babbington should attend at the rectory, and take lessons with the other pupils.

The boy was not sorry to hear of the plan adopted by his father; for he longed to associate with boys of his own rank in life, and wished to learn something of the world in which he was to live, when he came into his property, of which Giles had given him a very much magnified account. Had he had any unpleasant feelings about the matter, they would have yielded to his delight at the thought of having a pony kept for him to ride to and fro daily, and on which he had fully made up his mind to take a gallop with a pack of harriers, that were kept a few miles off. Giles had often suggested to him that he never would be a perfect sportsman until he could ride up to hounds; but neither tutor nor pupil could suggest a plan by which a nag could be obtained for the purpose. The difficulty was now removed, and the boy was resolved to profit by it.

At the end of a month's attendance at the rectory, the following conversation took place between Master Babbington, not yet thirteen years of age be it remembered, and Giles Darman, which I record, as it will show how well he had profited by Giles's tuition, and give a bird's-eye view of his daily proceedings.

"How do you get on? Dost like Greek and Latin?"

"Toll-loll—it's uphill work; but I'll accomplish it. I am not to be beaten by a set of muffs, who don't know a stoat from a weazel."

"How do you like your master?"

"Oh! well enough. He's very clever, I think, and very kind; but so easily gammoned! I can make him believe anything. He, like the old one, and the rest of the fools about him, believes me to be the quietest little boy in the county. I have only to say, 'Papa's compliments, and begs you'll excuse me to-morrow,' and he believes it as readily as if it were the truth."

"What a spooney!" said Giles.

"I had a capital go yesterday: a run of an hour and a half, and only got spilt once."

"Did you kill?"

"Oh! yes:" and Babbington gave a splendid account of the run, and told it in sporting phrases that would not have disgraced an old thistle-whipper.

"What sort of boys are they up at Rectory?"

"Muffs, I tell you, mere book-worms. I've sounded them all, and they know no more of horses, dogs, or anything else worth knowing, than if they had never left their mothers' apron-strings. But I have not let them into any of my secrets, nor do I intend to do so. Close and quiet, that's my plan. Fill me a pipe, and give me some grog."

Giles Darman slapped his pupil on the back, and obeyed.

For three years the young lad carried on his plan of deception unsuspected; for his tutor heard nothing in the shape of gossip at the rectory or in his parish; and David Droneham, who was beginning to feel the effects of old age, toddled about his farm as much as he could, and when he went in to dinner, he ate it, and fell asleep over a book or a paper. He seldom saw any visitors, and those he did see generally came upon business, and took their departure as soon as it was concluded. He was, therefore, quite satisfied that his son was going on quietly, and just as he wished him to go on.

To do the boy justice he really worked hard at his books, and made a greater progress in his classics than his fellow pupils, for he did not choose to be beaten in anything which he undertook to do. Moreover, it was a part of his plan to work when he sat down to work, in order that he might have more leisure to sport.

Just at the commencement of his seventeenth year, at the end of which he was to go to college, contrary to the advice of his tutor, who wisely urged his father not to let him go into residence until he was nineteen, his views of life were changed. A young man, his senior by one year, who had retired from a public school to save a sentence of expulsion for some grave offence against the discipline of the establishment, came down for a year's tuition under the curate of —.

Cecil Darell was a scion of a good family, tall, handsome, and of winning manners, not vicious, but as mischievous as a monkey, and as daring as an Old Westminster. He was just the reverse of Babbington Droneham, for he never acted the hypocrite, but what mischief he did he did openly, and never denied it when taxed with it. He scorned a

lie, and would rather have taken the blame of another's fault than screened himself by betraying a friend.

Babbington was greatly pleased with Cecil, and listened to his stories of the scrapes he had got into and out of, the feats he had performed, and the tricks he had played with that wrapped attention which never fails to please a youthful narrator. But Droneham, with his usual caution—cunning would be a better word—did not repose any confidence in, or betray himself to Darell, until he had involved him in a scrape which ensured his secrecy on any subject he might choose to entrust to him. When they mutually understood one another, Cecil was disgusted at the low habits and associates of his companion, and told him so. Giles Darman was soon after this surprised to find his company shunned by the boy whom he had instructed, and meditated a betrayal of all that had occurred between them to the father. He thought better of it, however, for the disclosure might have been attended by serious consequences to himself; and his place was too good a one to be risked merely for the sake of taking vengeance on a boy, who would not smoke or drink with him, or kill game for his profit.

The boys hunted, fished, and ferreted on the sly, and even stole into Kinch's hotel now and then, and had a bottle of wine; but beyond that, and stealing away to a coursing match, or a game of cricket at Woodstock, in Blenheim-park, they engaged in nothing which might fairly be deemed objectionable. They went up together with the curate of — to enter at Christ Church, and to be matriculated; and while the tutor took his quiet mutton-chop at the Mitre, Cecil contrived to introduce Babbington to a few of his old school-fellows, and to show him what a very lively affair a college luncheon is when kindred spirits meet together, and how superior champagne is, as an exhilarator, to any other vinous or spirituous compound. They were both to go into residence in the same term, and both eagerly longed for the day to arrive that was to see them emancipated from the true *status pupillaris*.

CHAPTER III.

THE time at length arrived. Cecil Darell and Babbington Droneham took possession of their rooms in Peckwater-quadrangle. Cards were left, invitations given to breakfast, dinner, and wine parties, and both were delighted with the liberty they enjoyed. There was this difference, however, in the young men. Cecil was always getting into scrapes for knocking in late, cutting chapel or lecture, or being seen in a row; while Babbington was never known to knock in after hours, miss chapel, or be absent from lecture. It was a part of his old system; the leaven of Giles Darman's spirit still working in him, and, like all hypocrisy, it answered for a time.

"What account do you give of our new members, Mr. —," said the dean to one of the college tutors, "Mr. Droneham and Mr. Darell, for instance?"

"Mr. Darell is the better scholar of the two, and might ensure a high degree if he were but steady; but I fear we shall have to punish him severely for his irregularities ere long."

"And Mr. Droneham?"

"Not very brilliant, but very attentive to his duties. Indeed, from all I have heard of him, I believe him to be the quietest man in college."

On the following morning, Babbington Droneham was invited to breakfast with the dean to meet some of the quiet men. He dressed himself so artistically, and behaved with such propriety, that he left the dean with a full conviction on his erudite mind that his house had met with a treasure in so exemplary a young man. Had he seen him exchange his sober suit of black with a white tie, for a green cutaway coat and spicy neckcloth, and mount the tandem which waited for him, when lectures were over, at least a mile out of Oxford, he might have formed a more accurate opinion of the young commoner's character; but deans have no chance of seeing such things, or the system would soon be put an end to.

Cecil Darell, I am sorry to say, was rusticated for two terms for giving a noisy party in his rooms, which ended with a little bonfire in the quad., while Babbington Droneham, who had been the first to suggest the *finale*, and the most active in dismembering sofas, chairs, and tables, to carry it out, was not even suspected to have been present at the party or the fire.

When Cecil's banishment was over he returned to Oxford, and found his friend still in high favour with the authorities, and bearing his old title of the quietest man in college, although he rode races in Port Meadow, larked over the country, and hunted the Gehazi hounds, drove tandems, gave spreads, and, moreover, took lessons in sparring of professionals from London, and tested his progress in the fistic art by picking quarrels with the rustics who tried to prevent him from galloping over their master's wheat, or making gaps in the mounds. He got better shooting than any man in Oxford, and although he poached upon all the best manors round, he, somehow or other, never was caught.

Cecil could not think how his friend managed; but, as I said before, Babbington never neglected a college duty, never exhibited himself in any other costume in the University but such as was worn by the quiet men. If he gave a party, it was never at his own rooms, but at a pastrycook's or an hotel. His scout was not admitted to any one of his secrets; and if any signs of a disturbance were exhibited likely to require the proctor's interference, he was the first to leave the party and seek his own well-arranged and soberly-furnished rooms.

To a certain set only, and that not a very extensive one, but one on whose members he could depend for secrecy, were his wild and dissolute habits known. He never went out of college, or was seen in the streets without his cap and gown, which were readily exchanged at some man's lodgings at the extremity of the town, and resumed when he returned from his ride or his drive.

Cecil adopted his friend's plan, and found the benefit of it. His character was held in higher estimation by the university authorities, but he despised himself for the hypocrisy he practised. He was obliged, however, to practise it, or give up all his fun; for he knew that if he were found out in a second breach of discipline, his previous rustication would ensure his expulsion.

CHAPTER IV.

BOTH the young men came up in the Michaelmas Term of their second year, after having spent the long vacation together at David Droneham's, near Wychwood Forest, where they sported—that is, shot, fished, and hunted—undisguisedly with the consent of their friends and neighbours. They went up for their first examination, and passed it very creditably on the same day. Of course it was requisite to give a pass-party. Cecil, in spite of Babbington's advice, gave his party in his own rooms, and invited every man whom he knew. The consequence was that the party went off badly, and ended in a riot, for which he got summoned before a seniority, and severely imposed—being confined to gates and chapel until the task was done. Babbington gave his party at the Mitre, and confined his invitations to his own set. His dinner and wines cost him less than the wines and dessert alone cost Cecil, and the party passed off, noisily it is true, but without any unpleasant results beyond headaches and loss of appetites at breakfast on the following morning, which were set right and restored by a gallop to Abingdon, and a luncheon at "The Thistle."

The dean sent for Babbington just before he mounted his hackney, and seeing his pallid looks, told him he was afraid he had read a little too hard, and begged of him to relax a little, lest his health should suffer materially; and after having been complimented on the respectable manner in which he had passed his little-go, and on his general quiet and student-like conduct in college, he rushed out of my gate to the stables, mounted his nag, and made "his set" laugh by describing his scene with the dean.

Babbington now thought that his character was so firmly established, that he might follow the dean's advice, and "relax a little" from his excessively cautious behaviour. He was anxious to try his skill in boxing with a notorious scamp, a bargeman, who dwelt in that nest of infamy, St. Thomas's parish, and who had grown quite unbearable in his conduct to the gownsmen, from never having been successfully opposed and punished as he deserved.

There had been two or three skirmishes in the streets, as there generally used to be in the month of November some few years ago, and there was every probability of their leading to a town-and-gown fight. The Big Bargeman was sure to be found leading on a set of low fellows, and Babbington Droneham expressed his intention of seeking him out, and trying his science with him. Cecil, although he was confined to chapel and gates, was fully bent, contrary to his friend's wishes and advice, on going out to see the result of the trial. An opportunity was soon afforded him.

He had a few friends dining with him one evening about seven o'clock, among whom were Babbington and some others of their own set. The second bottle of claret was just *unforked*—for the corkscrew, like all college corkscrews, was missing—when a rush as of many feet, a rumbling sort of noise like distant thunder, or the rolling of the waves on a pebbly beach, was heard mingled with obscure shouts and arias.

which grew louder and louder, and at last resolved themselves into distinct sounds of "Gown, gown! Town, town!"

At the well-known, spirit-stirring sounds, every man sprang to his feet.

"They come, they come," shouted one.

"On with your caps and gowns lest friends mistake us for foes," cried another.

"Let us get out of college before an order is given by the dean to close Tom and Canterbury Gates," suggested a third.

"Now, Babbington, screw up your courage to the sticking-place," said Cecil, "for be assured the Big Bargeman leads them on."

"I am ready for the fray," said Babbington; "but I must not be known. Lend me your frock-coat and a blue tie. Now, then, that will do. Instead of a commoner's gown find me a student's; and then for the honour of Oxford and the credit of Tom Spring."

This was said, and the alterations in dress made in half the time it has taken me to describe the scene. One bumper round to the success of "The Gown," and down flew the young men; and scampering across quad, through Peckwater and out of Canterbury-gate, rushed to the left up Oriell-lane. They found themselves in a mob of some two or three hundred people. Some were erect, some sprawling, while others were hitting out at or stopping the blows of their adversaries amidst the shouts of victory or the groans of defeat. As soon as the accession of friends from Christ Church was seen by the gownsmen a louder shout of "Gown, gown!" rent the air. The foe retired for awhile, and took up their station between St. Mary's Church and the lodgings of the Principal of Brazenose.

"A charge, a charge!" shouted Babbington, "I see the champion of St. Thomas's."

"A charge, a charge!" cried Cecil, seconding his friend.

"A charge, a charge!—on gown, on!" screamed a hundred voices; and, like a stone hurled from an engine, the university men sprang forward upon the enemy, and, by sheer weight and pluck, dislodged them from their position, and sent them flying in scattered parties into the midst of Radcliffe-square.

The Bargeman fought well, and tried to rally his forces; but what could bone, beer, and tobacco, effect against youth, high-blood, and generous wine? Every time the town, as the *oi polloi* called themselves, though no respectable townsmen ever joined in open and unseemly enmity against the university-men—rushed to the attack, they were met with rap, rap, bang, bang; right and left, left and right, and quickly sent back again amidst their discomfited companions.

"Forward, forward! show them no quarter," said Babbington; "round some of you by Exeter, the Park, and Broad-street, and out-flank them."

Away scudded Cecil, understanding his friend's tactics in an instant, round by the way pointed out, summoning the Lincoln, Jesus, Exeter, and Trinity men in his way; and, just as the Bargeman and his crew were flying from the foe in front, and trying to reach Wadham and the Parks, and so escape, he fairly hemmed them in; and then began the fiercest of the fight.

"Gown, gown! Town, town!" Blows fell thick and fast amidst the inspiring cries. The shrieks of the wounded were heard amidst the shouts of the victors; laughter was mingled with groans, and curses both loud and deep issued from the lips of the defeated St. Thomas's men.

"On, on, forward!" shouted Babbington; "victory—they yield, they yield!"

"Press on them, keep them in!" screamed Cecil, as he cut off the retreat of some who would have scampered off down New College-lane. "Don't let a man escape." Whack, whack, thump, thump, rap, rap; and Cecil found himself engaged with two or three big fellows, who, if they had had any science, would have overpowered him; but he fought well, struck out straight from his shoulder, while his opposers threw away their roundly-delivered blows on the air. "Hurrah! Give it to them! A charge, a charge!"

The change was effective; and Cecil found not only time to breathe, but his gown, or rather another man's gown that he had borrowed, torn to shreds, and his cap-board smashed to atoms.

"At them again," cried he; "charge—another charge, an you love me! and we are——"

"Your name and college, sir," said a proctor, laying his hand upon Cecil's shoulder.

"Smith, of New-inn Hall," said Cecil, as he left his tattered gown in the proctor's hands, ducked into the thickest of the crowd, and whispered audibly, "The proctor, the proctor!—cut and run."

In an instant hostilities were suspended, and what had been a thickly-mingled crowd became mere flying, scattered clouds of frightened individuals.

Sauve qui peut—Anglicè, the devil take the hindmost—was the favourite motto with both town and gown, for the proctor was a foe common to both parties. Some were caught, and sent home to their respective colleges, under the care of a bull-dog (as a proctor's man is called), if they were gownsmen; if the captured were townsmen, they were handed off into durance vile for the night, and "had up" in the morning.

But I must return to my hero, Babbington Droneham. He was dreadfully irate at the inopportune approach of the university peace-keeper, for he had just reached his marked foe, the terrific Bargeman; and even amidst the confusion of the *melée* contrived to let him know that he was anxious to try his powers in a single combat, in a ring, composed of friends and enemies, who, Englishmen like, would be sure to see fair play. Nay, the ring was actually being formed, when the cry of "the proctor" reached them!

"Never mind," said Droneham, "we will manage it yet. Away up High-street, and down the Butcher-row. I will meet you opposite the castle gates."

"Done," said the Bargeman; and he willingly retired with his party to the spot indicated, which was close to his own realms, wherein he reigned despotically.

Even in the midst of this scene of excitement, Babbington could not forget the cunning taught him by Giles Darman. He smoothed his

ruffled feathers, and watched what was going on in the immediate neighbourhood of the proctor. His quick eye discerned Cecil as he escaped, or rather tried to escape, from the active marshal. His foot was put out just before the marshal's legs, as if by chance; and, as he fell heavily to the ground, Darell dived into a body of men, and was safe.

A second glance showed Babbington a very large operative in the act of punishing a bull-dog, by battering his head, which was held, as by a vice, under his arm, with his huge fist.

"Loose your hold, fellow, that is a proctor's man," said Droneham.

"I'd see you at York first," said the operative, weaving away at the poor man's head more vigorously than ever.

"Then take that—and that, and that." Each that closed an eye, or sanguinified a nose; and just as the proctor came up, the operative was on his back on the pavement, crying for mercy.

"Your name and college, sir. What is the meaning of this?" said the proctor.

"Droneham of Christchurch, sir," replied Babbington, capping the official most respectfully; "I was going quietly home to my college, to tea, when I saw that very rude individual there ill-using your follower, so I rescued him, sir."

"Ay, that he did, sir, and if he hadn't a-done it I should never have been fit for nothing no more, for the snob had got my head in chancery, and was taking his costs out of it before judgment was given," said the bull-dog.

"Mr. Droneham, I am very much obliged to you: your conduct shall be reported to the dean. The university thanks you through me, its officer; but, go home to college now, or you may get hurt."

Babbington capped the proctor more humbly than before, and expressed his delight at having been able to assist so excellent a servant of the university. The proctor returned the capping and went off to his duties, while Babbington, the moment he was out of his sight, scampered off as fast as he could to meet the Bargeman opposite the castle gates. As he turned into the High-street, he saw poor Cecil, capless and gownless, and almost stripped, in the hands of a pro-proctor. Cecil saw him, and begged him to rescue him, or he should be expelled. Droneham gazed on him as if he knew him not; turned up his eyes as if disgusted at his depravity, and walked quietly on until he was out of the pro.'s sight, and then resumed his running.

The Bargeman was true to his appointment. He was standing stripped ready for the fight before the spot fixed upon, and surrounded by a ring made up of gown and town, who had laid aside their hostile feelings and were as quietly betting with one another, on the result of the contest, as if they had not exchanged a blow.

In an instant Babbington's gown and cap, coat, waistcoat, and neck-cloth were off, and given to the care of a bystander. No sparring took place, for both combatants were in earnest. The one was bulky and unwieldy, but possessed of immense strength; the other was tall, thin, and wiry, and as active as a kitten, and trained "on scientific principles" as his father would have said.

The battle did not last long, for, to the great surprise of his former

admirer, the hero of St. Thomas's could not hit his adversary, whereas Droneham was planting blows upon his enemy's head, which seemed to fall, first on one side, then on another; now in front, then behind; as if the administrator had the power of being ubiquitous.

When, after a blow planted "on scientific principles," just under the left ear, the Bargeman fell to the ground, and confessed that he had had enough, a shout rent the air, and the victor received the sincere congratulations of all the spectators.

"Hurrah, hurrah, the bully is beaten," said Babbington, as he looked round for the man who held his clothes for him.

"Mr. Droneham, of Christ Church," said the proctor, "is it possible?"

Babbington tried to get up a lie, but he could not; he was confused. He tried to speak the truth, but he could not, for he had not been used to do so. He stood confounded.

"You will call on me, sir, to-morrow morning at ten. James, see this gentleman-fighter to his rooms."

James assisted him in putting on his clothes, and left him not until he had seen him safely deposited within my gate, and then ascertained from the porter whether the name he had given to the proctor was the right name.

"Certainly," said Cerberus, "that is Mr. Babbington Droneham, the quietest man in college."

"The deuce he is," said James, "I never should have thought it."

CHAPTER V.

"AND what was the result?" said I to Great Tom.

"Cecil Darell was expelled. Many other men were rusticated, but Babbington Droneham's story was believed—that he had mistaken his way to college, and turned round the Butcher-row in his haste to gain his rooms, because he was 'the quietest man in college,' and only fought in his own defence."

"And so humbug was rewarded," said I.

"No, it was not," replied Great Tom; "for after awhile, the truth came out—*magna est*, you know the rest. All Giles Darman's lessons in cunning were thrown away, and his pupil expelled the university, for he * * * * *—(but that's a secret)—and laid the blame upon one of his most intimate friends."

"What became of Giles Darman?" I inquired.

"He was prosecuted by 'the quietest man in college' for snaring hares on his estate after he came into possession of it, upon the death of poor David Droneham, and gave up the ghost in prison and in disgust at his pupil's ingratitude."

"And Cecil Darell?"

"Went into the army, fought like a man as he was, and cut 'the quietest man in college' for the remainder of his days."

THE DEATH OF PAN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"In the reign of Tiberius an extraordinary voice was heard near the Echinades in the Ionian Sea, which exclaimed that "Great Pan was dead."—PLUTARCH.

BEHOLD the vision of the death of Pan.—
I saw a shadow on the mountain side,
As of a Titan wandering on the cliffs;
Godlike his stature, but his head was bent
Upon his breast, in agony of woe;
And a voice rose upon the wintry wind,
Wailing and moaning—"Weep, ye nations, weep,
Great Pan is dying: mourn me and lament;
My steps shall echo on the hills no more;
Dumb are mine oracles, my fires are quenched,
My doom is spoken, and I die—I die!"

The full moon shone upon the heaving sea,
And in the light, with tresses all unbound,
Their loose robes dripping, and with eyes downcast,
The nymphs arose—a pallid multitude—
Lovely but most forlorn—and thus they sang
With voice of sorrow—"Never, never, more,
In these cool waters shall we lave our limbs;
Never, oh! never more, in sportive dance,
Upon these crested billows shall we play;
Nor at the call of prayer-o'erburdened men
Appear in answer; for our hour is come—
Great Pan has fallen, and we die—we die!"
And the waves seemed to echo back their voice,
And the sad winds to mingle in their moan,
And sigh, "*Oh, misery! they die! they die!*"

And next, emerging from the trackless woods,
And from the umbrageous caverns of the hills,
Their long hair floating on the rough cold winds,
Their faces pale, their eyes suffused with tears:

The Dryads and the Oreads made their moan :—
 “ Never, oh! never more!” distraught, they cried,
 “ Upon the mossy banks of these green woods,
 Shall we make music all the summer’s day ;—
 Never again, at morn, or noon, or night,
 Upon the flowery sward, by fount or stream,
 Shall our light footsteps mingle in the dance ;—
 Never again, discoursing from the leaves
 And twisted branches of these sacred oaks,
 Shall we make answer at a mortal’s call !
 Our hour is come, our fire of life is quench’d ;
 Our voices fade ; our oracles are mute ;
 Behold our agony ;—we die ! we die !”
 And, as they sang, their unsubstantial forms
 Grew pale and lineless, and dispersed in air ;
 While from the innermost and darkest nooks,
 Deepest embowered amid those woods antique,
 A voice most mournful echoed back their plaint :
 And cried—“ *Oh, misery—they die ! they die !*”

Then pass’d a shadow on the moon’s pale disc ;
 And to the dust in ecstasy of awe
 I bent adoring. On the mountain tops
 Thick darkness crept, and silence, deep as Death’s,
 Pervaded Nature : the wind sank—the leaves
 Forbore to flutter on the bending boughs,
 And breathing things were motionless as stones,
 As Earth, revolving on her mighty wheel,
 Eclipsed in utter dark the lamp of Heaven.
 And a loud voice, amid that gloom sublime,
 Was heard from shore to sea, from sea to shore,
 Startling the nations at the unwonted sound,
 And swelling on the ear of mariners,
 Far-tossing in their solitary barks
 A month’s long voyage from the nearest land,
 “ *Great Pan has fallen, for ever, evermore !*”

Then rose the tempest—the earth shook—the hills
 Bowed their green heads, the everlasting rocks,
 Smitten by lightnings, trembled from their base,
 And the low groans of the expiring god
 Sank ’mid the fitful pauses of the storm !

The shadow passed—light broke upon the world ;
 And Nature smiled, rejoicing in the beam
 Of a new morning blushing from the east ;
 And sounds of music seemed to fill the air,
 And angel voices to exclaim on high,
 “ Great Pan has fallen ! and never more his creed
 Shall chain the free intelligence of man !
 The Christ is born, to purify the earth,
 To raise the lowly, to make rich the poor,
 To teach a faith of Charity and Love.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! an Error has expired ;
 And the new Truth shall reign for evermore ! ”

ONE NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.

ONE evening as I sat in my chambers, looking over some papers of a process prior to sitting down to a regular study of the same, a messenger was announced who had come to the town post-haste from a considerable distance. On his entrance, I recognised him as a servant of Mr. F——, an eminent Guiana merchant, whose country-house was about ten miles distant.

This gentleman had been for some time ailing ; and so serious was the disorder, that during about six weeks I had been three times called to draw out forms of his last will and testament, in the expectation of his immediate demise. Nevertheless, he had still lingered on ; and so heavily did the division and disposal of his vast property among his family and connexions press upon his mind, that now for the fourth time I was called to reconstruct a deed of settlement.

The messenger, who had come on horseback, immediately on making his communication withdrew ; and hastily packing up some blank sheets of stamped paper and parchment, I prepared to follow with all convenient dispatch. Whilst I was about this my horse and gig were brought from the livery-stables where they were kept, and shortly stood all ready at the door. My horse was a very fine one (for I was a young man then), and I was very proud of him ; he had not been out for two days, and was now quite spirited and alert. Wrapped up to the throat in one or two top-coats and a cloak, I took my seat, and drove rapidly through the town and out along the road.

It was about eight in the evening, and I had a ten-miles' drive before me ; very dark, very still, and very cold. I don't think I passed two

persons after I left the bright lights of the town behind me ; all was solitude, gloom, and cheerlessness, without the small orbit of light my lamps supplied. Nevertheless, we rattled along quite briskly, " Client," my excellent nag, getting over the ground at a beautiful rate. I was perfectly well acquainted with the road ; knew it almost as well as the passages of my own writing-chambers ; and being thus quite at ease with regard to turnpike-gates, towns, heights, hollows, and bridges, I began to reflect on various subjects, and, finally, upon the history of the gentleman to whose house I was proceeding on my very peculiar errand.

He began life as a pedler. His father had been a tradesman of the poorest sort ; his mother a washerwoman : and once in a fit of remorse, after a long period of continual intoxication, the former having terminated his existence by a leap from the window of the garret where he dwelt ; and the latter having been left with two boys unprovided for, a subscription was set agoing by certain charitable persons for their relief. Oh, well do I remember my old grey-headed father telling me the tale, and showing me the lofty loophole of a window in one of the dirty narrow streets of the suburbs whence the frenzied drunkard took his last leap ; and he would tell me, too, as haply the gorgeous carriage of the monied merchant rolled past, how he himself had put a shilling to that subscription which formed the nucleus, round which arose this mighty accumulation of wealth and influence ; for this scanty collection, divided equally among the two brothers, had been to each the acorn from which a vast tree of prosperity took root. One had gone abroad, and, dying, his children were now chiefs and law-makers in the land of his adoption ; the other sought a living as I have mentioned, and, though progressively, yet speedily, by honesty, industry, and great talent—nay, let me call it genius—so far raised himself as not only to have filled the highest municipal offices in his native town, but to have also represented it with credit both to it and to himself in two several parliaments.

But as I thus ruminated on his history, I approached a point where the road passed a broad and deep canal. The navigation was for masted vessels, and hence a drawbridge of wood was the only means of crossing. The site of this, too, was peculiar, for it spanned the centre of an immense waterlock. The canal here ascended by a series of locks and basins an inclination of some hundred feet in height ; and, as the highway for a mile on each side happened to be upon about a level with this lock, over it the drawbridge was thrown, though somewhat inconveniently, to avoid the expensive and roundabout measure of taking the road above or below the series or flight of watersteps.

The bridge-keeper's cottage was hard by, and, on my driving up, he came out with his lantern, looked to the fastenings of the moveable arch, and taking my horse's head led him over, then wishing me good night, he returned to his house, and I drove on amid the darkness as before. About a couple of miles beyond this was the gateway, and, after about a quarter of a mile of avenue, I drew up before Mr. F——'s princely mansion.

A servant was at the door, to whose care I committed " Client" and the gig, and, divesting myself of my outer gear in the hall, I hurried up stairs to the bedroom where I knew the dying merchant lay.

On my tapping at the door an attendant appeared, who hastily showed me in an adjoining dressing-room to wait while he informed the doctor of my arrival, who should in the way he thought proper communicate the information to his patient.

As I looked about me in this chamber I could not but be struck with the richness and luxuriousness of everything in it. I had been thrust in the hurry and confusion into the dressing-room of the lady of the house it was evident; and, as being a bachelor, the thing was somewhat new to me, I was for a little time lost in admiration of the various costly and beautiful articles of furniture, of apparel, and of the toilet that everywhere met my gaze.

But as I stood, a door in a passage, different from that by which I had entered, appeared to fall slightly open, and, on directing my attention to that quarter, I could distinctly hear voices and other sounds proceeding apparently from the sick room. There was a sound of footfalls now and then treading stealthily about the carpet, a noise of sobbing and subdued wailing of women, over which rose a clear and impressive though low-pitched voice apparently reading prayers. Frequently, too, I could hear a thick stifling cough, which appeared to afford no relief from the irritation that caused it, but to come to a termination through the sufferer's inability from very weakness to continue it. Presently I heard a voice which, though woefully changed even since I had last heard it, I recognised as Mr. F——'s.

"Stay, Mr. Etheridge," it said apparently to the person reading; "the men that made these prayers may have been very talented and very pious, yet methinks it would have a better effect on my mind if you would kneel beside me, and pray with me, and for me, out of the overflowing ideas of your own heart, produced by the view of one of your fellow-men in my awful position."

Thereupon the clergyman, whose voice I now remembered, complying with his request, poured forth a flow of unstudied but impassioned prayer, the fervent "amens" to which of the poor sinking man evinced its effect upon his spirit. Ere he had concluded some one drew the door close, and all was silence save the gush of a tiny escape of water in a bath-room somewhere along the passage.

In a minute the doctor came into the room to me. I knew him also.

"Ah, Doctor," said I, "how is he: going from us at last, eh?"

"Yes, poor man, he is sinking fast: he has not twenty minutes! 'Tis a beautiful case; certain valves of the heart must be completely obliterated; the second sound is not audible; but you don't understand these things, probably. But come in, he has asked for you repeatedly."

On entering the room, and rounding a screen that concealed the door, a most striking tableau was presented to me—it was the death-bed of wealth.

Buried in the white cushions of a bed of down lay the shrunken and pallid figure of the dying merchant, his face wearing that peculiar expression which betokens that the great change is at hand, and for which I believe the doctors have a peculiar name. Close by his head stood his wife weeping. He had married her somewhat late in life, and the match was one of convenience on both sides; for she was the

daughter of a general in the army, whose large family his pay—both as a general and as colonel of a regiment, and also as governor of some castle in Scotland that had been for two centuries a ruin, and as comptroller-general of something he neither knew nor inquired anything about—but barely sufficed to supply with necessaries becoming the rank he had to support. The suitor was enormously rich, and an M. P.; she exceedingly poor, and a general's daughter: so, without much trouble in wooing, the matter was arranged between the male parties. She was a large and very beautiful woman, and the expression of ignorant pride which was habitual to her, had not deserted her features even at the death-bed of her husband. Yes, even amid her tears, she looked up at me with a countenance that plainly said, "I am better than thou!"

"It may be so, my good woman," I could not help thinking, or rather saying internally; "but I have other things to think about just now."

A little behind her, with his handkerchief to his face, stood her eldest son, the pride of her heart. I knew him well; his education from his earliest years had been conducted on the "away from home" principle, and its result was that he was now the most eminent youth at a fashionable public school—not for learning, for that is vulgar, but dissipation. He had been so long from home as to have forgotten all about his father, and to know him only as the "old governor"—one on whom to draw for money, and from whose knowledge to keep his young vices; for, though barely eighteen, he could play the gourmand, drink, sport, drive tandem, game, and practise other little expensive follies; nay, he had already even had the honour of being pigeoned by a sparrowhawk "leg," the son of a butcher, but of *most respectable* connexions nevertheless, who had no means of getting his bread but by preying on boys, and into whose pockets a few hundreds of the "governor's" hard-earned money had been transferred by the magic of *ecarté*. It would require more benevolence than I was ever possessed of, to fancy into grief the exultation evident in this youngster's countenance at the awful event that was pending. It seemed to me that his heart, thus early seared by continual contact with the vicious, was busy imagining future scenes of uncontrolled indulgence—of money in unlimited supply; but three short years were to intervene ~~ere~~ he would be without restraint, and be enabled to cut his present miserable associate, and have the distinction of suffering from titled sharpers and rascals of eminence; and of paying court to London actresses and figurantes, and not squalid provincial hacks.

How different was the mourning of his sister, a slight, fair creature of about fourteen, who knelt by the bedside clasping her dying father's hand, with her weeping face and it hidden by the fair hair that fell dishevelled about in the extremity of her grief. She had always been his favourite; and it was her bitter sobbing that had reached my ears on my first entrance, as I stood in the dressing-room.

How different, too, was the look of the younger son, a pretty boy of seven years old, whose dear papa was going from him for ever; that dear papa who used to walk and play with him about the grounds, and fly his kite for him in the park, and who never came from the town but with a toy or some such thing in his pocket. But there was deep

dread and awe mingled with this child's sorrow; for his young heart understood not yet what was meant by the word "death," and he stood weeping and hiding himself among the deep folds of the massive bed-curtains.

The doctor going close to the bed, and taking his patient's wrist, after a moment whispered something to him. He languidly turned his head, and looked toward me with an expression which, though fearfully ghastly, I felt was meant for a smile.

"Ah! Mr. D——," said he, in a scarcely audible voice, "I suppose you see how it is with me?"

And here the tears rose in my eyes in spite of me, although I had always known him in my capacity of a man of business, and had never formed part of his private circle. I said something which I have forgotten, and for half a minute or more he appeared to me to wander in his thoughts. At length he said, plainly and distinctly—

"I have sent for you about a trifling matter."

"An alteration in your settlement?" said I. "Will you please to state your wishes as succinctly as you can?"

"Oh, no! I believe that is all as it should be, and as much as possible calculated to please all parties" (here he glanced in the direction of his wife and eldest son); "what I want you about is the disposal of my body. Take your paper and write."

A small table was here hastily brought me, and I sat down.

"I desire," he continued, "my body to be buried, not in General ——'s vault, but in the west churchyard of the —— suburb."

Here his wife and son started, and looked astonishment and indignation.

"And that," continued he, summoning up the last spark of that energy that had carried him over many a difficulty during his lifetime of struggle; "and that, upon penalty of forfeiture of all money and property I have bequeathed to my wife, which in such a case I direct to be placed in the hands of the trustees before appointed, of whom you are one, Mr. D——, to be disposed as they shall think fit, for behoof of my boy Edward F——. The grave is in the north-west corner of the churchyard, and is marked by two small round stones, one at the head, marked L. S., with the date 1790; the other at the feet, marked H. S. simply."

As I was busy framing this into law-form and phraseology, Mrs. F—— spoke to me with a tone and manner that was extremely unpleasant:

"You surely do not mean to write that down, Mr. D——? You see he is plainly out of his intellects."

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "I must do as he desires me; the question of his sanity cannot be decided on by me, it is matter for a jury."

"Also, that a small leather case, which I will put into your possession, Mr. D——, be enclosed in my coffin, with its contents, and buried with me. Have you done?"

"One moment, my dear sir!"

"Now then, give me a pen, and let me sign it; my strength is failing fast."

He managed to put his name to it: when he had, he shut his eyes, and seemed for a moment utterly exhausted: rallying a little,

"Jane!" said he.

His daughter sprang to her feet, and stood bending over him.

"Kiss my brow, dearest!"

The poor girl complied; a gush of new tears falling over his face and the pillow.

"In the drawer of my dressing-glass you will find a bunch of keys, haste and fetch them."

Presently she returned, and put into his hands the keys he spoke of. Slowly he fingered them over, when, marking out two, he directed her to take them off the ring. I did it; for her eyes were so blinded, it was a matter of difficulty to her.

"Now," he resumed, "this is the key of the rosewood scrutoire in my study; open it: in the centre you will see a small recess with a door; this other is the key. Within are two bins full of papers, and two small drawers. The upper one is open, and contains, in a corner, the key of the lower; in the latter you will find an old-fashioned leather pocket-book; bring it quickly, as you love me, Jane."

Shortly the girl returned with what he desired. As he took it into his trembling hands, a glow of pleasure seemed to come into his eyes, and from that moment his mind was lost to all around him. He continued to murmur to himself, as he slowly and gradually opened it; and I could distinctly trace the words, "O! Hannah, Hannah! my poor lost Hannah!" Several old time-faded letters, wearing away at the corners and foldings, and with dim faint ink, fell out upon the bed-clothes. One was so worn that it fell asunder, and I could see it was an ancient *Valentine*, and its date was 1783.

He touched and fingered at these papers, in a sort of vague, inane manner, still continuing to murmur to himself: then leaving them alone, he took from another pocket of the book what seemed a small parcel. It opened among his fingers, and there rolled forth over the clothes a most magnificent tress of yellow hair. It appeared to be three or four feet in length, and as thick as the largest of my fingers. Whether from nature or from the way in which it had been packed, it was full of serpentine curls, twists, and wavings; and as it was moved about in the old man's hands, it showed in the light a hundred tints and shadows, from a pale tawny to the richest golden brilliance. It was quite loose and wavy, being only bound together by a thread at the top, close by where it had been cut from the fair temples it had once adorned.

It was cruel to look upon his wife as this happened; but I could not help it; and I saw that the eyes of all in that chamber were directed to her. Amazement, rage, jealousy, and scorn, followed each other rapidly over the mirror of her features, and, overpowered, she sank into a cushioned chair hard by, and, covering her face with her hands, leaned her head against its back. A moment, and a flood of tears streamed through her fingers, and with them all the woman rose in her bosom.

Starting up, she flew to his side, and clasping his head in her hands, cried aloud, amid her weeping,

"Dearest, dearest George! have you no word for me—no word now for me, your own Clementine—your wife, the mother of your children?"

But he neither saw her nor heard her; his mind was far away amid other scenes and events that had happened many, many years ere she was born: and he continued to murmur, as he pressed the tress to his lips and bosom,

"Alas, Hannah! could it be that ambition could overcome love even to the grave? Why did you love a fool like me, and love so deeply, Hannah? Fortune, business, the world divided us; but I know what they are now, and we shall sleep together in the end."

This did he utter, in detached, scarcely audible sentences, while his wife sobbed and wept over him. Presently I thought there was something gasping and unnatural in her breathing: suddenly she stood up, turned round to us, and broke into an appalling fit of hysteric laughter; and, making a sudden grasp apparently at the lock of hair, fell back senseless into our arms.

She was taken away to another room, the doctor going with her. This occurrence diverted my attention for a moment from the dying man. On looking again to him, I found that he had managed to raise the lock to his lips; but appeared not to have strength to remove it again. This set him a coughing, and gradually the coughs became weaker and weaker. I heard a long-drawn sigh; and some one said, "He is gone."

I will not describe the scene further.

I took the lock of hair and the loose papers and returned them to the pocket-book. It was an old-fashioned thing, of coarse and cheap materials. I sealed it up, and packing it along with the deed that had just been executed, I took my leave, uncared about, amid the confusion; and getting into my gig drove off homewards, toward the town. It appeared I had not been detained more than an hour, and in another hour I could be in my chambers, which I was anxious enough to reach, to lay me down and get some sleep, for I felt myself totally unhinged, and incapacitated from any intellectual labour for that night: indeed, just as one feels on returning from seeing a tragic drama well performed. I endeavoured, as I drove along, to shape out something like a moral from the events I had just been concerned in, which took somewhat of this form:

"Surely all the happiness in this world consists but in love and friendship; that is, in the indulgence of the affections. Wealth and power, however much they may seem to promise, are useful to the end, solely in so far as they procure, or preserve when procured by other means, these gratifications; and the man who pursues the former for themselves alone, may have occasion on his death-bed, like the successful merchant I have just quitted, to look back upon his life as a tissue of profitless folly; a vain leaving behind of the substance to chase the baseless shadow; or a leaving of the apples on the tree to make prize of, and run off with the ladder, whereby they might be reached."

"And again," said I; "it is a most strange spectacle to see the first

love of youth, the passion of boyhood, living on through a life of anxiety, amid the cares of a vast business and of an extensive family connexion, and amid the struggles of political contention, and thus, in the end, coming to be uppermost, and at the last and most striking period of the whole lifetime usurping all the heart, to the quenching or exclusion of every other feeling—even the domestic emotions—those one would think likely to be the strongest at such a moment."

But whilst I ruminated in this way, I approached the spot where the road crossed the lock of the canal. On my driving up close to the drawbridge, everything appeared as I left it. There was the great square gulf with its mighty floodgates at either end, and dark mossy sides, formed of vast blocks of cut stone looking, in the regularity of its shape, in its depth and darkness, like a grave dug for some huge Titan that required a thunderbolt to slay him. Everything was cold, dark, and still; and I could hear the fall into the deep bottom of the lock of numerous small gushes of water spurting through crevices in the upper part of the gates. As I sat, too, I heard faint distant shouts, and then a thundering gush of water far away down the chain of locks, as if some vessel were passing through. It was the case, and she had passed the one I was about to cross about an hour before.

I hallooed loudly for the bridgekeeper, but without effect; all in the direction of the cottage continued dark. At length I thought, "Surely it's all right—I can take 'Client' across by myself quite well;" and I drove him down the road a little to make him, in coming back, go right at the drawbridge.

But here let me explain the way in which this machine was constructed. It was lowered by two halves, one from each side of the lock: these, meeting in the middle and pressing against each other, afforded mutual support, upon something of the principle of the arch. But as the whole weight of whatever crossed must come first upon one half, while as yet there was no weight at all on the other, and thus one half might be forced beneath the other, and the whole fabric tumble at once into the depths beneath, two strong bands of iron, each with a heavy bolt and other fastenings, bound them together in the midst, and required to be opened and fixed again every time the bridge was raised and lowered.

Now I confess I had my suspicions about this bridge, and would have got out and examined it had I not been so cumbered with coats and cloak, all buttoned tight upon me; so I hallooed again, and receiving no answer, drove full trot right at it. But "Client" stopped short and backed, and neither persuasion nor force would induce him to try it. I turned him, took him down the road again, and brought him at it once more full tilt. He sprang upon it, his feet touching it in that sort of hasty, convulsive, mincing way in which a horse treads an insecure place. All at once I felt a sensation I have never experienced before or since. It was as if I was gently let down, while everything seemed strangely to swim around me. Another bound of the horse, and again his feet rattled together on the timber. I was plainly sinking. I shrieked with horror—another frantic spring of the animal, and he got his fore-feet, and for a moment his hind ones, on the solid stones of the

other side, at the same time that half we had first crossed with a dread rumbling sound broke from its fastenings, and fell with a hideous splash into the black water at the bottom of the cavernous lock, forty feet beneath me. The other half was sinking gradually under the weight of the gig, which seemed to be drawing the horse back also, whilst his mad plunging made the fire fly all around his heels, and his wild unnatural scream of terror rang and echoed over the neighbouring fields. In a paroxysm of fear I whipped him furiously, as the only means that offered a hope of preservation, while ever and anon the treacherous platform was more quickly sinking away from beneath me. A moment, and he seemed to have got secure footing: he made an instant pull with his whole vigour. I felt the wheels rising over the stone coping of the lock, and the next instant he had trotted forward a few yards and stood still, cowed and motionless, save only that he trembled audibly in his harness.

I got down, and going to his head spoke to him, and caressed him, patting his face and neck, then led him to the door of the bridge-keeper's cottage. This functionary was not to be found; but his wife, who had just got out of bed, alarmed by the cries and noise, and was hurriedly dressing herself, informed me he was gone to a prayer-meeting at a neighbouring village—persuaded that no vessel would pass the locks so late.

Now it happened that a large sloop had passed, and the men in charge of her, when they had got her through the lock, had lowered the bridge again, but left it without securing the fastenings, which it is probable they did not entirely understand.

With a hearty anathema at her husband, and all praying neglectors of duty, I directed her to take a lantern and go out to the site of the bridge, there to await his return, and prevent further accidents to passengers on the road; I then got up again and drove quickly back to the town.

"And who," thought I, as I drove along—"who that hears the experiences of this one night, will assert that there is no romance in a life of business!"

PEREGRINE.

HOW JACK MARLAND SOLVED A VERY STIFF PROBLEM.

"Jack Marland was a happy fellow—at least any one who saw him seated in his comfortable chambers in the Temple in a vast easy chair, and enveloped with clouds of smoke proceeding from his favourite meerschaum, as the bell of St. Paul's rang ten, would have said so. Jack was a clever fellow too; he sang well, he danced well; the partridges on the first of September knew him well; the Cheshire hounds were not unacquainted with him; the Isis and the Thames were intimate with him (for Jack pulled a good oar); a dab at fencing, a fair single-stick player, in his element in the pistol-gallery; and, to crown all, he had just made a not unsuccessful *débüt* as a speaker in the Courts at Westminster. Jack truly ought to have been happy, from a thousand reasons; he was a favourite with his acquaintances and professional brethren; by the fair sex, his witty conversation and handsome and gentlemanly person and demeanour were duly appreciated; in short, he was universally liked. Papas and mamas opened their doors to him (for he had a nice little fortune at his command); daughters and sons were glad when he entered the doors so thrown open, for not a dull moment was suffered to exist from the time Jack came to the time he took his departure. "And was Jack happy?" methinks I hear a fair reader inquire. Jack was not happy, or, rather, he *thought* he was not happy. Jack had got it into his silly head that, in spite of his accomplishments, his cleverness, and his handsome face and figure, he, Jack, was a coward; and that, if ever his courage should be put to the proof, he should be found lamentably wanting. This was Jack's "*ombre noir*;" this was the thought which embittered Jack's existence; and, at the time we introduced Jack to the notice of our readers, he was, in his aforesaid easy chair, and under the soothing influence of his aforesaid pipe, assisted by a cup of strong Mocha—turning over in his mind the different methods by which he thought it likely that he might be able to solve the knotty question, "Am I, or am I not a coward?"

Jack thought and thought, and smoked and smoked, till he was half asleep, without coming to any correct or satisfactory conclusion; the idea had taken strong possession of his mind and tormented him strangely: he however determined, as indeed he had fifty times before determined, to seize the first opportunity which might present itself, of placing himself in the way of grappling with some imminent danger. We shall in less than ten minutes see that the wished-for opportunity presented itself, and in rather a curious manner.

The long vacation arrived; that time so wished for, so *looked* forward to by all the legal profession; that time, during which, &c., &c.

Jack, like many other denizens of the Temple, packed up his traps, sent his clerk for a cab, stuck a card outside his door, with the inscription "Return before the 20th of October," "shipped himself all aboard of a ship," then of a diligence, and, in due course of time, found himself in Paris. One half day was sufficient to enable him to find a good suite of rooms, Rue du Helder, Boul. Italien: and now behold Jack fully launched in all the gaiety, not to say dissipation, of the metropolis of the French. Jack, we have before said, was a very good shot with the pistol, yet he had never been guilty of that height of folly, a duel; and, indeed, had often been heard to say, that he never would. He, however, frequented many of the pistol galleries which abounded in Paris; and, amongst others, he had honoured with his presence the *tir au pistolet* of M. Lepage, where, of course, he very soon became known as "*Ce Monsieur Anglais, jui tire aussi bien qu'un Français.*"

One day Jack, on going to the gallery of M. Lepage with one of his friends, found it occupied by a young man well known as one of the best shots in Paris; and most assuredly he was a good shot. He performed all the feats which tradition assigns to the Chevalier St. George; he each time hit the bull's-eye of the target at the usual distance, snuffed a candle with the ball, split a bullet against the edge of a knife, and drove a nail into the wall by striking the head exactly in the centre with his ball; and, in short, by a thousand feats of this nature proved himself worthy the name of a first-rate shot. His *amour propre* was roused by the presence of Jack, whom the attendant, in presenting him with the pistol, had quietly said was almost as good a shot as himself; but at each shot, instead of receiving from Jack the tribute of praise which he deserved, he heard Jack, in reply to the exclamations of astonishment which proceeded from all in the gallery, say, "No doubt, that is a very good shot; but the result would be very different, I've a notion, if he had a live man for his butt." This incessant calling in question of his powers as a duellist, for Jack had repeated his observation three times, at first astonished the "*tireur*," and ended by annoying him; and, at length, turning round to Jack, and looking at him with an air half jesting and half threatening, he said, "Forgive me, Mr. Englishman, but it appears to me that three times you have made an observation disparaging to my courage; will you be kind enough to give me some explanation of the meaning of your words?"

"My words," answered our friend, "do not, I think, require any explanation; they are plain enough, in my opinion."

"Perhaps then, sir, you will be good enough to repeat them, in order that I may judge of the meaning which they will bear, and the object with which they have been spoken?" was the reply of the Frenchman.

"I said," answered Jack, with the most perfect *sang froid*, "when I saw you hit the bull's-eye at each shot, that neither your hand nor your eye would be so steady, if your pistol were pointed against the breast of a man in the place of a wooden partition."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because," answered Jack, "it seems to me, that at the moment of pulling the trigger, and firing at a man, the mind would be seized with a kind of emotion likely to unsteady the hand, and, consequently, the aim."

"You have fought many duels?" asked the Frenchman.

"Not one," said Jack.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, with a slight sneer, "then I am not surprised that you suppose the possibility of a man being afraid under such circumstances."

"Forgive me," said Jack, "you misunderstand me. I fancy that at the moment when one man is about to kill another, he may tremble from some other emotion than that of fear."

"Sir! I *never* tremble," said the shot.

"Possibly," replied Jack, with the same composure; "still I am not at all convinced, that at twenty-five paces, that is, at the distance at which you hit the bull's eye each time ——"

"Well! at twenty-five paces?" interrupted the other.

"You would miss your man," was the cool reply.

"Sir, I assure you I should not," answered the Frenchman.

"Forgive me if I doubt your word," said Jack.

"You mean, then, to give me the lie?"

"I merely assert the fact," replied our friend.

"A fact, however, which I think you would scarcely like to establish," said the "*tireur*."

"Why not?" said Jack, looking steadily at his antagonist.

"By proxy, perhaps?"

"By proxy, or in my own person, I care not which," said Jack.

"I warn you, you would be somewhat rash."

"Not at all," said Jack, "for I merely say what I think; and, consequently, my conviction is that I should risk but little."

"Let us understand each other," said the Frenchman; "you repeat to me a second time, that at twenty-five paces I should miss my man."

"You are mistaken, monsieur," said Jack; "it appears to me that this is the fifth time that I have said it."

"Parbleu!" said the Frenchman, now thoroughly exasperated, "this is too much; you want to insult me."

"Think as you like, monsieur," said Jack.

"Good!" said the other; "your hour, sir?"

"Why not now?" said Jack.

"The place?" said the other.

"We are but five steps from the Bois de Boulogne," replied Jack.

"Your arms, sir?"

"The pistol, of course," was Jack's answer; "we are not about to fight a duel, but to decide a point upon which we are at issue."

The two young men entered their cabriolets, each accompanied by a friend, and drove towards the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the appointed place, the seconds wished to arrange the matter. This, however, was very difficult; Jack's adversary required an apology, whilst Jack maintained that he owed him none, unless he himself was either killed or wounded; for unless this happened he (Jack) would not have been proved wrong. The seconds spent a quarter of an hour in the attempt to effect a reconciliation, but in vain. They then wished to place the antagonists at thirty paces from each other; to this Jack would not consent, observing that the point in question could not be correctly

decided, if any difference were made between the distance now to be fixed, and the distance at which his antagonist had hit the bull's eye in the gallery. It was then proposed that a louis should be thrown up, in order to decide who was to shoot first: this Jack declared was totally unnecessary, that the right to the first shot naturally belonged to his adversary; and although the Frenchman was anxious that Jack should take advantage of this one chance, he was firm, and carried his point. The "garçon" of the shooting-gallery had followed, and was ready to charge the pistols, which he did with the same measure, the same kind of powder, and the same kind of balls as those used by the Frenchman in the gallery, a short time before. The pistols, too, were the same; this condition alone Jack had imposed, a *sine quid non*. The antagonists, placed at twenty-five paces from each other, received each his pistol; and the seconds retired a few paces, in order to leave the combatants free to fire on one another, according to the stipulated arrangement.

Jack took none of the precautions usual with duellists; he attempted not to shield any part of his body, by position or any other means; but allowed his arms to hang down at his side, and presented his full front to his enemy, who scarcely knew what to make of this extraordinary conduct. He had fought several duels, but it had never been his lot to see such *sang-froid* in any one of his antagonists; he felt as if bewildered; and Jack's theory occurring to his mind, tended but little to reassure him; in short, this celebrated shot, who never missed either his man or the bull's-eye of the target, began to doubt his own powers. Twice he raised his pistol, and twice he lowered it again; this was of course contrary to all the laws of duelling; but each time Jack contented himself with saying, "Take time, monsieur! take time." A third time he raised his arm, and, feeling ashamed of himself, fired. It was a moment of most painful anxiety to the seconds; but they were soon relieved, for Jack! the instant after the pistol had been fired, turned to the right and to the left, and made a low bow to the two friends, to show that he was not wounded, and then said, coolly, to his antagonist, "You see, sir, I was right?"

"You were," answered the Frenchman; "and now fire, in your turn."

"Not I," said Jack, picking up his hat, and handing the pistol to the garçon; "what good would it do me to shoot at you?"

"But, sir," said his adversary, "you have the right, and I cannot permit it to be otherwise; besides, I am anxious to see how *you* shoot."

"Let us understand each other," said Jack. "I never said that I would hit you; *I* said, that *you* would not hit *me*; you have not hit me; I was right; and now there is an end to the matter:" and in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of the Frenchman, Jack mounted his cab, and drove off, repeating to his friend, "I told you there was a mighty difference between firing at a doll and firing at a man." Jack's mind was eased; he had solved his problem, and found that he was *not* a coward.

THE TWO BLIGHTED WHITE ROSEBUDS.

An Historical Ballad.

It is a stately rose,
 And decked right royally ;
 There is carv'd chair, and silken bed,
 With the golden lions three.

And the silver cresset's light
 Falls on a scene most fair ;
 Two little children heedfully
 Kneeling at morning prayer.

No circlet spans their brows—
 No sceptre, gem-beset,
 Beside them lies ; yet are they heirs
 Of the proud Plantagenet.

Ay, kneel, fair children, kneel ;
 More need have ye to pray
 Than the peasant boy, for he shall rise
 To welcome the joyous day.

Ay, kneel, fair children, kneel ;
 Let your prayers to Heaven arise,
 For the aged man shall awake, but ye
 Ne'er again shall ope your eyes.

Alas! for the two White Rosebuds!
 They blossomed lovelily ;
 The pleasant shoots of a noble stem,
 Of an old and a royal tree.

Alas! for the two White Rosebuds!
 No tempest laid them low—
 No cutting blast—nor did wintry blight
 Over their soft leaves go.
 But he who was their guardian, he
 Did strike the murderous blow.

O! what a household tale
Is this of the Rosebuds fair!
Ee'n the youngest child will unto it
Listen with heedful care.

How the princely boys were mured
In the Tower, in lonesome cell,
Till, like the Children in the Wood,
By their Uncle's hand they fell.

And yet, those gentle babes,
Though doomed to cruel death,
Were pitied by the murderous twain,
And they would not stop their breath.

No ruth found the young Plantagenets,
In sweetest sleep they lay,
When their murderers came, and the morn beheld
Only their lifeless clay.

The Children in the Wood
Did have their obsequy
From the robin redbreasts, who with leaves
Covered them tenderly.

But the children in the Tower,
Not e'en wild birds' care had they ;
Without a pall, or funeral song,
Beneath the stairs they lay
For long, long years, until, bleached and bare,
Their bones were brought to day.

Alas! for the two White Rosebuds,
Thus snapt from their parent stem!
Alas! for the young Plantagenets!
Yet, wherefore mourn for them?

What did they leave behind?
Fierce hate, and battle strife,
And the deadly feuds of a ruthless age,
A weary, wretched life.

A crown with thorns beset.

But they've life unscathed by woe,
And a glorious crown in that blessed land
Where little children go.

In dreams of peace and Heaven,
Those sweet ones closed their eyes ;
Ere morning dawned their dreams were o'er,
And they woke in Paradise.

THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

I HAVE seen it, I know it ; it exists, it is in operation, as it existed, as it was in operation in the time of Charlemagne, and long before him. It is the most ancient, the most respectable, the most peaceful, the happiest of all actual republics ; the smallest, the best of all possible republics.

I made the circuit of its territory in less than two hours ; I will give a *resumé* of its history in about as many pages. But, first of all, I must tell you how I made its acquaintance.

In the spring of last year I was on an excursion through the charming Campagna of Rome, and the small cities of the Papal States, where historical monuments and memories rise up before you at every step you take. I had been to see at Ravenna the Basilica of St. Vitalis, whose Gothic architecture served as a model for the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. I had bowed low before the tomb of Dante, and that of Theodoric the Great. I had left the city, and was making my onward way, absorbed in archeological and political meditations, when I chanced to raise my head, and saw before me, at a short distance, a mountain, on whose summit clustered a group of houses. I was looking about in search of some shepherd of whom to inquire the name of the place, when I observed, advancing towards me by a cross road, a man of thirty or thirty-five years old, with manly, handsome features, and whose picturesque costume partook at once of the town and the country. I determined to accost him ; and, as one must be polite at all events when one is asking a favour, I addressed him as "Signor."

"Not Signor," he interrupted, "but *Capitano*."

"*Capitano* !" thought I, "of what ? of brigands ?"

This might very well have been the case, for that sort of gentry are by no means rare in the Roman States. We were in a retired and solitary spot, not a living soul besides ourselves was to be seen, and the captain carried a very fine gun on his arm. The position was not altogether free from embarrassment on my part ; but, putting a good face

on the matter, I pointed out to him the object which had attracted my curiosity, and asked what town that was ?

He replied gravely,

"It is not a town, 'tis a republic."

"A republic!" cried I; "a republic in Italy, in the states of the Holy Father!"

"Yes, *Signor Francese*," he replied; "that which you see before you is the last relic of ancient Republican Rome! That is the republic of San Marino, and I have the honour to be one of its magistrates, one of its two captains or gonfaloniers."

I made him a respectful bow; Fra Diavolo had turned into a consul.

"My name," he continued, "figures, though indeed in very small letters, in your *Almanack Royal*, in connexion with my little republic, a republic which is now thirteen centuries old, and which is, in my eyes, the happiest and most independent state in the world. You may, if it so please you, judge of the place for yourself. I shall have much pleasure in introducing you."

"Why, faith, *Signor Capitano*," said I, "a republic, thirteen centuries old, is so rare a thing in these times of ours, and especially in the states of the church, so near Austrian Lombardy, that I should not be sorry to make acquaintance with yours. Such a phenomenon is well worth seeing."

"Yes, 'tis a curious anomaly enough; but, as we are not dangerous, they let us remain as a standing curiosity. Come, then; and on our way I'll give you our modest annals. It won't take long."

And the consul proceeded thus:—

"Rome was founded by a brigand, who was afterwards made a demi-god; San Marino by an honest fellow of a mason, who became a saint. San Marino, who lived in the ninth century, after a time gave up his business, and retired to a hermitage on Monte Titano, where he soon acquired such a reputation for sanctity, that a nobleman in the neighbourhood made him a present in perpetuity of the upper part of the mountain. Numerous admirers came one after another to settle there, and, by degrees, around the hermitage rose a small town, the piety of whose founder obtained for it almost entire independence, under the protection, occasionally, indeed, somewhat capricious and tyrannical, of the successive possessors and usurpers of the famous Exarchate of Ravenna.

"From the summit of their rock the companions of this minor Romulus and their successors looked quietly down upon the revolutions which on either side upset by turns the great empires of the Romans and of the Lombards, of Charlemagne and of Napoleon. Like the eagle hovering above the storm, they saw pass by them the successive conquerors of old Italy. The destroyers and the regenerators alike gave no heed to them; they were altogether unnoticed upon their mountain top. It is true they had the wit to follow the advice of their venerable founder, who on his deathbed left for their sole state maxim:—

TO BE HAPPY, YOU MUST REMAIN AT HOME.

It is this golden rule which, above all other things, has been our safeguard from age to age, which has preserved our happiness and our

independence. How is it that almost all the other republics that the world has known have been successively destroyed by one another? Simply because they insisted upon going from home to annoy their neighbours, and by-and-by the neighbours retaliated, and left them no home at all for themselves!"

"Alas!" said I, "we know something of these things. If our great Emperor had but had the wit of your mason, the French Republic would be at this moment a worthy sister of the republic of San Marino."

"Ay," rejoined the Marinese consul, with a smile of pride and satisfaction; "and we should have employed for your government the same formula as we use for that of Venice: *Alla nostra carissima sorella, la serenissima repubblica di Venezia.*"

"And assuredly, Signor Capitano, the French people would not have been less affable than the bridegroom of the Adriatic; they also would have recognised and adopted their *carissima sorella*, the republic of San Marino."

"Who one of these days may find himself an orphan. What think you, Signor Francese?"

"Signor Capitano," replied I, looking round me, "I have been recommended never to talk politics in the states of the church, or within the Austrian frontier. I have a horrible dread of *carcere duro.*"

"Right! we Marinese act upon the same wise principle. To resume my history. In the twelfth century, after the publication of the Treaty of Constance, the little independent town, which at this time had considerably increased in size, constituted itself a republic, after the example of a great many other Italian towns, upon the basis of a simple, a primitive constitution, of which our mason had left us an outline to meet the contingency. In 1460,—a remarkable date in our annals,—the tyrant Sigismond Malatesta declared war against Count Urban, one of the vassals of Pope Pius II., and repulsed the Pontifical troops who had hastened to combat the oppressor. At the very moment when the soldiers of the Pope were flying in all directions, a small but hardy and disciplined band was seen descending from this mountain, who, dashing up, rallied the fugitives, and, putting themselves at their head, very speedily cut in pieces the army of Malatesta. These unexpected auxiliaries, who seemed to descend from heaven, were the citizen soldiers of our republic, who that day saved the states of the church and Pontifical Rome.

"His Holiness, full of gratitude, by way of recompensing our ancestors for their generous and timely devotion, ceded to them in full property the small castles of Senavalle, Fuelano, Mongiardino, and Fiorentino, which stood lower down the mountain, and the village of Poggio, which lay in the plain. This was the most splendid epoch of our republic, but it was well-nigh the period also of its decay, the beginning of its ruin. When the Emperors of the West quitted Rome for Byzantium, they gave the signal for the invasion of the barbarians. When the republic of San Marino quitted its rock, and descended into the valley, it was also preparing its lower empire, its invasion of the barbarians, of foreigners and spoilers. Already ideas of ambition and conquest began to ferment in Marinese minds; masters of four little castles

and a village, our ancestors had expensive day dreams about conquering the duchy at large; Rome perhaps; nay, why not all Italy! They were, in short, in a very fair way of incurring the merited fate of their neighbours; it was well-nigh all over with the republic of San Marino, when, as Providence would have it, the Nestor of the place, our Calebas, or, in other words, our clergyman, said one day to the republic, when it was assembled at church, 'My children, the nearer you get to earth, the further you are from heaven. Please to remember the Cæsars and our mason. The Cæsars were undone, because they aimed at the empire of the world. The mason has hitherto kept you in peace and happiness and independence by his salutary maxim:—

IF YOU WOULD BE HAPPY, REMAIN AT HOME.

Are you tired of peace and happiness and independence; or will you return to your maxim?' 'We will, we will!' cried the assembly, with one voice, full of emotion; 'let us remain at home, let us remain on our mountain top, let us remain free and happy.' And forthwith, quitting the castles and the village, the republic of San Marino clambered up to its rock once more, where it has taken good care to remain ever since, free as the air it breathes, happy as the birds that fly around it, under the mild and paternal protection of the Holy See.

"Well, signor, our little nest of republicans lived thus respected, or rather forgotten, amid the revolutions which were upsetting all the rest of Italy. At one period alone was our repose disturbed, nay, our existence in imminent danger; but the Marinese and their brave captains resisted the enemy, as the Romans resisted the terrible Hannibal. And who do you imagine was our Hannibal? One of the greatest politicians of modern times, no less a personage than the Cardinal Alberoni in person."

"What!" I interrupted, "he who, from a bell-ringer and a cook, rose to be the arbiter of Europe?"

"And who was very near confiscating *La Belle France* for the benefit of the Spanish monarchy. However, at this time the bell-ringer, who made himself cardinal, had become something little better than a parish priest, for he was in involuntary retirement, with the dignified charge of pontifical legate at Ravenna, and at full leisure to meditate upon the instability of all mundane things. But you may imagine that a prince of the church, so warlike, a mitred conqueror, who had been at the point of turning a dozen kingdoms topsy-turvy, could not rest quiet in such a miserable little cage.

"Now, one fine morning, it happened that he caught sight of our little snuggery at the mountain's top; and forthwith the invader, *par excellence*, determined to lay hands upon us, as a *cadeau* for the Sovereign Pontiff.

"And what could the acquisition of an imperceptible republic be to the masterly diplomatist, who had held in his hand the destinies of all Europe? A pure bagatelle. All that was wanting was something in the way of a pretext, and this presented itself just in the nick of time.

"The Government of San Marino, which never gave refuge to malefactors, had arrested within its territory several men accused of a number of robberies at Loretto. Under the pretence of claiming cognizance of

the matter, in the name of the Pope, Alberoni sent some officers of police to demand the prisoners. The Marinese answered, that they would deliver them up as soon as certain preliminary legal forms had been gone through. The Cardinal, who expected this reply, immediately wrote word to Rome, that San Marino had become a second Geneva, in the bosom of Italy, thanks to certain innovators there; but that he had reason to know that all the principal men in the republic were anxious to become Roman subjects. This tickled the fancy of the Papal prime minister, Cardinal Finao, who forthwith instructed Alberoni to 'approach the frontiers' of this new Geneva, and ascertain the exact condition of matters.

"The Legate of Ravenna took a much more decided step. By way of settling this little affair off-hand, he marched with some soldiers up our mountain, and, entering the capital as a conqueror, summoned the republic of San Marino to take in his presence the oath of fealty to the Holy See. A few of the more timid presented themselves, and were about to obey the requisition, when Captain Gianghi rushed to the spot, and, regarding the Cardinal with a fierce air, exclaimed, 'On the first of October I took an oath of fealty to my lawful prince, the republic of San Marino; I now confirm and renew that oath.' Joseph Onofrio, the second captain, lustily seconded him; and, when Alberoni ordered these brave gonfaloniers to be arrested, the whole republic rose and threatened to rush to arms in defence of their magistrates; so the Cardinal let them alone, and merely declared the republic at an end.

"Happily the Pope had heard of his prime minister's blunder, and had immediately despatched an envoy, the Cardinal Enriguez, who altogether repudiated, in his master's name, the saying and doings of Cardinals Finao and Alberoni, and solemnly renewed his Holiness's recognition of our ancient republic. 'Twas bad enough to have been outtricked by the Abbé Dubois, but to be thwarted by Captain Gianghi and Captain Onofrio! 'twas an intolerable reflection for the man who had well-nigh upset all Europe; the vexation hastened poor Alberoni's end, and we went on as quietly and comfortably as before.

"Some sixty years after that, we had to do with another conqueror of your acquaintance, a still more formidable one, General Buonaparte. In his progress through Italy he stopped for a day at Ravenna. A deputation waited upon him.

" 'Who are you, gentlemen?' said he.

" 'General, we are the representatives of the Republic of San Marino.'

" 'How! a republic here?'

" 'Yes, general; the eldest sister of the French Republic, by more than twelve centuries!'

"The great man put various inquiries to our deputation as to their government, their institutions, their history, and they told him much the same that I have just told you.

" 'And so for thirteen centuries you have been perched up on your mountain top, have you?'

" 'Yes, general; and we hope to remain there for a great many centuries more, if it please God and the Conqueror of Italy.'

" 'Assuredly, gentlemen,' was the gracious reply; 'I shall have much

pleasure in according you my protection, and increasing your power into the bargain. Come; how say you; should you like to have the ancient Duchy of Urbine?

“ ‘General,’ replied the chief of the deputation, ‘we have an old maxim left us by our founder:—

TO BE HAPPY, YOU MUST REMAIN AT HOME.

That maxim has been the safeguard of our liberty and happiness, and to that maxim we desire to adhere. Accept, however, our best thanks for your generous offer.’

“ The general smiled in an odd sort of way, and reflected. ‘Perhaps,’ said he, at last, ‘the old fellow you speak of was in the right of it. But he was a mason, you say; I am a soldier; every man to his calling. Remain on your mountain, gentlemen; I shall not interfere with you. You appear to be very good sort of people. Rely upon me as your protector.’

“ ‘Be more,’ cried all the deputies together, in a fit of enthusiasm; ‘be our fellow-citizen; suffer us to inscribe your illustrious name in our golden book, among the Patricians of San Marino.’

“ ‘With all my heart,’ replied Napoleon; ‘and your new fellow-citizen will defend your independence against whomsoever may assail it.’

“ And he kept his word. While all the rest of Europe was agitated to the foundation, as though by an earthquake, our republic remained free and tranquil. More than once he renewed his offer of extending our territories, but we stuck to the mason’s maxim. Ah! if he himself had had the wit to adopt it, or even if, after the disaster of Waterloo, he had called to mind that he was still a citizen of San Marino, a patrician inscribed on her golden book, he would have found an asylum there.”

“ You jest,” cried I; “had he come here he would have turned your little republic, as he had already turned all the rest of Europe, topsy-turvy. The great agitator was not a man to practise for one single month the ethics of San Marino.”

“ You are right,” replied my new acquaintance; “the eagle would not have remained in his eyrie. The patrician would have made himself king, and God knows what we should have become.”

“ You would have become the masters of the world; or the slaves of Austria.”

“ Ah, yes; we have done much better by remaining in our nest. But here we are.”

The summit of the mountain was, indeed, attained, and I entered my friend’s capital. We were received by a detachment of five carabinieri; guardians of the liberties of their country.

“ You see before you,” said my conductor, “a portion of our standing army. Its entire strength is sixty men, quite enough to maintain the peace, external and internal, for we have no *émeutes*, as you call them, among ourselves, and we do not meddle with other people. Besides, for that matter, every citizen is a soldier at need. You see,” he continued, as, passing up the High-street, we entered the square, “our capital is not so brilliant a one as yours, by a great deal; but we are peaceful, free, and happy; we are exempt from political change or parliamentary squabbling. Our constitution is just the same

as it was centuries ago; and our public burdens are just ten francs a-head, producing a superb budget of 70,000 francs, which pays the army and all other charges of government, without our having to borrow a farthing from anybody. Well, Signor Francese, what think you of our republic?"

"Think! why, I think that if it did not exist it ought to be invented. Adieu, *Signor Console*; in my walks about my own capital I shall often exclaim, 'O, Sancte Marino, ora pro nobis!'"

S O N G.

Still, still thou hauntest me
 Sweet breathed melody,
 Which erst my lady warbled soft and low;
 When thro' the lattice bright
 The slant sun poured his light,
 Bathing the oriel in his rosy flow—
 Deepening her cheek's rich flush, gilding her hair,
 As clothed in light she sat, like habitant of fair.

That pleasant strain is o'er—
 That slant sun shines no more—
 Or beauteous lady to her soft lute singing:
 That vision rare hath fled,
 And hopes that nourished
 My trusting heart, as swift their flight are winging,—
 And like some wrecked adventurer I stand,
 Whose argosy hath sunk upon some fatal strand.

Careless I saw the ray
 Vanish quite away—
 Unmourning listened to the lute's last chord;
 Yet never dreamed that she,—
 My priceless argosy,
 Wherein the riches of my heart were stored,—
 Could change like them, and that her smile would flee,
 Like as the fading ray—the bygone melody.

H. L.

THE PHANTOM OF PETER SCHLEMIHL.

THOUGH many years have elapsed since I first perused the admirable narrative in which Chamisso makes us acquainted with the fate of Peter Schlemihl, I have not forgotten the feeling of awe that took possession of me on reading his marvellous adventures. A circumstance that lately occurred brought it in its most vivid colours before me. I relate it, in the hope of interesting, not only those to whom the story of Schlemihl is familiar, but also others, who, being as yet in ignorance of his history, may be induced to make themselves acquainted with it. To render myself intelligible to this latter class, it will, however, be necessary to give a slight sketch of his story.

Peter Schlemihl barter his shadow for riches, and a life of misery is the consequence of the unholy bargain.

“His shadow!” cries every one, astonished.

So it was; and a little reflection will show the value of this neglected follower, and the evil that would attend his loss.

The shadow, like original sin, was born with man, and has in like manner been his inheritance for thousands of years. All the ills incident to mortals leave him unharmed. No sword has ever reached him; no flame burnt him. Neither hunger, pestilence, nor poverty can annihilate him. Unrefined by education, he is equally bound to the barbarian and the civilised man; to the fool and the wise; the negro and the white. With all has he struggled on, through difficulty and danger, a true and faithful companion. Learn, then, to honour thy shadow!

For those who do not feel convinced of his worth, I will quote the words of Schlemihl himself.

“I looked around, but as far as the eye could reach nothing was to be seen save the wide extending monotonous plain. No bush, no tree, not a stone on which to lay my weary head; no sound broke the death-like stillness; nothing was stirring; no lowering cloud to remind me of my distant enemies, nor fluttering bird to recall my forsaken friends. I felt that I had no longer any connexion with my fellow-creatures; that I was alone—deserted—lost. The sun was setting as I rose, when, lo! a second figure rose before me, an old friend—a faithful companion—my shadow. The same that had formerly glided with me over verdant meadows and through flowery vales; that had been reflected in the moonlight on the marble pillars of palaces, and stretched itself at my feet as, by the light of some expiring taper, I waited at the given rendezvous. In joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and misfortune, it had ever clung to me. I eagerly stretched out my hands; the shadow followed my example. I raised them towards heaven, and it imitated my movements. I threw myself on my knees, and with me knelt my shadow. I was comforted; and when to others not a shade of hope

would have appeared, I drew immediate consolation from my shadow, for it had forsaken all, smiling landscapes, stately halls, and luxurious palaces, to follow me, and now lay quiet and contented by my side on the hard sand of the desert."

We will suppose that by some chance a man should lose his shadow. Would it be possible to repair the loss of this second self? Never! A leg may be carved, a finger turned, but who can create an artificial shadow?

In an unguarded moment Peter Schlemihl parted with his; but had he known the friend he was resigning, he would as soon have signed away his soul. No sooner did his fellow-creatures perceive the loss, than they averted their faces from him, and none would hold communion with the shadowless being. It was then that, after the most desperate expedients to repair this loss, Satan, observing his despair at the failure of his efforts, cunningly offered to return the dearly-prized shadow in exchange for his soul. Happily he had strength to resist this temptation; and retiring from the world, he dedicated himself to the study of nature, assisted by the wonderful seven-league boots, which were probably bestowed on him by some mighty power that approved and protected him. But to my tale.

My luggage had preceded me to the diligence; and as I hurried into the coach-yard, I could hear the conductor calling over the numbers of his passengers.

"Number eight!"

"Here, here!" exclaimed I.

"Cabriolet, left-hand corner," said he.

"How delightful!" thought I, "the very place I should have selected; for besides being insured against more than two unpleasant companions, I shall be able to see the country." The conductor opened the door, and I got in. Good heavens! the whole coupé was crammed with band-boxes, from the largest to the smallest sizes, round, square, oblong, blue, black, and white, a perfect chaos of pasteboard. But my attention was not long fixed upon the boxes, for in the opposite corner, nearly buried under them, sat a female, whose pretty face soon attracted my admiration. A delicately-formed Grecian nose, a complexion of dazzling fairness, added to large blue eyes, with long silky lashes, formed a picture that reconciled me in a moment to the obnoxious band-boxes. It was completed by two long braids of dark brown hair that fell from under the snowy cap, and contrasted delightfully with the brilliancy of her complexion. "I wonder what she is?" thought I. "Either a lady's maid or a milliner," I answered to my own question. Arranging my features into their most insinuating expression, sinking my voice into its softest tone, and pulling up my shirt-collar, I said—

"Shall I have the pleasure of your company as far as F———?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am going to F———, where I hope to arrive this evening, as I have much to do there."

"Indeed!" I said, glancing at the heap of packages, "the business is urgent, no doubt?"

"Oh yes," she returned, "I am taking the last fashions to the Countess of C———."

I was about to reply, but the postilion was already mounted and blowing his horn; and everybody knows that when a German postilion blows his horn, his hearers bless themselves, and wait in silence till he has finished. The conductor sprang to his seat, the horses moved on; when, just as I was congratulating myself on being alone with the pretty milliner, the door was suddenly opened, and there appeared—Good Heavens! Could it be a man? Did ever mortal see limbs of such outrageous longitude? While I gazed at him with doubt and astonishment, he, not even giving himself the trouble to wait till the steps were let down, made but one stride from the pavement to the middle place in the cabriolet; and while one long spindle-shank still rested on the ground, his old white hat actually touched the window at the opposite corner. The question where he was to find room in a coupé, already half-filled with band-boxes, seemed for the first time to occur to him; but he did not suffer it to embarrass him long, for, stretching out his arm, he quietly began to stow them away in the pockets and under the seat. He then packed the rest neatly together, and gradually drawing his lengthy limbs into the coach, took his place between me and the milliner. How he got there, Heaven only knows! but, without causing the least inconvenience to either of us, there he sat, doubled together like a bat with folded wings.

A general silence followed his entrance; the conversation had been interrupted, and no one seemed disposed to commence a fresh one. I threw several side glances at the new comer. He was an elderly man, on whose sallow face time had ploughed many a furrow. His long aquiline nose almost concealed two small eyes so deeply sunk in his head, that it was impossible to judge of their colour, while the wrinkles that surrounded the corners of his large, ill-shaped mouth, gave a disagreeable expression to his countenance, that was by no means diminished by a long chin covered with a scanty red beard. A shabby hat, only partially concealed a head of bushy hair of the same unpleasing hue. His dress consisted of a dark grey coat, the cuffs of which did not reach to within six inches of his wrists. Trousers of the same material, and as short as the coat-sleeves, completed the costume of this strange figure. A small steel chain induced me to suppose he possessed a watch, the only visible luggage he had brought with him.

The reader will easily imagine that this was an apparition little calculated to create a favourable impression on a young and handsome woman, and yet, seated between me and the fair occupant of the other corner, I might as well have had the Chinese wall in his place. Had he been one of the handsomest men living I could not have felt a more thorough detestation of him than I did. There was a something, too, in his appearance not entirely strange to me; and although I could not recollect that I had ever seen his face before, its expression seemed familiar. This circumstance perplexed and annoyed me. At length the stranger looked hard at me, and seemed desirous of breaking the long silence; but, meeting with no encouragement on my part, he turned to the milliner, and asked, in a drawing voice, from whence she came?

"From R——," was the answer.

"No offence, I hope," continued the stranger. "Are you going to F——?"

"I am," she replied.

"On business, I suppose?" was the next question.

"Yes. And where do you come from?" she continued, with a view as it seemed of avoiding further questioning.

"Where do I come from?" he replied, with a chuckling laugh. "I have just left Hamburg. Have you ever been at Hamburg? Fine city," he went on, "large city—rich city. I made a good thing of it at Hamburg," rubbing his hands together, as if recalling some pleasant recollections.

"From Hamburg!" I repeated to myself. "Why, it was in Hamburg that——" I wonder what sort of business he had in Hamburg?

At this moment the postilion began to curse and swear, as postilions alone know how. His rage was certainly excusable, for the lash of his whip having entangled itself in the harness, he had, after ten minutes spent in trying to disengage it, at length lost his patience, and given a sudden jerk that had broken the whpocord. He could no longer crack his whip, and, after a fruitless search in his pockets for a new lash, he turned as a last resource to the coupé, and asked if any one could give him a piece of string. Before I had time to recollect whether I could assist him, my long neighbour had unbuttoned the three top buttons of his coat, and, taking a small roll of whpocord from his breast pocket, offered it to the postilion. The latter seemed to receive it as a matter of course, and, cutting it into two equal parts, he put the one by for some future emergency, and having mended his whip with the other, commenced cracking it with redoubled energy.

We were now commencing the descent of a steep hill, and the conductor sprang from his box in order to put the drag on, when his foot slipped and he fell with some violence on a heap of stones at the roadside. Shocked at the accident, I jumped out of the coach to offer my assistance. Fortunately, he had received no other injury than a slight cut on the face, from which the blood flowed pretty freely.

"Has anybody a piece of sticking-plaster?" said he.

No sooner was the question asked, than the stranger again opened his shabby coat, and drawing forth a large black leather pocket-book, took a sheet of court-plaster from it, and offered it to the wounded man. He tore off a piece, applied it to the cut, and thrusting the remainder into his pocket, quickly mounted his seat, and at the word "Forwards!" the coach rolled on.

"You have torn your cloak," said the milliner, as I regained my place. On examination I found she was right. There was a large rent in the blue lining.

"If I had a needle and thread, I would soon mend it," she continued.

Scarcely had she finished speaking before our companion once more opened his coat, drew forth the pocket-book, and, taking out a small packet of needles and some blue silk, offered them to her.

We now stopped to change horses, and my pretty companion had only just time to finish her task before we were once more in motion.

"How tiresome not to have scissors," said she.

That the scissors immediately made their appearance out of the same

coat, the same pocket, and the same pocket-book, now caused me no astonishment. I thanked the pretty sempstress, assuring her that I should look on the darn in my cloak as a souvenir. She blushed, and to hide her confusion, commenced praising the needles. My neighbour assured her that they were English, and requested her to accept them, which she did without further remark.

"The incarnate fiend!" thought I; "he has everything at his command, he serves everybody, and yet no one thanks him."

Each moment I became more uneasy at his presence. The air which had been so cold as to force us to keep everything closely shut, now seemed thick and sultry. I opened the window, and wished for a storm, rain, wind, thunder, anything, in short, to change the atmosphere.

"I will smoke," thought I. After asking the pretty milliner if she objected to the smell of tobacco, and receiving a negative answer, I began filling my pipe. Like most smokers I generally carry a flint and steel with me, but on the present occasion I had lost or mislaid the former. While I was vainly seeking it, my mysterious neighbour handed me a piece of ready-lighted tinder, which he took out of a small box drawn from his fathomless pocket. I hesitated to accept it; but he quietly placed it in my pipe, and I began smoking without even thinking of thanking him for the civility.

Suddenly the small window which communicates with the interior of the coach was opened, and a voice asked if anybody had a smelling-bottle, as a lady was taken faint. What could be expected but that our friend should plunge his hand into his pocket and draw forth a large bottle of salts, which disappeared like magic through the opening. The irritation of my nerves became so intolerable at these proceedings, that to divert my attention I attempted conversation.

"Do you know," I said, addressing myself to the milliner "that we shall have the opportunity of seeing a magnificent exhibition of pictures at F——?"

"Would you like to look over the catalogue?" interrupted the Grey-coat, at the same time placing one in my hand. I had in vain endeavoured to procure one at the town of R——.

"Nothing is impossible to him, that is certain," thought I.

"Will you be able to find your way in the bustle of a large commercial town?" I continued to the milliner.

"I believe it will be difficult," she returned, "as it is my first visit to F——."

"In that case you should get a plan of the town," I remarked.

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to offer you one," said the stranger, with his peculiar laugh, while he presented her with the map in question.

"Oh! here is the theatre," she exclaimed, as her eye ran over it; "I wonder what is to be performed to-night?"

"That you may easily see," said the unknown, handing her a play-bill, that appeared still wet from the printing-press.

The face of the young milliner lighted up with pleasure; but as for me, my very flesh crept, and I resolved to remain silent, lest some inadvertently expressed wish should give this limb of Satan an opportunity of

laying me under some new obligation. I had already seen enough to make me certain he was no mortal. Whipcord, court-plaster, needles, silk, tinder, smelling-bottles, catalogue, map, and playbill, all had come out of his pocket, and that, before the wish to see them had been well uttered. I felt certain that if a wheel had broken, a horse fallen, or an extra chaise been required, he would, with the greatest facility, have provided for the want out of the same pocket. There was no longer any possibility of doubt—it was the Evil One—Satan himself lurking within the uncouth form of the traveller.

I was interrupted in my reverie by the diligence suddenly stopping. I jumped out, and making an inward vow that nothing should induce me to take my place again next this dangerous being, I called the conductor aside.

“Who is the tall gentleman that was in the coupé with me?”

“Can’t say; he came too late to be entered on my way-bill.”

“But is there no name on his luggage?”

“Luggage!” repeated the conductor; “he has got it all on his back. He has no extra weight to pay for like you.”

Everything seemed to confirm my suspicions. He could not be a merchant, and come from Hamburg without luggage. I sat down on a small bench before the post-house. The sun was already sinking and shot its rays horizontally from under a cloud, shedding a soothing warmth over me, and throwing my shadow in dark outline on the newly whitewashed wall behind me.

As I remained resting my chin on my stick, lost in thought, I was roused by a well-known voice. I looked up and saw the owner of the grey coat approaching. Much as I wished to avoid him I found it impossible to move away. I felt nailed to the spot where I sat, like a bird under the fascinating gaze of the rattlesnake. Advancing to within four paces of me, the stranger raised his hat, and mumbled some sort of salutation. Summoning all my energies for a last effort,

“What is it you want with me?” I asked, in, I believe, a somewhat unsteady voice.

“I beg pardon for interrupting you,” he replied, with a low bow, “but if you would only allow me ——”

“Allow what, in the devil’s name?”

The stranger advanced another step, pointed to the wall, and muttered half aloud, “What a very beautiful shadow!”

I shrank back upon my seat. My blood froze, and I remained for a moment incapable of speech, but motioning him away with my hand. There was now no longer any doubt that he was the same evil being who had cheated poor Schlemihl of his shadow in Hamburg. And should I continue to travel with him?—Never! I would die first!

I wiped the sweat from my forehead, and entering a coach-office, placed a thaler in the hand of the conductor, with a request that he would remove my dreaded companion to the interior. He smiled as he cast a sly glance at the pretty milliner. God knows, he attributed my conduct to any but the right cause. My object was, however, gained, and I once more took my place, with lightened heart, in the coupé, where I passed the rest of my journey in agreeable conversation with my fair neighbour.

Having imprudently named the hotel where I intended stopping, and feeling no wish to be followed by the owner of the grey coat, I determined on changing my plan; and although the house I now made choice of was at some distance from the coach-office, I preferred any inconvenience to the risk of again meeting him. Accordingly, after waiting some time for my luggage, I proceeded to the hotel. The rain descended in torrents; I had heated myself in walking, and was drenched to the skin; this, added probably to the excitement I had undergone in the day, made me feel restless and feverish, and I retired early to bed. Heavens, what a night! Shall I ever forget it? There I lay, tossing and tumbling from side to side, vainly endeavouring to sleep; and when at length I closed my eyes, the most fearful images presented themselves to my heated imagination.

At one moment I was followed by Peter Schlemihl in *propria persona*; at another the grey-coated stranger, with his chuckling laugh, was persuading me to sell my shadow to him. Then came shadows without owners, followed by the shadowless beings themselves, and amongst them my own figure. Then, again, as I walked, it seemed that my shadow was restored, while the dreaded stranger following appeared as if watching an opportunity to pilfer it from me.

On awaking in the morning I found myself so indisposed as to be compelled to send for a physician, who wrote a prescription and ordered me to keep my bed. This I did for two days, but, on the third, finding myself considerably better, I rose and dressed myself. The first person I met on entering the public room of the inn was the waiter, who informed me that during my illness a gentleman had frequently inquired after me, and had been anxious to see me; which, however, had not been allowed, in consequence of the physician's orders that I should be kept perfectly quiet and undisturbed.

"Did he leave his name?" I asked.

"He did not, sir, but will call again to-morrow; he is a very tall, thin gentleman, and wears a grey coat."

It was clear! Satan was following me, determined not to lose his prey.

The coach started at seven o'clock every evening—how fortunate! I secured a place, sent my luggage to the office, and waited in trembling till the hour should come that would see me safely out of the town of F——. As the time approached I became uneasy. I locked the door, and every footstep made my heart beat with redoubled violence. Could I escape him! Ha! a quarter to seven. Thank God! I flew to the office, scarcely daring to look round for fear of seeing the accursed Grey-coat; nor till we were fairly outside the town, and the horses proceeding at a brisk pace, did I feel sufficiently secure to unmuffle my face, which I had concealed in the folds of my cloak.

How greatly was I surprised, in glancing at the only person who, besides myself, occupied the coupé, to recognise the pretty features of the milliner. She seemed equally pleased at the meeting, as it gave her an opportunity of talking over everything she had seen during the three days passed in F——.

What a difference in our recollections of the same place. She had visited theatres, exhibitions, tea-gardens, everything, in fact, that could

render her stay agreeable, while I had been in bed with a raging fever. The time passed quickly as she related, and I listened, to all she had heard and seen, till at length (there must be an end to everything, even to a pretty woman's conversation) she had nothing more to tell. We had remained silent for some time, when, suddenly recollecting the grey-coated stranger, "Have you ever seen our former travelling companion?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" replied she, "he has been with me often; but we only concluded our business this morning."

"What!" I exclaimed, as dreadfully shocked, I involuntarily looked round for the thoughtless shadow. But it was already dark, and I was forced to remain in painful uncertainty.

"Yes," she continued; "he is very clever; he took my shadow in a minute."

"Your shadow!" I exclaimed, almost beside myself; "how horrible! and could you allow it to be taken?"

"Why not?" said she, seemingly much astonished.

"And do you know, unhappy girl, who that grey-coated monster is?"

"To be sure I do," replied the modiste, looking at me as though she entertained some doubts of my sanity. "I have got his card;" and at the same time fumbling in a coquetish little silk reticule, she held out to me a small piece of pasteboard, some three inches square. I hesitated a moment before taking it, and vague ideas of burnt fingers passed through my mind; but observing that my companion's pretty digits were unsinged by the contact, I at length took the card. The following words were engraved upon it:—

J. ZEIZELE, from Hamburg,

Takes profiles by the shadow.

THE CAPTAIN'S COW.

A Nautical Romance.

"Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."—COLERIDGE.

It is a jolly Mariner
As ever knew the billows' stir,
Or battled with the gale;
His face is brown, his hair is black,
And down his broad gigantic back
There hangs a platted tail.

In clusters, as he rolls along,
His tarry mates around him throng,
Who know his budget well ;
Betwixt Canton and Trinidad
No Sea-Romancer ever had
Such wondrous tales to tell!

Against the mast he leans aslope,
And thence upon a coil of rope
Slides down his pitchy "starn;"
Heaves up a lusty hem or two,
And then at once without ado
Begins to spin his yarn :—

"As from Jamaica we did come,
Laden with sugar, fruit, and rum,
It blew a heavy gale :
A storm that scar'd the oldest men
For three long days and nights, and then
The wind began to fail.

"Still less and less, till on the mast
The sails began to flap at last,
The breezes blew so soft ;
Just only now and then a puff,
Till soon there was not wind enough
To stir the vane aloft.

"No, not a cat's paw anywhere :
Hold up your finger in the air
You couldn't feel a breath ;
For why, in yonder storm that burst,
The wind that blew so hard at first
Had blown itself to death.

"No cloud aloft to throw a shade ;
No distant breezy ripple made
The ocean dark below.
No cheering sign of any kind ;
The more we whistled for the wind
The more it did not blow.

“ The hands were idle, one and all ;
No sail to reef against a squall ;
No wheel, no steering now !
Nothing to do for man or mate,
But chew their cud and ruminate,
Just like the Captain's Cow.

“ Day after day, day after day,
Becaln'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As if she had been moor'd ;
The sea below, the sky a-top
Fierce blazing down, and not a drop
Of water left aboard !

“ Day after day, day after day,
Becaln'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As still as any log ;
The parching seamen stood about,
Each with his tongue a-lolling out,
And panting like a dog—

“ A dog half mad with summer heat,
And running up and down the street,
By thirst quite overcome ;
And not a drop in all the ship
To moisten cracking tongue and lip,
Except Jamaica rum !

“ The very poultry in the coop
Began to pine away and droop—
The cock was first to go !
And glad we were on all our parts,
He used to damp our very hearts
With such a ropy crow.

“ But worst it was, we did allow,
To look upon the Captain's Cow,
That daily seem'd to shrink :
Deprived of water, hard or soft,
For, though we tried her oft and oft,
The brine she wouldn't drink ;

“ But only turn'd her bloodshot eye
And muzzle up towards the sky,
And gave a moan of pain,
A sort of hollow moan and sad,
As if some brutish thought she had
To pray to heav'n for rain ;

“ And sometimes with a steadfast stare
Kept looking at the empty air,
As if she saw, beyond,
Some meadow in her native land,
Where formerly she used to stand
A-cooling in the pond.

“ If I had only had a drink
Of water then, I almost think
She would have had the half;
But as for John the Carpenter,
He couldn't more have pitied her
If he had been her calf.

“ So soft of heart he was, and kind
To any creature lame, or blind,
Unfortunate, or dumb :
Whereby he made a sort of vow,
In sympathising with the Cow,
To give her half his rum;—

“ An oath from which he never swerv'd,
For surely as the rum was serv'd
He shared the cheering dram ;
And kindly gave one half at least,
Or more, to the complaining beast,
Who took it like a lamb.

“ At last with overclouding skies
A breeze again began to rise,
That stiffen'd to a gale :
Steady, steady, and strong it blew ;
And were not we a joyous crew,
As on the Jolly Planter flew
Beneath a press of sail !

“ Swiftly the Jolly Planter flew,
And were not we a joyous crew,
At last to sight the land !
A glee there was on every brow,
That like a Christian soul the Cow
Appear'd to understand.

“ And was not she, a mad-like thing,
To land again and taste the spring,
Instead of fiery glass :
About the verdant meads to scour,
And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower,
And crop the juicy grass !

“ Whereby she grew as plump and hale
As any beast that wears a tail,
Her skin as sleek as silk ;
And through all parts of England now
Is grown a very famous Cow,
By giving Rum-and-Milk !”

R. N.

THE ECHO.

THE writer of the following Letter, guesses so truly at the main cause of the delay in the publication of the present Number, that our best explanation to our Subscribers will be, to give the epistle entire, *verbatim et literatim*,—as addressed to the Editor :

“ SIR,

“ By your not cumming out on the Furst, I conclude you are lade up—being notorus for enjoyin bad helth. Pullmery, of course. Like my poor Robert—for I’ve had a littery branch in my own family—a periodical one like yourself, only every Sunday, insted of once a munth ; and as such, well knew what it was to write long-winded articles with Weekly lungs. Poor fellow ! As I often said, so much head work, and nothin but Head work, will make a Cherubbin of you : and so it did.—Nothing but write—write—write, and read—read—read ; and, as our Doctor says, it’s as bad to studdy till all is brown, as to drink till all is blew. Mix your cullers. And very good advice it is—when it can be follerd, witch is not always the case : for if necessity has no Law, it has a good deal of Litterature, and Authers must rite what they must.

“ As poor Robert used to say about seddontary habits, it’s very well, says he, to tell me about—like Mr. Wordsworth’s single man as grew dubble—sticking to my chair ; but if there’s no sitting, says he, ther’ll be no hatchin ; and if I do brood too much at my desk it’s because there’s a brood expected from me once a week. Oh, its very well, says he, to cry Up, up with you ; and go and fetch a walk, and take a look at the daisies, when you’ve sold your mind to Miffy Stofilis ; and there’s a Divil waiting for your last proofs, as he did for Doctor Forster’s. I know it’s killin me, says he ; but if I die of overwork it’s in the way of my vacation. Poor boy ! I did all I could to nurridge him : Mock Turkey soop and strong slops, and Wormy Jolly and Island Moss ; but he couldn’t eat. And no wunder ; for mental laber, as the Doctor said, wares out the stummack as well as the Branes, and so he’d been spinning out his inside like a spider. And a spider he did look at last, sure enuff—one of that sort, with long spindle legs, and only a dot of a Boddy in the middle.

"Another bad thing is settin up all nite as my Sun did, but it's all agin Natur. Not but what sum must, and partickly the writers of Polliticks for the Papers; but they ruin the Constitushun. And, besides, even Poetry is apt to get prosy after twelve or one; and some late authors read very sleepy. But as poor Robert said, what is one to do when no day is long enuff for one's work, nor no muntth either. And to be sure, April, June, November, and September, are all short muntths, but Febber-very! However, one grate thing is, relaxing—if you can. As the Doctor used to say, what made Jack a dull boy—why being always in the workhouse and never at the playhouse. So get out of your gownd and slippers, says he, and put on your Best Things and unbend yourself like a Beau. If you've been at your poeticle flights, go and look at the Tems Tunel; and if you're tired of being Witty, go and spend a hour with the Wax Wurk. The mind requires a Change as well as the merchants.

"So take my advice, Sir—a mother's advice—and relax a littel. I know what it is: You want brassing, a change of Hair, and more stum-muck. And you ought to ware flamin, and take tonicks. Do you ever drink Basses Pail? It's as good as cammonile Tea. But above all, there's one thing I'd recummend to you: Steal Wine. It's been a savin to sum invallids.

"Hoping you will excuse this liberty from a Stranger, but a well-meening one,

"I am, Sir,

"A SUBSCRIBER."

* * The Editor regrets that he cannot make use of the Contributions of the following Contributors: which lie at the Office, 1, Adam-Street, Adelphi.—P. P. of Oxford. — Margery. — Mountebank. — 'Lays of the Lovely.' — Tom Pipes. — O. P. Q. — "The Song of the Stocking." — P. R. O. — Nobody. — "The Pleasurs of Simperthy." — H. H. — Lactor. Many other Papers await a first reading; and a few perhaps, a last one.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

AND

Comic Miscellany.

THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK.

An Allegory.

THESE ARE THE SOUNDS IN THE AIR,
And noise in every street—
The murmur of many tongues,
The noise of numerous feet—
While round the Workhouse door
The Labouring Classes flock,
For why? the Overseer of the Poor
Is setting the Workhouse Clock.

Who does not hear the tramp
Of thousands speeding along
Of either sex and various stamp,
Sickly, crippled, or strong,
Walking, limping, creeping
From court, and alley, and lane,
But all in one direction sweeping
Like rivers that seek the main?

Who does not see them sally
 From mill, and garret, and room,
 In lane, and court and alley,
 From homes in poverty's lowest valley,
 Furnished with shuttle and loom—
 Poor slaves of Civilization's galley—
 And in the road and footways rally,
 As if for the Day of Doom?
 Some, of hardly human form,
 Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil;
 Dingy with smoke and dust and oil,
 And smirch'd besides with vicious soil,
 Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm.
 Father, mother, and careful child,
 Looking as if it had never smiled—
 The Sempstress, lean, and weary, and wan,
 With only the ghosts of garments on—
 The Weaver, her sallow neighbour,
 The grim and sooty Artisan;
 Every soul—child, woman, or man,
 Who lives—or dies—by labour.

Stirred by an overwhelming zeal,
 And social impulse, a terrible throng!
 Leaving shuttle, and needle, and wheel,
 Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel,
 Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel—
 Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal—
 Gushing, rushing, crushing along,
 A very torrent of Man!
 Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,
 Grown at last to a hurricane strong,
 Stop its course who can!
 Stop who can its onward course
 And irresistible moral force;
 O! vain and idle dream!
 For surely as men are all akin,
 Whether of fair or sable skin,
 According to Nature's scheme,
 That Human Movement contains within
 A Blood-Power stronger than Steam.

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,
 They swarm—and westward still—
 Masses born to drink and eat,
 But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,
 And famishing down Cornhill !
 Through the Poultry—but still unfed—
 Christian Charity, hang your head !
 Hungry—passing the Street of Bread ;
 Thirsty—the street of Milk ;
 Ragged—beside the Ludgate Mart,
 So gorgeous, through Mechanic-Art,
 With cotton, and wool, and silk !

At last, before that door
 That bears so many a knock
 Ere ever it opens to Sick or Poor ,
 Like sheep they huddle and flock—
 And would that all the Good and Wise
 Could see the Million of hollow eyes,
 With a gleam deriv'd from Hope and the skies,
 Upturn'd to the Workhouse Clock !

Oh ! that the Parish Powers,
 Who regulate Labour's hours,
 The daily amount of human trial,
 Weariness, pain, and self-denial
 Would turn from the artificial dial
 That striketh ten or eleven,
 And go, for once, by that older one
 That stands in the light of Nature's sun,
 And takes its time from Heaven !

“THE SHIP BREAKER’S YARD.”

THE following narrative is taken from a ponderous manuscript, bequeathed to me by a great-uncle, who demised about the commencement of the present century. The compilation was entitled the “Old Express,” and appears to have been the history of an expedition which my worthy relative made, when a young man, from London to Dover in the old night-coach, in which the ordinary duration of a journey, of from sixteen to twenty hours, was prolonged by a snow-storm, and other casualties, to a period of twice that time. Hear this, ye patron spirits of railroads, of steam-boilers, and aerial velocipedes !

As my worthy relative is somewhat prolix in his introduction, giving at length the description of the inside passengers, and the dreary horrors of the snow-storm, I shall take the liberty of extracting his first story without further preamble than the observation, that its narrator was a very worthy gentleman, who had volunteered to amuse one of his fellow-passengers, a sharp-featured, somewhat diminutive, but very inquisitive female, whom my uncle denominated the “Curious Lady.” The characters of the other passengers appear to be developed as they occasionally comment upon the progress of the story. So, let us fancy ourselves inside the “Old Express,” the coach dragging heavily through the snow at the rate of one mile and three-quarters per hour, or attempting to move at no progressive rate at all. One of the passengers, an individual of vast proportions, enveloped in great-coats and shawls innumerable, a man of few words but many oaths, is asleep in one corner of the coach ; while a little spiritual-looking, narrow-visaged, animated gentleman, sits opposite to him, watching every word of the speaker, and enjoying every syllable he utters, since it necessarily imposes a restraint upon a disposition, which has already obtained for him, in my uncle’s manuscript, the epithet of the “Talking Gentleman.”

“THE SHIP BREAKER’S YARD.”

MANY years since there was an old public-house on the banks of the Thames, called the “Black Robin.” It was somewhere in the vicinity of the “Pageants,” at Redriffe, and stood detached from all other buildings. A narrow and dirty lane, fenced in on either side by pieces of old ship-sheathing, standing lengthwise, which made it dark and unwholesome in the brightest summer’s day, connected the inn with a populous, but poor and mean neighbourhood. It was indeed a melancholy-looking place ; every retiring tide of the river left a long dreary waste of yellow mud, which seemed to infect the very constitution of the old house itself ; for whenever the chilly northern blasts came off the water, its badly-fastened, and ill-conditioned doors and shutters swung

to and fro, and banged together, and flew open again, as though the old building was shaking in every limb, and chattering with all its teeth under a violent fit of the ague. There was something dark and ominous about its name, too. Who "Black Robin" was, or had been, no one knew;—pirate, smuggler, or highwayman? Everything connected with his history was shrouded in grim obscurity. Various conjectures were at times hazarded, concerning his identity with some notorious character, who a century or two since had flourished in that neighbourhood, and with whose fame, tradition had connected many a fearful deed. Still nothing certain was known; and the usual guests, sailors, watermen, and shipwrights, so long as the landlord's ale was good, rarely troubled themselves with inquiring into the character of the founder of his dynasty. It was a strange old place that house; it was a wonder indeed that any one took the trouble to go out of their way down that dark lane to visit it. Still it had a tolerable share of custom; and many a waterman, as he rowed up alongshore, after having discharged his fare, grounded his boat for a quarter of an hour at the stairs close by, to take a whet, and see what was going on at the "Black Robin." It was an "elling" place, as we say in Kent, at least it was in those days, for wharf upon wharf since then has accumulated, till there is scarcely a rood of earth unoccupied, between London Bridge and the "Dog and Duck."

Many a dark and secret deed has been done upon the banks of that metropolitan Thames, and within half a mile of the densest population. Many a midnight shriek has the sullen wash of the river mocked and stifled; and many a victim of outrage and murder has its deep bosom buried for ever from human ken.

The "Black Robin," on one side, overlooked the waters of the Thames, the rest of its prospect extended over—nay," said the narrator abruptly pausing, as he ominously refreshed his olfactory organ with a substantial dose of rappee; "I will not trespass on your time by minute particulars, but come at once to the events of my story—"

"Indeed, sir," said the curious lady, "I am dying to hear you complete your description of the old place—you were just about to say, that the prospect extended over—"

"Ah, my dear madam—a most melancholy look-out. I trust you will not press me upon a subject which—" "Certainly not!" we all exclaimed, with the exception of the lady passenger, who after a moment's hesitation, said—

"Really, sir, I think I could make a guess. Could it be a church-yard in which you had buried some dear friend; your wife, perhaps?"

"My wife!" exclaimed the narrator, with the oddest expression I ever beheld portrayed: "One a great deal more melancholy than that."

"Impossible!" said his interrogator.

"More melancholy by far," continued the gentleman. "In a church-yard, ma'am, the dead are concealed, shrouded, coffined, buried; there is nothing but their tombs or their head-stones visible; but in the place I speak of, the dead are unshrined and exposed, stuck up to view in all their ghastliness, nay, their very bodies mangled and distorted, and divided limb from limb, joint from joint, exhibited to all eyes and in all weathers."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the lady passenger. "What, joint from joint?"

"Ay, ma'am—knees and back, and leg and foot—stem from stern, ma'am, saving your pardon."

"Scandalous!" said the lady, looking a little flushed. "But how? have we a government that can endure, a king that can tolerate, this outrage?"

"Yes, and an admiralty that sanctions it. Nay, the noblest defenders of our laws, the bulwarks of our independence, are there exposed; their limbs, piecemeal, wrenched asunder, their sinews blackening in the wind, and the deck which a Vernon trod, or the gallery from whence a Rooke issued his orders to fire the enemy's fleet—it was a ship-breaker's yard, ma'am."

"Bah!" said the swearing gentleman, rousing from his sleep.

"Bah! say I too," rejoined the narrator, "and I should like any one that laughs at me to undergo the horrors of that locality for one night only—only one night. Let there be a little moonlight, and let him find himself, as I did once, after a deep carouse, lying upon the cold ground, and let him suddenly awake and come to his senses! Bah! indeed;—it would be enough to send him off to sleep for ever. There they were, those grim mysterious figure-heads, of colossal size, rising among the wrecks of men-of-war and Indiamen, like the degraded but incensed deities of a heathen world, grim as Egyptian Gods, silent as Eternity! How they looked out on me with their great, broad, lack-lustre eyes, chilling my very blood, and making a pagan of me in right earnest; for I verily believe, in my consternation, I went down on my knees to one great idol, which I thought was Nemesis, but which proved to be Queen Elizabeth, with one leg missing."

"You were a little elevated, no doubt?" said the talking gentleman, impatient to edge in a word or two.

"Elevated! Ay, I might have been at the early part of the evening, but I was depressed enough then, I assure you. I had been that afternoon with some companions to Greenwich, and in the warmth of my heart I had narrated the history of 'Black Robin.'"

Returning home by water, they made me rather tipsy with champagne, the good fellows! and put me ashore to sober myself upon that most desolate of all localities, the dissecting ground of the British Navy.

It was too bad—I paid them off shortly afterwards. However, to continue, nothing could equal the melancholy appearance of the place. Independent of the ominous presence of the "Black Robin," there was a meagre-looking building of a warehouse, or mould-loft, on one side of the yard, looking over the tall feathery sheathing-boards torn from the sides of our proudest navies. Standing for the most part erect, were the knees and timbers of all descriptions of vessels garnered up with old blocks, and "dead-eyes," and rusty anchors, and worn-out cables, which were writhed about like maimed serpents, in strange confusion. Close to the water's edge, stripped of masts, and deck, and planking, lay the gigantic hull of the Medusa frigate, its figure-head awfully grinning,—a burlesque upon Horror itself,—as the timbers of the ship, like the ribs of some antediluvian monster, rose before me in dim and supernatural perspective. Oh, it was a fearful night indeed! now and then

the lights of some vessel in the river, or the sullen glare of a furnace on the opposite shore, glimmered through the timbers of the "Medusa" like so many Jack-o'-lanterns! Truly, I thought I was in the other world, suffering for my sins: how long I lay I know not. Presently, toll, toll, toll, a mighty bell sounded through the darkness; a number of ghosts or devils, I did not care which, for I felt quite hardened, appeared shortly afterwards gliding about the yard with lights; and then I heard a confused din, as of a hundred hammers, and a clapping, and hacking, and such a riving, and ringing of iron staples and bolts!

Verily, thought I, I am dead, but through some infernal mistake, my credentials as a christian not being properly made out, I have got into the heathen place of punishment, or else I am classically damned along with Vulcan and the Cyclops. The more I reflected upon this, the more I became convinced of its reality, or how could I have taken to worshipping that heathen idol, as I did when I first awoke?

However, as day gradually dawned, I returned to my senses, recollected where I was, and after making my respects to Queen Elizabeth and her family, I emerged sound and well from the "Ship Breaker's Yard;" but to proceed—

"Pardon me," said the lady, "but the awful bell, sir, the mysterious shadows, and supernatural lights?"

"The bell, ma'am, was the yard bell; the shadows were the workmen returning at seven o'clock of a winter's morning to their occupations, and the lights were the lanterns by which they worked till day-break."

By this time we had arrived at Welling; the coach stopped to change horses, and the historian of the "Black Robin" alighted, and went into the bar of the inn. He immediately ordered a stiff glass of brandy and water, hot.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a considerable delay on the united part of coachman, passengers, and horses, for one of our wheelers was a notorious jib, and refused to start from the inn door, we once more proceeded on our journey. The narrative of the "Shipbreaker's Yard" was immediately continued:—"Some forty years since, the "Black Robin" was kept by a man named Blakemore, or, as he was familiarly called, 'Old Blakey.' He was a strange hand, a perfect nondescript, just fitted for the queer old house itself. His costume, for it must have been in the time of William and Mary, or Queen Anne, partook of the peculiarities of his character. He wore a great over-coat with high collar, and immense pockets which flapped over his knees, and his feet were lost in great high-heeled shoes with buckles. He was rather a short man, but he crowned himself with an immense broad-brimmed high-peaked hat, so that he looked quite top-heavy. There was no superabundance of urbanity about his disposition; nevertheless, he had a deal of company. His guests, indeed, were mostly from foreign parts, for never a queer built, outlandish bark, moored in the river, but her boat's crew were sure to pay the Black Robin a visit. Indeed, his guests at times were such as no other landlord would have put up with—such blustering,

roaring fellows, who with their oaths and quarrels threatened to shake the old place about his ears—such fighting, and contention, and now and then, such a murder!

“‘A murder?’ exclaimed the curious lady.

“Ay, Ma’am, so tradition goes—many a murder—sometimes there was a Coroner’s Inquest on the body, and a verdict. Sometimes there was no body, so there was no inquest, and no verdict; but the old Thames could tell many a tale, and some of those old figures in the yard close by—if they had tongues, as well as ears.”

“Well, but if people were missing,” observed the talking gentleman, “surely there would be some inquiries?”

“Missing?” replied the narrator, “why, there were plenty that never went home again; but as they were mostly in the seafaring line, if any inquiry took place, there was always the same answer—‘They were washed overboard in the night,’ that was all”—

“Shocking!” said the curious lady—“but Mr. Blakey?”

“Old Blakey, Ma’am—O, he got rich, nobody knew how, not exactly in money, but in gold and silver, and all sorts of chattels. Such curious old watches and rings had he, and antiquated tankards, and cups which might have served King Pharoah, and seals which might have hung at Solomon’s girdle, and rich Dutch pipes, and foreign snuff-boxes! Some of them left in pledge for drink, others retained for money advanced to some poor devil of a mate or boatswain, which they never returned to claim, or returning could not redeem. However, they were not all sailors who came by water, and landed at the little stairs just below Blakey’s house. Many a plash of oars was heard under his window at an hour or two past midnight, as at the concerted signal he secretly hailed some expected guest, who threw his well-loaded bag upon the floor with a fearful curse, “that it was so heavy!”—Then commenced the bargaining and haggling for its contents, as one by one the spoils of midnight rapine and outrage were exposed to view by the light of an old lantern in a little dark room at the back of the house, which Blakey called his den. Pirates, smugglers, land-rats and water-rats,—every species of every agent of iniquity that prowls the river, or the ocean, found an asylum, if not a welcome, at the “Black Robin.” Hard were the bargains which old Blakemore drove, and over many an article purchased with blood, and acquired by loss of peace of mind by the wretched being who offered it for sale, our landlord would contend, until he had screwed the poor devil down to the lowest farthing, and sent him forth in madness and despair, the sooner to do another deed of blood, since the fruits of the last crime had availed him so little.

One dark tempestuous morning, after Blakey had barred the inn door, as his last riotous guest staggered down the murky lane, and groped his way, either towards the houses in the distance, or to the banks of the roaring river, Blakey cared not which—one dark morning, after closing the gate of his den, and raking out every ember of fire from the tap-room grate, the landlord of the “Black Robin” crept up stairs. He had himself been drinking freely, as he had made a good bargain over some schiedam, the flavour of which was doubly heightened by its being both smuggled and stolen. The wind moaned, the river roared, and as the

old sign, on its rusty and weather-worn hinges, swung backwards and forwards, it creaked in a peculiar and dismal manner. Now and then, a tile came rattling down, for there was an awful gale aloft, bounding and whizzing against the roof, while the very yard-bell as the ropes swung to and fro, like the cord of a murderer's gibbet, gave forth by uncertain fits, a low dull sound, as though it were tolling a murderer's knell.

Old Blakey closed the shutters, crept between the blankets, and tried to go to sleep. Not a wink of rest could he obtain. He tossed and turned for an hour or two. No wonder; he little knew what was going on in the ship-breaker's yard. Though the night was obscure, there was still a moon, at least a part of one, shining at intervals through the broken masses of the dark clouds. The wind howled and moaned, swinging backwards and forwards the old ropes and cordage in the yard, and playing all manner of tunes among the timbers, and skeletons of the old ships. As it lulled occasionally, it was succeeded by a deep murmur, like nothing earthly or human,—a strange sound, not exactly sepulchral, or ghostlike either, but a peculiar muttering,—“nought but itself could be its parallel.”

The poor drunken fellow, who had been thrust out of the “Black Robin,” after groping about for some time in the lane, managed to make his way into the ship-breaker's yard, through a side entrance, the door of which had been blown off its hinges. Here he staggered about for some time, over pieces of timber and piles of sheathing, until he blundered down close beside a mutilated figure of old Admiral Benbow, which stood adjoining a shed that covered an old sawpit. He received a rather severe contusion by his fall, which stunned him for a time. As he came to his senses, he thought he heard a strange deep muttering, especially in the pauses of the wind. He listened; and presently a sound was heard, which was answered by what appeared a shriller voice from the other side of the yard. He rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself; however, he found it was no delusion. Again, he heard the sound: it came direct from the lips of Old Benbow. At first it was so strange that he could not understand it. However, in a little time he became more familiar with the phraseology, and was shortly aware that all the figures in the yard were holding a conversation. Nevertheless, owing to the roaring of the wind, and the confusion of tongues, for there were a vast majority of lady figure-heads who all spoke at once, it was some time before he was able to ascertain the subject of conversation. At length there appeared a sudden calm. It was evident some important question had been put to the vote, for it was followed immediately by a tremendous noise like the thrashing of corn, or the beating of hemp, which he supposed was a clapping of hands, at the question being carried by a vast majority. Suddenly, from a distant part of the yard, where he recollected having seen a half-length effigy of the “Vixen,” sloop of war, a shrill voice exclaimed, “In the name of his most Catholic Majesty, James of blessed memory, I protest against the appointment!” “Protest and be d—,” growled out Old Benbow, just above. “Order, order, order!” exclaimed several figures; while a naked figure of Apollo shouted out “shame!” at the tip-top of his voice, probably at Benbow's ungentelemanly interruption of a lady. The whole question appeared about to be reopened.

"Try it again," exclaimed the "Judge Jeffries." "Silence," roared out the "Thunderer." "Turn her out," shrieked the "Impartial." "The Princess Royal held up her left hand!" lisped the "Flirt" frigate. "You lie," said the "Princess Royal." "I lost it at the battle of Harwich, where you ran away from a Dutch dogger!"—The confusion seemed to be increasing, when a most commanding and domineering voice was heard, which seemed partly to silence, if not appal the meeting, and "Queen Elizabeth," scorning to notice the small knot of partizans of "James the Second," a poor old battered figure-head without a crown, proceeded to return thanks for the honour conferred upon her by the meeting, and stated that without further delay, she should immediately carry their wishes into operation. Thus speaking, she came down from the pile of timber, upon the top of which she had been throned, and with a gigantic stride, without so much as asking his leave, she snatched a trident out of the hands of the figure-head of the "Neptune." The poor old Sea-god could not make much resistance, certainly, for he was lying on the ground, his legs and back parts having been shot away, when the bold Drake laid him along-side the "Santa Trinidad" when he captured the Spanish galleons. However, it was an unkind cut on the part of Elizabeth; but away she strode, and the whole assembly relapsed into silence.—All this time Blakey lay trembling and tossing in bed. The more he tried to sleep, the more the hideous phantoms of his ill gotten gains, and mispent life, appeared to haunt him. Presently, he thought he heard a noise at the window-shutters—he listened; again the shutters shook violently, and a loud voice was heard, which called upon him, "in the Queen's name, to get out of bed, and open the window." Trembling at the summons, for he knew by instinctive fear it was none of his old companions, he felt compelled to obey. He drew open the shutter, and then, by a sudden glimpse of the moon, he beheld the great figure-head of Elizabeth standing before him, brandishing the trident of Neptune in her hand,—he knew it at a glance. He instinctively rubbed his eyes; it was to no purpose, his very flesh appeared to creep. He endeavoured to recal his faculties, and consider how the figure-head had got on that side of the house, but her Majesty left him no time for reflection.

"Blakey," she said, in a hoarse deep voice—"You have entertained many a strange guest in your time, but have never once paid us the compliment of an invitation."

"Us," exclaimed Blakey, his teeth chattering in an awful manner. "Who are ye?"

"Who are we?" said her Majesty, as she swung her trident with such a velocity that it seemed to set the air on fire, within an inch of Blakey's nose. "Who are we, fellow?—why your next-door neighbours, the presiding spirits of the British navy, the victor Deities of the battle and the breeze!—We have had dull work of it lately in these piping times of peace; so, as to-morrow is the anniversary of the battle of Solebay, we have bespoken an entertainment at your house."

"An entertainment at my house?" exclaimed Blakey, in horror.

"Ay, a sort of free-and-easy," said her Majesty, with a swaggering air of *nonchalance*. "And I have been deputed to tell you that we expect a supper in your best style."

"The Lord forgive my sins," said Blakey internally. What answer

to make he knew not, where to entertain such gigantic guests he could not guess; at length, stammering out an apology, he begged most emphatically to "decline the honour——"

"Decline the honour, caitiff!" shouted Elizabeth, waxing wroth, and advancing still closer to the window, with a most majestic air, "by my crown and trident, proud landlord, I will unrobe you!"

"Unrobe me!" exclaimed Blakey, looking down with consternation upon his almost uncovered person.

"I'll unshirt you!" roared her Majesty.

"For heaven's sake spare me! spare my license."

"By the pope's teeth, proud landlord, I will take it from you. Nay I will do more," shouted Elizabeth; "I will take away your sign." With that she struck the painted effigy of "Black Robin," such a blow with the trident that the beam snapped asunder, and away went the old sign in a hurricane, turned over and over by the fury of the wind until it was lost and borne away for ever in the eddying waters of the Thames. Blakey now went down upon his knees, and so great was his consternation, that he swore to perform all that his fearful visitor demanded; and since he had not a room in his house capable of containing his new guests, he pledged himself to have a fitting entertainment provided in the old mould-loft not far distant, by the midnight of the following day.

Upon this, Elizabeth, with uneven but majestic stride, for she had lost a foot and part of a leg in battle, stalked away, and disappeared in the darkness.

The eventful night arrived. It was just such an evening as the last; indeed, if there were any difference, the wind raged more fiercely, and the waning and melancholy moon gave up any attempt to pierce through the obscurity of the storm. At one o'clock a full red glare, like the reflection of a furnace in a lime-kiln, was seen in the direction of the old mould-loft. Strange shadows appeared from time to time to cross its windows, and then a clap of thunder was heard, or else a peal like an explosion of unearthly laughter, that seemed to shake the building to the very ground. Strange—that night there were no guests in the "Black Robin," but many of the neighbours were at their windows or in the streets, looking towards the building, kept from home by a curiosity they could not define, bound as by some spell to the spot where their attention was first rivetted, and not daring to approach the scene. Yet there was one human being a witness of the proceedings of the revellers—Blakey himself. How he came there he knew not.

When the terrific figure-head had left him, he crept into bed, and falling at length to sleep, awoke not till the sun had mounted high and looked in joyously at the window. Blakey arose and went down among his guests; by degrees he recovered his confidence, and long before evening, he not only disregarded the promise he had given, but considered his night conference with the figure-head but a delusion. He went to bed at his usual hour,—slept, and suddenly awaking, found himself in the old mould-loft, surrounded by all the fearful spectres of the "Ship Breaker's Yard." At the head of the board sat his old friend Elizabeth; ranged on either side were grim, and ghastly, and fearful

figures,—some shadows only, others limbless and headless trunks: nay, all varieties of all fearful shapes were there, from uncouth blocks, on which the features of humanity could scarcely be detected, to figures, in which the minutest expressions were delineated with a lifelike fidelity. Some had heads, others had none; many were without limbs, and some were nothing but symbols, such as scrolls and cornucopias, gifted with vitality. Besides these corporeal presences, a vast number of shadows seemed to be flitting about, outlines, as it were, of beings who had existed ages back:—admirals, sea-kings, pirates, and rovers of all descriptions. Time and distinction seemed alike confounded, as the navigators of the black fleet of “Neroway,” and old Danish thieves, fraternised with Sir Patrick Spencer and Sir Andrew Barton. The room was hung with torn and blood-stained banners of all times and nations, which waved to and fro to a deep lashing sound like the angry murmurs of the ocean, when it drags the shingle along the shore, as the wind every moment deepens in its tone, and betokens the coming storm. The table was the main-deck of a first-rate, after action; a ghastly board, smeared with blood and brains, and splintered and torn with cannon-shot; shreds of canvas and bunting were thrown over it, and old sails, which made but fearful table-cloths. Cutlasses and boarding-pikes lay scattered round, with which the guests appeared to help themselves to invisible viands; but whether in derision of him and his broken promise, or in the actual enjoyment of food which escaped his grosser vision, the terror-stricken landlord could not decide. All this time the building rolled and swayed like a ship in the wild ocean, now plunging head downwards, now rising up like a rearing charger, and now rolling over and diving down, as into a deeper deep, and yet lower still, into another deep! Then came a calm so fearful, it was more awful than the uproar of the elements, and—boom! a silent, solitary, signal-gun sounded, as from a wreck, echoed by a wild hurricane of shouts, and clamour, and laughter, as if all the fiends were in contention.—And then there was a cry for music; for instantly a tempest of all fearful sounds swept over the assembly, compassing the deepest base of the storm and the battle, to the shrillest and most piercing treble of human agony, cleaving through, and sounding above, the artillery of a hundred battle-ships. Yet, every moment the burthen of the music changed—wildly, indeed,—now was the leading theme the roar of the ocean rising up in its maddest fury—now it was a cadence, lulling and dying away, to let a note break in like the last sigh of mortal agony; and now, the guests started from the board, cutlasses and boarding-pikes were clashed together, and some strange diversion seemed proclaimed, as shot, and shells, and red-hot cannon-balls, filled the room, hurled at each other by the guests, and parried with unearthly dexterity. Impelled to join in this revelry, Blakey, amid shouts and laughter, danced wildly and madly, now springing into the air to avoid a chain shot that seemed destined to cut him in two, now bobbing his head to avoid a red-hot cannon-ball hurled at him by some spiteful fiend.—Fiercer and fiercer plied the shot, and wilder became the action of the revellers. At a certain interval there was a change in the music; yet Blakey never found the entertainment become one whit pleasanter.—Barrels of gunpowder were now rolled about the room, it

being a practical joke with Benbow, and a dozen other sea-kings, to place them under the seat of some unsuspecting guest, and blow him up with lighted fusee in the bung-hole ! No sooner was this diversion concluded, but it was succeeded by another equally *recherché* ; a kind of hunt-the-slipper ; lighted bombshells being sent round with a comet-like celerity, the great zest of the game consisting in each guest getting rid of the playthings to his neighbour before they exploded ! Explode they did ; and amid wild and fiendish uproar, the splinters of the old figure-heads flew about the room ; Queen Elizabeth, however, in some respect, took Blakey under her protection, and warded off many a missile, which must have sent him, sheer out of the old mould-loft over the roof of the "Black Robin," into the Thames.

Again, the music changed ; the flags and banners flapped and waved tumultuously ; the dull red glare of light which had filled the room and illuminated its festivities, was concentrated into a fierce and furnace-like blaze at the further end of the apartment ; and in the midst of it appeared, by some strange devilry no doubt, the hull of a ship on fire. One by one her shotted guns exploded, and as the forms of wretched beings were seen scorched and writhing in the flames, the old sea-kings and queens shouted and laughed more wildly than ever. And now came the concluding scene of the entertainment. The further end of the room appeared to amplify into a stage as extensive as the ocean itself. It was the representation, nay, rather the reality of a sea-fight, in which the leviathans of the deep, gun to gun, waged desperate and mortal combat. All the flags and navies of the world appeared therein engaged. It was indeed the reality of battle ; the boarding cries, the shouts of victory, or the yell of human agony, rose on the ear, mingling with the surging roar of the ocean, the thunder of artillery, and the raging of the winds. Again, all was silent. A ghastly darkness overspread the banquet-room, and the wild and terrific guests, the old and mutilated figures of the Ship Breaker's Yard, began dancing and crowding around the terror-stricken Blakey. They came so near that they appeared to crush him. He saw their dim and lustreless eyes ; their great broad wooden foreheads ; while their shadows seemed to give the darkness a deeper gloom, as they stood around in a circle, and with beakers full of a foaming and simmering liquor, bade him with a shout to pledge them ! That instant there came a flash of light through that strange darkness, that tinged the countenances of the figures, and the very gloom itself with vermillion, made the liquor look like blood ! The figures, the spectres, reiterated their demand. Impelled by a power he could not resist, Blakemore grasped the proffered cup, he drained it to the dregs ! A peal of thunder burst over his head—the floor seemed to yawn beneath his feet—the room was again enveloped in darkness ; and as he fell crushed and senseless on the floor, a wild shout of laughter rang with its mocking echoes upon his ears. That night the old mould-loft was struck by lightning, and burnt to the ground.

Blakemore was found at an early hour on the following morning, lying before the threshold of his own door.

Apparently he was lifeless. He was carried to his room ; his unconsciousness was succeeded by a fierce delirium, in the lucid intervals of

which he related the particulars of his banquet with the grim old figures ; and then died, as an awful sinner dies—blaspheming !

“ But the figure-heads ? What became of them ? ” said the curious lady.

“ Nothing that I ever knew, ma'am. They were found the next morning as near as possible to the places where the workmen had left them over-night.”

“ And is that the end of your story ? ”

“ Of the first part of it. The legends connected with the ‘ Black Robin ’ and its guests are pretty numerous ; and—though I say it who should not—rather interesting.”

And he in inward growth most surely thrives
Who lets wise Nature order all the parts :

To each disposing what befits their scope,
To boyhood pleasures without care or plan,
To youth affections bright and light as hope,
Deep-seated passions to the ripened man.

Oh ! well to say, and well if done as said :
But who himself can keep each separate stage ?
Stand 'twixt the living feelings and the dead,
And give its special life to every age ?

Who can forbid the present to encroach
On what should rest the future's free domain,
Holding the past undimmed by self-reproach,
Nor borrow joy at usury of pain ?

Boyhood invades the phantasies of youth,
Rocked in imagination's golden arms,
And leaves its own delights of healthy truth
For premature and visionary charms.

Youth, to whom Poesy by right belongs
 And every creature of the fairy race,
 Turns a deaf ear to those enchanting songs,
 And sees no beauty in that dreamy face,

But will, though by experience uninured,
 Plunge into deepest gulfs of mental fire,
 Trying what angels have in vain endured—
 The toils of Thought—the struggles of Desire ;

So that when Manhood in its place at last
 Comes and demands its labours and its powers,
 The Spirit's energies are worn and past,
 And Life remains a lapse of feeble hours.

THE SOLITUDE OF LIFE.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P.

WHEN Fancy's exhalations rise
 From youth's delicious morn,
 Our eyes seem made for others' eyes,
 Spirit for spirit born :
 But time the simple faith controls,—
 We learn too soon, alas !
 How wide the gulf between two souls,
 How difficult to pass !

In twilight and in fearfulness
 We feel our path along,
 From heart to heart, yet none the less
 Our way is often wrong.
 And then new dangers must be faced,
 New doubts must be dispelled,—
 For not one step can be retraced
 That once the past has held.

To some 'tis given to walk awhile
In Love's unshaded noon,

But clouds are gathering while they smile,
And night is coming soon !
Most happy he whose journey lies
Beneath the starlight sheen
Of unregretful memories
Of glory that has

We live together years and years,
And leave unsounded still
Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
Each other's depths of will :
We live together day by day,
And some chance look or tone
Lights up with instantaneous ray
An inner world unknown.

Then wonder not that they who love
The largest and the best,
Are parted by some sudden move
Of passion or unrest :
Nor marvel that the wise and good
Should oft apart remain,
Nor dare, when once misunderstood,
To sympathise again.

Come, Death ! and match thy quiet gloom
With being's darkling strife,
Come set beside the lonely tomb
The Solitude of Life ;
And henceforth none who see can fear
Thy hour, which some will crave,
Who feel their hearts, though beating here,
Already in the grave.

A MYSTERIE IN THAMES STREETE.

"WELL! 'eastward ho,' for the Tower ;—at least for all that is still left of it," said my old friend one sunshiny morning,—one of the few with which the last spring favoured us.

"Ay, 'eastward ho,'" said I, laughing, "and which way will you go?"

"Oh, down by Fish-street-hill,—take a look at the bridge, and along Thames-street, and up Tower-street—the old way, the old original way, that kings and nobles took of yore—the way the knights and damsels took to the tournament in Smithfield, when each fair lady ambled daintily along, leading her willing captive in a silver chain."

"Well, but remember the vexations that will meet you in your way. The pullings down, the buildings up,—King William-street with its tall houses, and the new tall houses that usurp the place where Fish-street-hill and its little low shops, formerly stood."

"What! Fish-street-hill blotted out of the city map!" and the poor antiquary stood aghast.

"Yes, even as Crooked-lane and Great Eastcheap."

"And Thames-street—is that standing?"

"It is, and looking much as it did of old: dark, narrow, and dirty; but you will be puzzled to get to it. We must keep along King William-street, and then turn to the right, to the fine wide causeway, wood paved, that leads to the bridge, and there you will see St. Magnus Church—what is still seen of it, I mean—looking as though half buried by some considerate earthquake, that paused reluctantly in the midst of its work, and refused to engulf the steeple; and then the flight of steps, tolerably steep ones,—will bring you right down into Thames-street."

"A flight of steps right down into Thames-street?" repeated the bewildered antiquary. "What, in the name of King Athelstan, the first royal patron of London, what, in the name of the fathers of the City, is need of steps down into Thames-street?"

"Just because our aspiring citizens have pitched their new bridge so high, that Lower Thames-street has become, indeed, a city avenue, and the Shades at London Bridge foot have now a most rightful claim to that title. An arch is laid over Thames-street, and from thence, 'far, far below,' you see the carts and waggons passing along in endless succession. 'Yes, carts, and waggons, and drays—no omnibuses, no cabs there; it is still old original Thames-street.'

"And Tower-street?"

"Still 'in statu quo': plate-glass, Roman cement, or the 'hand of improvement,' has not been summoned thither."

"Well, I'll go and see all these strange sights," said the old antiquary, taking his hat and stick, "but pray be my guide, for methinks in modern

London the old man requires one as much as the traveller in distant lands."

Forth we went. It was a pleasant morning, the streets were crowded with passengers, and as we proceeded along King William-street, but especially as we approached the steps, the crowd, of all ranks and conditions, bound to the steamboats or returning from them, excited the wonder of my companion, in whose youthful days a ride to Edmonton or a row to Greenwich had been the farthest extent of his outgoings. But these folk were bound to Margate, to Ramsgate, to Herne-bay, or to take dinner at Gravesend, return by the afternoon boat, and perchance whisk away on some railroad some three-score miles to supper. Oh, the power of steam!

And then the numbers! scarcely could my half-affrighted old friend get along. He, the bustling old gentleman, watch in hand, casting angry backward glances at the stout old ladies who waddled slowly after, or at the laughing young ones, who tripped onward, but not fast enough; the nursemaids with a double care of carpet-bags and babies; the mammas with a triple care of bandbox, umbrella, and basket well-stuffed with eatables; news boys' with papers; Jew boys' with oranges; porters, portmanteau-laden, making way like battering-rams; and in the midst of all, placard-bearers, some carrying them aloft, banner fashion, others, begirt with them, like the herald's tabard—but all pacing steadily along, as though duly impressed with the value of the information they bore. "The Star," "The Diamond" companies, "General Steam Navigation Company," "British and Irish Steam Company," "North of Scotland Steam Company," and twenty others, the praises of each set forth in largest type, and in black, blue, or red ink.

"Nothing but companies—nothing but companies. What a loving and brotherly age this ought to be," grumbled my old friend; "for nothing seems to be done among you except by mutual associations."

"Well, in this we follow the footsteps of our forefathers," said I. "Remember the ancient companies—not the livery companies alone, but those expressly for the extension of commerce—those of whose doings old Hakluyt tells us in his two delightful volumes."

"Ay, old Hakluyt; what would he say, if now here?"

"Why, rub his eyes, and say that he must surely be in a dream; just as we might, if, standing yonder, we looked toward the old bridge, and its tall houses overhanging the river, and the graceful spire of old St. Magnus, and the beautiful chapel of St. Thomas—yes, the scene is changed."

"And all is changed—what are these companies compared to those which feasted kings as nursing fathers, and queens—Elizabeth, beyond all—as nursing mothers, whose founders were England's chief merchants, who met in noble halls, and received grants of arms from Herald's College? Those noble companies—why, as soon would I compare the yacht voyages, and the six weeks' tours, which are each spring manufactured by the dozen, to the wondrous tales in 'Purchas, his Pilgrimage,' or the stirring accounts in old Hakluyt, as your steamboat partnerships with them." No wonder the poor antiquary was wroth. He was just descending the stairs, stepping on blocks of granite, instead of picking

his way, as of yore, down Fish-street-hill; while carts, carriages,—above all, his hated omnibuses—were making a tremendous rumble over-head.

“Well,” said I, at length, as we slowly paced along Thames-street, “at least, our modern companies possess one characteristic in common with the ancient—enterprise.”

“Why, yes. But then the spirit of wild adventure, the love of the marvellous—the poetry is wanting. Why, the very armorial bearings of these companies have, to my mind, a poetic feeling. The merchant adventurers with aspiring Pegasus for their crest, and the motto, *Dieu nous donne bonne aventure*; the ‘Muscovie Company,’ with its gallant three-masted vessel, with sails spread and colours flying; and the supporters, wild mysterious looking creatures, fitting types of the wild and mysterious regions to which they were bound; while, as though they felt,

“Of the old sea, some reverential fear,”

the motto gave the simple touching prayer, ‘God be our good guide.’ And then the ‘Eastland Company,’ bound to the still farther north—they too bore the gallant ship with her sails set, and colours flying, and their crest was the ark, but not with the dove, that told of subsiding waters and returning spring,—but the ark with the raven that roamed on strong pinions, even as their adventurers’ barques might roam ere they found a haven, and the emphatic motto was—‘Despair not.’ Those were stirring days, those golden days of Elizabeth, when Drake first ‘put a girdle round the earth,’ and Frobisher dared the frozen seas, and men set forth, not to sell cottons and bring back sugar and coffee, but to seek crystal palaces and golden cities,—nay, nothing doubting, but that if they could hold on their course to the farthest east, the gates of the terrestrial Paradise would open before them. Ah! how many wondrous tales of far-off lands have been told, where we are now standing; how many tales, too, half in jest, half in earnest, about mermaids, wild men of the woods, Indian queens, and pigmies. And how often would the voyager ‘put tricks’ upon the sober citizen with tales of ‘savages and men of Ind.’ No wonder was it, when men scarcely knew what to believe, that a whole neighbourhood was sometimes in a fever of excitement they scarcely knew what about, and found mysteries in everything that was not exactly explained to their liking. So were the worthy inhabitants of Tower Ward in the reign of Elizabeth, and a strange story they made out. I will tell it you as we return home, should you like to hear it.” And so he did.

“Many men, many minds,” says the old proverb, and certainly that proverb was true enough as regarded the group of long-gowned citizens who were standing beside Brewer’s Quay, contemplating the vessel moored just below, in which Martin Frobisher had returned from his gallant though unsuccessful voyage.

“He will have many a wondrous tale to tell, methinks,” said an elderly man, “for strange sights do your sea-voyagers see.”

“Or pretend to see,” said his companion, a young man with a right merry countenance.

"Always unbelieving," replied the first. "Well, Master Henslow, take heed some of these days lest ye should be convinced against your will."

"Ay, good neighbour," laughed the sceptical Master Henslow, "so said Dr. Childerlye when I could not, for the life of me, believe why an old woman could not be bowed-backed, and bleared-eyed, without Sa'an aiding in it."

"Such things are no laughing matter," interposed a solemn old man, who leant, with much authority, on his gold-headed staff; "no laughing matter, truly, Master Henslow, as our learned doctor said. Ah, right pithily said his reverence—'unless Satan ride himself before the lord mayor, or a whole ship-load of devils and monsters be brought from foreign parts, ye will not believe.' I would ye would take heed to the reverend doctor's teaching, Master Henslow, for these are fearful times."

"Nay, good Master Dodesworth, these are good times enow. Trade flourishing and commerce," and, with an Englishman's exultation, Master Henslow pointed to the thick forest of masts down the river.

"Ay, ships for commerce are well enough," said old Master Dodesworth, "but it is ships of discovery I fear. Who knoweth what awful things may be brought from abroad. 'Tis a woeful thought—but right learned men of the true reformed faith do entertain it—that the evil spirits, and witches, and goblins, that did so abound in the days of blind papistry, being now driven away from these Christian lands, are gone into desolate places afar off, Ludovicus Vives declaring that the goblins and spirits in America are even more in number than the wild Indians."

"Good Master Dodesworth, you do not say so," said the elderly man who had first spoken; "for how then is it that we hear so many tales of witchcraft now?"

"Truly, Master Cressingham, I believe solely through these voyages of discovery," replied Master Dodesworth; "and, though far be it from me to object to aught that her highness in her wisdom seeth meet to do, yet I oftentimes wish that our good queen had never encouraged Master Frobisher."

"You do not say so, good neighbour," cried Master Cressingham. "Remember the wondrous stories we shall hear, and right wonderful things, I'll warrant me, have been brought home too."

"Ay, a mermaid, perchance," cried Master Henslow, laughing; "'tis said they inhabit the North seas."

"Heaven forbid! heaven forbid!" ejaculated Master Dodesworth with uplifted eyes.

"Nay, good neighbour," interrupted Master Cressingham, "what harm? methinks I should greatly like to see one."

"And so should I," said Master Henslow, "even though it cost me a new milled shilling."

"It is awful to hear you talk," said Master Dodesworth angrily, "when it is a question with the learned whether they are not most malicious spirits."

"Nay, good neighbour, that's not to be thought of," timidly replied Master Cressingham; "for are not the supporters of the Fishmongers'

Arms a merman and a mermaid? and would an honourable city company take evil spirits for supporters?"

"Right, Master Cressingham," cried Master Henslow. "You and I will uphold the mermaid. And what say ye to it?" continued he, turning to two young men who stood just behind—"should not ye be well pleased to see one with her long amber hair and her bright eyes, and her golden comb and looking-glass?"

"Master Henslow," cried old Master Dodesworth, "Master Henslow, ye talk like a Turk or a Saracen. Doth not Olaus Magnus tell fearful stories about mermaids? doth not——"

"The Fishmongers' Company to which I belong bear them in their arms," interrupted Master Henslow; "so I will uphold the mermaid. Would I could see one."

"Would that I might see one if one hath really been ever seen," said the tallest of the two young men who stood just behind, hesitatingly.

"Why, yes; a sea-captain who went out with one of the ships of the Eastland Company told me he had seen one," said Master Cressingham; "but then he told of so many marvels that I was fain to disbelieve him."

"As soothly ye may," said Master Henslow, "if it was the same who told us of a fish a hundred feet long, and about the sun never rising for months together."

"*These* were truly lying tales," said Master Dodesworth, with an oracular shake of the head. "Just like those which young Stratforde told, about a fish with wings, and flies that give light like a candle,—the which things are moral impossibilities; for wherefore, my masters, should fish have wings, seeing that they live in the water and have fins to swim with? and wherefore should flies give light like a candle? seeing that candles are easily made, I trow. Why, if Master Frobisher himself were to tell me he had brought home a flying fish I would not believe it."

"But if he had brought home a mermaid?" said a voice behind the speaker. Master Dodesworth turned, and his eyes met the merry glance of a young seafaring man.

"Know you aught, my good sir, of what he hath brought?" said Master Cressingham.

"Not exactly—but I know he hath brought some marvellous things."

"Some fearful things, I doubt not," replied Master Dodesworth; "for though I do not believe in lying wonders of fish a hundred feet long, and flies giving light, and such like; yet am I well assured that, in these frozen regions, awful creatures are to be seen—huge black bulls that breathe fire; and griffins, larger than those that dig for gold in the south; and 'tis said fearful dragons, forty ells long."

"Ay, true," said the young sailor, trying to look grave; "but Master Frobisher hath brought home none of these."

"And right glad am I," cried Master Henslowe, "for those outlandish beasts are frightful things. Why, last Bartholomew tide I gave a tester at the fair to see a sea-lion in a tub; an awful beast was he; how he roared and grined;—and then John Tyler, at the Rose and Crown, over

yonder, had a white bear—an ugly beast, with eyes redder than Sackerson's after three fights."

"Ay, good sir," simpered a young man who had not spoken before; "methinks we can do without outlandish beasts, while Sackerson and such goodly bears find us sport. But I would they would bring us over some outlandish fair damsels, for 'tis said there are most lovely ladies there, and all covered with jewels. Indian queens, the civil gentleman who owns the ship 'Bonaventure,' calls them."

"Ay, from the golden city," said the young sailor, laughing.

"Truly, he said so," replied the young man; "and he said, moreover, that they are most beautiful, and wear great ropes of pearl round their necks, and diamonds in their hair; and he also saith, their very apparel might set up a tradesman in a good business. Methinks I should like to see one."

"Well, Master Ralph," said Master Henslowe, "each one to his liking. Fairer damsels than ye may see in our streets no golden city can show; so I would much rather see a mermaid."

"And ye *may* see one, perchance, *ere long*. Heaven knows what will be seen in *this* ward!" groaned Master Dodesworth. "What with Popish recusants, and Brownists, and witches, I should wonder at naught."

"Then you have heard, perchance, of the mermaid that was brought to the house yonder," said the young seaman, looking very solemn.

"No; what house? Who brought her?"

"I cannot tell rightly about it, but as we returned we fell in with a vessel, and 'twas said some one was on board, but naught was to be said, and then 'twas whispered it was a mermaid, and that she was marvellously beautiful."

"But how could she live out of the water?"

"I cannot say—I only tell you, and that 'twas said that she was to be sent to a right learned man."

"A right learned man," mused Master Dodesworth, and Dr. Childerlye, the rector of St. Olave's, and Master Simon Wyrley, the chemist, who was trying to make gold, and himself—for the old gentleman had no mean idea of his learning—each passed through his mind; but no, it could not be for any of them that a mermaid was intended as a present. "A right learned man," repeated he. "Learned in what?"

"Oh, in many things; but chiefly 'twas said in reading the stars, and finding out what was lost—a wonderful old man, who dwelt in Thames-street, and foresaw what was to come to pass."

Old Master Dodesworth started, clasped his hands, and let fall his gold-headed staff. "'Tis Christopher Wynter!" exclaimed he. Ah, long hath he been suspected of evil practices! but Heaven be merciful. To think that he should bring a mermaid into the ward!"

"So much the better," laughed Master Henslowe, "for we shall get a sight of her, I trust. Well, my good youths, should not you like it?"

"In good sooth, worthy sir," said the eldest, "I had much rather see an Indian queen, all bedecked with jewels."

"Nonsense, Ralph. Fair damsels bedecked with jewels may be seen

any day ; but a mermaid, with her amber locks, and her sweet singing ; what say you, Valentine ? ”

The other young man started, for his eyes were fixed on the river ; he turned an earnest look upon the speaker—“ Oh ! of all things,” said he.

“ Ay, although I myself am foud of hearing and seeing wonders, my nephew is yet fonder,” said Master Cressingham ; “ and as to mermaids, why, when scarcely out of his go-cart, he had some fancies about them.”

“ Then I would counsel you to keep strict watch over him,” said Master Dodesworth, “ for ye know not the danger of such thoughts.”

“ Wherefore danger ? ” said the young man earnestly. “ Wherefore danger, to dream of beings more pure, more lovely, more poetical, than we meet with in this dull world ? ”

“ Great and sore danger, young man,” said his mentor sternly, “ so I pray you beware ; and all you, my masters ; and I pray you keep on the look out, for I have long suspected Christopher Wynter.”

“ Nay, good sir, I said naught of Master Wynter,” said the young seaman earnestly. “ I knew not to whom this lady is consigned. I merely said ’twas told to us that it was to a right learned man in ——. Was it Thames-street ? or Tower-street ? or up by the Strand ? Well, all I can tell is, that it was by the river side.”

“ This is strange, sir,” said Master Dodesworth. “ Did you not expressly speak of a mermaid ? ”

“ Why so ’twas said, but surely not one with a fish’s tail ; a beautiful creature, I meant, who they found singing so sweetly on the sea sands in the moonlight.”

“ Worse and worse, I fear ; for if so, she hath power to take different shapes. O these voyages of discovery ! ”

Master Dodesworth took his way, and went, as in duty bound—for he was upper churchwarden to Dr. Childerlye—and forthwith detailed the awful news he had just learnt ; lamenting, and in this he was heartily joined by the worthy doctor, that they had no authority over Christopher Wynter, seeing that he lived in the adjoining parish. They, however, agreed, before parting, that he was a most suspicious personage, that the unknown being in his custody was an undoubted present from the evil one, and that some fearful danger was hanging over the ward. Having settled these three points to their mutual satisfaction, the rector and churchwarden separated—the former to regale himself with the awful stories in “ Satan’s Invisible World Displayed ; ” the latter, to meditate on the dangers arising from modern discoveries, as, seated in his high backed chair, he stirred his diet drink with a sprig of burrage—that “ cordial flower, which comforts the heart, cheers melancholy, and revives the fainting spirit,” as learned Master Salmon saith, and which therefore was peculiarly suited to the old gentleman’s condition.

Meanwhile, the departure of the eldest of the party had been a signal for the others to depart ; the more so, as the five o’clock bell had just given warning ; not of their early cup of tea, for tea as yet was unknown, but of the approach of their early supper ; so Master Cressingham, beckoning his nephew, walked away with his neighbour, Master Henslow.

The young man, however, lingered behind ; he looked earnestly at

the houses that lined the river side, and turning to the young seaman, said, in a low but earnest voice, "And did you ever see her?"

"Soothly, never more than a glimpse or so; but she is right lovely."

"And she is there—really *there*."

"Faith, that I know not. All that I soothly knew, is, that a beautiful creature was found on the sea sands, and 'twas said she was a water spirit, or mermaid, and that there was great mystery made about her; but 'twas said she was to be taken somewhere here."

The young seaman went away, leaving his questioner behind, still gazing down the river; at length he turned away, again exclaiming, "Would that I could but see her;" and slowly took his way home.

The next evening saw a goodly number of the chief inhabitants of Tower Ward assembled in the Pomegranate chamber, so called from the tapestry of foliage and pomegranates that decked the walls of the Dolphin in Fower-street. A cheerful fire blazed in the wide chimney, for Bartholomew-tide had passed, silver flagons and cups graced the board, nor were the small silver saucers, filled with powdered sugar, wanting; our forefathers sweetening, not merely their sherries-sack, but even tent, and yet sweeter canary, with sugar.

When was ever a convivial parochial meeting without plenty of news and plenty of talk about it? Surely not in the days of Elizabeth, when news of every kind was abundant; surely not among the guests in the Pomegranate chamber at the Dolphin, with old Master Dodesworth, the churchwarden, seated in his cushioned arm-chair at the head of the table.

"And truly, good neighbours, I have made diligent inquiry," said he, "about that awful being, which is said to be at Christopher Wynter's, over yonder; for truly although not in our parish, 'tis a fearful thing to have a mermaid in our ward, as saith also our reverend rector; so I have made diligent inquiry; but, behold you, the folk round about seem to know naught about it."

"Surely not, good master, for nothing is there," said Master Henslow. "I questioned young Wynter this very morning, and alack, he saith there is no mermaid."

"Would that there were none," ejaculated Master Dodesworth, "but there is; for Mistress Jean Culver, a sober church-going woman, saith that she hears strange noises, some one talking in a strange tongue, and the candles do of late oftentimes burn blue, a sure sign of a spirit at hand; and, moreover, last full moon, as she was looking out of the upper casement; some time after nightfall, behold you, she heard a rustling, whereat she was greatly alarmed; so she looked down toward Master Wynter's balcony, and there was somewhat white and glistening waving to and fro, for it did not walk. She watched, and watched, and there it still went on, and at last vanished away. This affrighted her, you may think, my masters; but what say you to her hearing Allhallow's clock chime midnight as she went up stairs!"

"That proves it was no good, for spirits do cause time to fly away, no one can tell how," remarked a quiet old man, beside the last speaker.

"Well, then," resumed Master Dodesworth, "ye know old Master Wyrley. Now he saith that he, passing the house one night, heard won-

drous sweet music, so he asked Master Crow, who lived hard by, if *he* had ever heard it, whereupon Master Crow told him how that one night he could not sleep, so he rose up, and, behold you, *he* heard wondrous sweet music, lute-playing too ; so he went out, and crept, and crept down by the back of Master Wynter's house, and there it seemed to come from the top room window. He stayed, he said, a full hour, for the music was so sweet, he could not go away."

"Then, truly, she must be a mermaid ; for it is well known that they sing most sweetly, and thus entice men, and drown them," said the quiet old gentleman.

"Right enow," replied Master Dodesworth, complacently ; "for Master Crow said, that when he came back, he found he had been ankle-deep in water."

These fearful details were listened to with attention by the company, who, however, forgot not to pass the tankards, nor duly to sweeten their sack with sugar. Master Wenslowe, however, laughed aloud, "Commend me to the fair lady," said he ; "'twere a pity that she were a mermaid, if she sings so well ; still, mermaid or not, I would give even *three* milled shillings to see her."

So liberal a price, in an age when a whole gallon of canary cost but four shillings, and offered for such a sight, excited Master Dodesworth's wrath to overflowing. "Spoken like a heathen, and a Sadducee, and a disbeliever in spirits, and witches, and goblins, and all that christian men ought to believe in," cried he. "Remember, I pray you, the story of the gentlewoman who would not believe in ghosts, and one night she was awakened by one standing at the foot of her bed, and how she tried to scream, but could not, and went stark mad !—and mind, too, the young man who, on All Souls' Eve, went and said he would see what spirits could do, and how he was found next morning, where four cross roads met, with his neck broken, and all over as black as a coal."

"And mind, too," interposed the quiet old gentleman, "the young man at Bristol, who so greatly wished to see a mermaid, how one came to him as he walked on the river's bank ; and how struck he was with her ; and how they exchanged rings ; and how he got into sore trouble, and was put in prison just beside that river."

"Ay, a goodly story, I know it well," cried Master Cressingham ; "for it tells how the lady of the stream rescued the young man, and how many years after he returned to his native place with great riches."

"Not so," replied the quiet old gentleman ; "she drowned him, as she over yonder would do."

The story to which the old gentleman had, unfortunately for his argument, appealed, was one well known to our forefathers,—one of the relics of the old Celtic mythology, in which lovely beings, bound by mysterious ties to stream or ocean, acted a conspicuous part ; and to rudely assail the legend to which in their childhood they had listened with unquestioning belief, seemed to two-thirds of the company like an insult offered to an old friend.

"Nay, good master," cried half-a-dozen voices at once ; "'tis well known she befriended the poor young man, and gave him wealth and honours."

"And there is the tomb of that very young man still to be seen somewhere in the west," said an old man who had not before spoken; "and I mind well the ballad that told how she stood singing in the moonlight."

That ballad—that old wild ballad!—how vividly did its recollection return to young Valentine, who just before had entered with a message for his uncle, but who had stood unnoticed until now. How well at that moment did he recal the wild tune to which his nurse sung it, as he toddled by her side, far from London and its narrow streets, across daisied fields and down by the wide bright river; and how he watched when the evening mists arose, and fancied he saw in them the graceful spirit of the stream.

Master Cressingham departed with his nephew; the rest of the company stayed a little longer, endeavouring to make peace between old Master Dodsworth and the sceptical Master Henslowe. This ended as ineffectually as such endeavours usually do; Master Henslowe still persisting in his wicked desire to see a mermaid, and his opponent, after calling a full half-dozen learned authorities to witness the diabolical character of the wish, threatening him with the whole weight of his displeasure as churchwarden, and throwing out shrewd hints of a summons before the parson, to give a confession of his faith. Ere the ten o'clock bell chimed, all the worthy inhabitants of the ward were soundly dreaming,—all save young Valentine: but his waking dreams were as wild as any that visited the pillow of the disturbed sleeper; but oh, they were far more beautiful.

From henceforward every leisure moment that Valentine Cressingham could gain, was devoted to an anxious watch on the river side of Master Christopher Wynter's house. There were excellent facilities for this: on one side was a large stack of unoccupied warehouses; on the other, one of those narrow passages that wound down to the river. Our forefathers seem to have perfectly hated a straight road; and this passage having been neglected for a newer turning, was well nigh choked up with mud. Little did Valentine heed this; nay, had it been water he would have waded up to his neck in it, for the passage turned round just under the wall of Master Wynter's garden.

Laugh not, good reader, at a garden in Lower Thames-street,—there were many down towards the river then; and Master Wynter, who owned a little property, had, in addition to his other tastes, a taste for gardening, and a pleasant garden he had. Indeed, it was more than whispered by Master Dodesworth and his cronies, when they saw the pear-tree displaying a huge pyramid of white blossoms in the spring, and the vine that crept up to the second story, loaded with rich purple clusters in autumn, that Satan,—who, indeed, seemed to be servant of all work in this age of marvels—had certainly taken upon himself the office of chief gardener. Well, just under the wall, the mud and dirt had accumulated in sundry mounds, and from the highest of these a very good view, not into the garden, but of the first, second, and third stories, could be obtained. That ancient grotesque house, each higher story projecting beyond the other; the balcony, half surrounded, arbour-wise, with lattice, and supported by spiral pillars, round which the vine

twined and climbed; the upper story that covered the balcony with its scalloped edges; the casements with the squat cherubs above, that supported the third story; the two tiers of windows in the high pointed gable, and the curious nondescript ornament that formed the pinnacle. How well did young Valentine mark each feature, each minutest ornament of that old house! But living being he saw none. At nightfall, indeed, a bright light, like a little star, would be seen glimmering from the topmost casement, and there, folk said, was Christopher Wynter's study; but below, ever as the light grew dim, thick curtains were let down, and neither light nor sound could be perceived. Still watched the young enthusiast; and he waited for moonlight nights, and then, stealing from his uncle's house, when all were asleep, he took his place behind the garden wall. Night after night came and went, the moon had begun to wane, ere his patient watch was rewarded. Then it was almost midnight, and once more he was sorrowfully turning away, when a figure, in dazzling white, appeared in the balcony. How beautiful she looked, standing in the clear moonlight! what long silken tresses hung on her shoulders, just looped back with large pearls! and that white hand, and rounded arm—not confined by the tight sleeve, but just appearing from the flowing drapery—and that drapery, was it silk, was it silver?—and the light feathery material that rested on her shoulders, and seemed to wave hither and thither in the soft breeze. Surely she was no mortal being—surely it must have been a sister spirit, fair as she, that watched protectingly over the knights in that well-remembered ballad.

Many nights passed away, but the bright vision did not reappear; still Valentine watched on. Meanwhile Master Dodesworth was indefatigable in his inquiries. He questioned every sailor he met; he called upon Master Anstoe, her highness's commissioner of the customs for skins—then the chief article of importation from the far north—and upon Master Wharton, the commissioner for what Master Stow calls “other devices;” but, although squirrel skins, and bear skins, and twenty other kinds of skins had been imported, no living thing, save a live ermine, a present to the queen, was included; nor, among all the “other devices,” could a mermaid be found. This was vexatious enough, but it was more so when, in answer to some lamentations over Master Wynter's iniquities, Mr. Commissioner Wharton told him, that to mind his own parish would better become the churchwarden of St. Olave's, than prying into the affairs of the inhabitants of Allhallow's.

Vexed and indignant Master Dodesworth turned from the door, when he met Valentine Cressingham. He had somewhat in his hand, on which he was gazing intently; but when the old man addressed him, he hastily thrust it into his breast, and coloured deeply. “Young man,” said Master Dodesworth, who was determined to bestow an obijuration on some one, “I fear me ye are bent upon evil courses. What have ye there? Beware, I pray you, of talismans, and such like, wherewith evil men and evil spirits too draw men into temptation.”

“Talismans!” said Valentine bewilderedly.

“Yes, talismans—whereof there are many kinds: such as—” he looked up, but the young man was gone. The angry churchwarden now

took his way to the rector; the reverend gentleman was in his study, and to him he detailed all his toils and all his vexations.

"You have shown a worthy zeal on this subject, my worthy friend," said Dr. Childerlye, "for that evil is at hand no wise man can doubt. Shooting stars were seen not long since; and a fiery crown and lances of fire but three nights ago, as a right learned man hath written to me. That there is somewhat that ought not to be at Christopher Wynter's too, I have no doubt, and that he hath some one in his house that no Christian man ought to have is also certain, but whether it be witch, or mermaid, or a mere phantom, I have my doubts."

Master Dodesworth shook his head. It was truly comforting to find that the parson indulged in the same evil forebodings as himself; but it was vexatious to find that he had doubts about the mermaid.

"Good doctor," said he, "remember the house is just by the river's side; and remember, too, the singing that Mistress Jean Culver heard."

"True; and mermaids can take a most alluring form, as learned Paracelsus declares in his chapter upon them: but then he thinketh that they are not evil spirits, wherein I cannot agree."

"Surely not, good doctor; but perchance she may be a witch as well. Ah! you and I, good doctor, know somewhat about witchcraft."

"We do, Master Dodesworth; but it grieveth me sore to think, that while we could send some half-dozen old women to Bridewell, we can do naught with Wynter."

"Ah! friends at Court, good doctor; and, from the way in which Master Wharton spoke about him, methinks he hath the Earl of Leicester himself to back him."

"Very likely, Master Dodesworth. I would he were in our parish, and then we would see; but, however, we must do what we can. How doth young Cressingham go on?"

"'Tis a shy, quiet young man; and such the slaves of Satan often tempt to evil."

"Alack! I fear him greatly. Doth he know Wynter? for Master Wyrley saith more than once hath he seen him, with his face muffled in his cloak, stealing along, after night-fall, down that turning close by Wynter's house."

"He is ensnared, then, past all hope," said Master Dodesworth.

"Ay, that he is," said Master Wyrley, entering, "if you mean young Cressingham; for, good doctor, I have cause to ask your advice, seeing that a worthy man, who would not that I should mention his name, saith, that two jesuits and one seminary priest are now hidden in London; and truly, from what he saith, I believe no other than Christopher Wynter is their landlord."

"Impossible!" cried Master Dodesworth, determined not to yield up his theory of the mermaid.

"Impossible!" cried the rector, who had three theories to maintain, and was moreover determined not to give up a fine piece of the supernatural for a tale so commonplace as that of jesuits and seminary priests.

"But it is possible," quietly persisted Master Wyrley; and in that opinion, despite the arguments of the churchwarden, and the *ex cathedra* exhortations of the parson, he persisted.

Alas! that the spirit of discovery should have become the source of so much contradiction; alas! that Christopher Wynter and his unknown visitant should excite so much bitterness and ill-will in a ward hitherto remarkable for good brotherhood. The conflicting versions of the story were duly whispered abroad: and while each hearer acknowledged the propriety of observing strict secrecy on the subject, each was loud in his denunciation of those who chanced to take a different view from his own, and each prepared to do battle right heartily for the witch, the phantom, the mermaid, the jesuit, or the seminary priest.

"And perhaps you are all wrong," quietly remarked Master Cressingham.

This short remark produced more unanimity than threescore homilies on peace-making; for, leaving their separate views, all now jointly attacked the poor unbeliever, who, as Dr. Childerlye said, was doubtless art and part with Wynter, who, as well as his poor deluded nephew, would doubtless meet with some fearful judgment.

Winter came on, and there were high winds.

"And sore damage will there be in the river to-night," said Master Dodesworth, "through that awful mermaid!"

"Sorer damage than high winds, through the vile crew that are over yonder, and Satan among them, I trow!" answered Master Wyrley.—"Well, I tried to warn young Cressingham of his danger, but he would not hear me."

"Surely not; he well knew *you* knew naught about it."

The angry colloquy ceased; for there was the very young man walking stealthily along. Was he going to old Wynter's house? No; he passed by it.—But he was no longer seen!—so Master Dodesworth declared he had vanished away, and thus a new marvel was added to his already abundant stock.

It was a tempestuous night;—one just fitted for witches to ride, and mermaids to swim in;—and Master Dodesworth listened to the howling tempest with no slight complacency, since he had foretold it.

"The very night for some awful visitation," said Dr. Childerlye to him, as he drew his arm-chair closer into the chimney-corner; "the very night——"

Well might the parishioners of St. Olave rejoice in their learned rector, for a fearful story was told by Mistress Jean Culver the following morning. Notwithstanding the noise of the tempest, her frightened ears caught different sounds,—trampling of feet,—letting down heavy weights,—and, when she looked out, dark figures were moving too and fro!—Long did she look. At length a tall white figure descended!—Did it descend?—No;—flew, rather, right across the garden, scaling the wall, as though height were nothing, and then gliding along to the edge of the river. At that moment a flash of lightning showed an unearthly-looking boat, with three dark rowers. One moment the white figure was seen; the next, boat, white figure, and rowers, were all ingulphed in the stream!

But where was Christopher Wynter? While Mistress Jean Culver was detailing her fearful story he had returned home from the country, where he had been for the last three days. He expressed surprise and anger at the tale that had been told, and challenged not only his neigh-

bours, but the rector of St. Olave's, to look over his suspected house. He prayed an inquiry, too, into his conduct; and established the fact beyond all reasonable doubt, that his house had never harboured either witch, mermaid, phantom, jesuit, or seminary priest. The only mystery that now remained was what had happened to young Valentine—he was not to be seen? His uncle said he was lain up with illness: but men again shook their heads, when they saw him walking out, pale and thin, and with his right hand in a sling.

"That right hand would shew somewhat," said the learned doctor. "The devil's own mark, I fear me. Well, no Christian man can doubt there has been some fearful mystery."

This fearful mystery occupied the reverend doctor's mind during the winter months, and the result of his meditations took the form of a right learned treatise, entitled "A ROD FOR A FOOL'S BACK; being a seasonable reprehension to those doubters, unbelievers, and scoffers, who deny the doctrine of evil spirits and phantomes, showinge forthe the foolhardinesse, wilfulnesse, stubbornnesse and wickednesse of all suche." This delectable treatise met with great success. The learned doctor was invited to preach the next Spital sermon in consequence, and so much was that admired, that he added it by way of postscript, a tolerably long one, to the second edition of "THE ROD FOR A FOOL'S BACK."

But ere this second edition was printed off, great changes had taken place in the neighbourhood. Master Cressingham, who had had a fit, gave up business and retired into the country. Young Valentine had gone away in one of the spring ships, "to seek after the mermaid," said scoffing Master Henslow; but more likely, as old Master Dodesworth said, to set off for the north pole, whence he would never return; and Christopher Wynter was found dead in his study one fine morning. As the old man was near fourscore, and had been feeble for some time, the coroner had no doubt as to the natural cause of his death. Dr. Childerlye and his churchwarden, however, now looked more oracular than ever; and forthwith a second postscriptum and a second title were added to the treatise, and it was, "A MYSTERIE IN THAMES-STREETE: shewing how a phantome in white did lodge for manie weekes at a certayne house there, and inveigle a yonge manne; and how on y^e night of y^e 23rd of Novembre last, she was seen to disappear in an awful flashe of lightning, leaving y^e mark of a horseshoe brente blacke, on y^e palm of y^e yonge manne's righte hande." We have been particular in giving the titles both of the first and second treatises, for the benefit of our black letter readers, as a copy of them may probably still exist among the mouldering stores of Lambeth or Sion College Libraries.

Three years passed away, and then Master Cressingham came to town; and he told his old neighbours that he was come to welcome his nephew home again, who would shortly arrive from abroad. And so he did, and he looked well and hearty, and held out his right hand most willingly for all his old friends to shake, thus giving undeniable proof that there was no horseshoe. But he brought a fair bride with him too; and when Master Henslowe, still joking, asked if he had not for-

gotten the mermaid—"Truly he hath not," said the lady, smiling, "nor his midnight watch, nor his toil, on the night of the high wind, nor his bruised hand, nor the fearful flash of lightning."

"Nor did the mermaid forget *me*," added Valentine. "Said not the ballad that they were always faithful? ay, faithful as fair. And is not my mermaid right beautiful?"

"My good master, what mean you?" said his old friend, quite bewildered.

"Why this, good master Henslow. Sir Edward Sondes, the governor of the Eastland Company's factory, died, and left charge that my fair mermaid here should be sent over to England; and as he feared his brother would ask for her wardship, as he had left much property, he directed that she should be sent over by a private ship, and placed under the care of his old friend, Master Christopher Wynter. Now, Master Wynter had heard that her uncle had made suit to the council to obtain this wardship, so he determined to keep her close in his house until he could provide for her safety. That foolish young sailor, however, raised that talk about the mermaid, and Master Wynter now feared that, at last, the truth would come out. Well, he had found out my watching, and how bewitched I was with this fair mermaid; so he told me his plan—and thanks to the stormy night—it succeeded beyond our hopes. You all determined that there was something supernatural at Master Wynter's, so why should we undeceive you? Well, and methinks we made up a right marvellous story."

"And was *this* fair lady the mermaid?"

"Yes," replied she, laughing; "my long, loose white dress, and my swansdown-lined mantle, looked, doubtless, phantom-like enough in the moonlight."

"And my sorely crushed hand seemed a most suitable reward for aiding the escape of a witch or mermaid," added Valentine; "but I have been amply repaid, for my fair lady-love was constant, and now, as she is of age, we have come back to England."

"And so there is no mystery after all," said Master Henslow, laughing.

"Is there not?" replied Valentine, with a quaint smile; "is there not, even now in print, and set forth by right learned authority, A MYSTERIE IN THAMES STREETE?"

THE LESSON OF THE LOUVRE.

HE stood amid the proudest spoils
 That ever warrior won,
 Where brightly fell the parting smiles
 Of summer's setting sun ;
 Upon his country's Louvre,
 Whose glorious solitude
 Was shared by one that well might share
 A monarch's loftiest mood.
 Around him stood the matchless shapes
 Of Grecian song and thought !
 Whose glory Time could ne'er eclipse
 By all the change he brought.
 The scenes of splendour, love, and power,
 Which art or genius' hand
 Had given to palace, fane, and tower,
 Of East or Western land.
 On canvas bright and marble fair
 That haughty glance was thrown ;
 But long it paused in rapture where
 One stately statue shone.
 " It is Immortal ! " said the sage,
 " Through time, and change, and tears,
 That form will last undimmed by age,
 A thousand glorious years ! "
 The gazer turned with kindled eye
 And smile of kingly scorn :
 " Is this the Immortality
 To which our hopes were born ?
 The aim of every restless heart,
 On wildest wave and coast ?
 The Patriot's dream, the Poet's part ;
 The Sage and Warrior's boast ?
 Was it for this the nations grew
 So great in power and fame ?
 And Earth's unrivalled conquerors too—
 Was it for this they came ?

Is this the purchase and reward
 Of all the countless cost,
 Which Hope hath given, which Time hath shared,
 Which Life and Love have lost?
 Oh mighty were the deeds of men,
 When human faith was strong,
 To fling on Fame's bright altar then,
 The spoils of sword and song.
 For some, as saintly sages say,
 Have offered there the bliss
 And glory of Eternity—
 And was it all for this?"
 So spake the Sun of Gallic fame,
 When, o'er his glory's noon,
 No dimly distant shadow came,
 Of clouds to burst so soon.
 But o'er that crowned and laurelled brow,
 There past a shade the while;
 That dimmed the dark eyes' haughty glow,
 And quenched the scornful smile.
 Perchance his memory wandered back
 To Egypt's desarts vast,
 Across whose sands his conquering track
 Its early glory cast.
 Where long forsaken cities rose,
 And Temples sculptured o'er
 With tales and deeds of other days,
 Which man might read no more.
 Perchance like him whose minstrel art
 His own sad Requiem sung,
 Some prophet chord in that deep heart
 With answering echoes rung,
 To words that o'er its silence swept
 With dark and boding power:
 Ah! well if Memory's page had kept
 The lesson of that hour!

It is said that Buonaparte when in the zenith of his power, walking one day with Denon in the Louvre, and hearing him say that a statue which both admired was immortal, inquired how long it would last; to which Denon answered, probably a thousand years; he said, "And is this what you call immortal?"

FRANCES BROWN.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GIDEON SHADDOE, Esq.

No. II.

" Dreams tell but of the past, and yet 'tis said,
They prophesy."—REMORSE.

THE belief that dreams foretel events is as old as the imagination of man; and curious it is to observe how, in all the stages of his social development, from the rudest condition of savage life to the highest state of civilisation, he cherishes that credulity: with what care he notes every coincidence that can strengthen it, and with what easy indifference he passes by the thousands of instances when the most vivid impressions made on the mind of the sleeper have been followed by no results, that the utmost ingenuity could torture into a fulfilment of the scenes represented in his slumber. We keep a careful register of the prizes in the psychological lottery, but take no account of the overwhelming list of blanks.

The chronicles tell us that the mother of Alexander the Great dreamed that a dragon was his father, and that Hecuba saw in her dream that she should give birth to a torch, by which her palace should be burned. Olympias became the mother of Philip's warlike son; the other Alexander carried off Mrs. Menelaus—as we heard a well-bred youth, brought up at his mother's apron-string, simper out, when asked who Helen was—Troy was wrapped in flames; and down the tradition is handed in both cases. But we never stop to inquire about the dreams of Aurelia, although the Roman might well vie with the Greek, or whether *Madame Mère* ever had any remarkable vision in her sleep, foretelling the brilliant career of the greatest conqueror of modern times, till his star set before the genius of our greater Captain, of whose mother's dreams we are equally ignorant.

On the other hand, Calphurnia dreamed, on the night preceding the day of Cæsar's murder, that the roof of the house fell in, that he was stabbed in her arms, and that the doors of the bedchamber spontaneously opened; whilst Cæsar himself, on the same night, was flying, in his dream, above the clouds, and shaking hands with Jupiter. The alarmed wife, moreover, implored her husband not to go forth, on the ides of March, made for ever memorable by the touching "*Et tu Brute!*"—words, by the way, that never passed Cæsar's lips. He died without speaking a syllable, if we are to believe Suetonius, who declares that he uttered no sound, except one groan when he received the first of the twenty-three stabs that laid him dead, although some have related, that when Cæsar saw Marcus Brutus rushing on him, he ex-

exclaimed in Greek, "You, too, among them—you, my son!" * He had faced death too often to fear it, and had seen too much of mankind to be surprised at the treachery of a bosom friend, or to waste words at such a moment. His whole soul seemed to be bent on so disposing his toga that he might fall with decency.

"But he left his home unwillingly, and not without the exhortation of Decimus Brutus, who pleaded the numbers that he would disappoint by not going to the senate-house."

Most true; and it is no part of our duty to shew that Cæsar's mind, ill in body as he was, received no impressions from these dreams, coupled as they were with other prodigies; nay, he manifested what was passing in his mind when he mocked *Spurinna*. †

Calphurnia and others evidently foresaw the coming mischief, and *her* dream only denoted a foregone conclusion. Cæsar's vision would have answered equally well, and would have been as triumphantly recorded, if he had secured the diadem to which he aspired.

Sir Thomas More's mother, we are told, "the first night after her marriage, sawe in her sleepe, the number of children she should have, written as it were in her marriage ring; and the formes, shapes, and countenances of them all. One was very dim and obscure, and could skarcelie be discerned; for of one she suffered by an untimely byrth an aborsement. Another she saw full bright and beautiful, and fairer than all the rest; whereby, no doubt," says the unknown author of his life—a Romish biographer apparently, "was this lampe of England prefigured." So far, so good; but the dream seems, in mercy to the future mother, to have stopped short, for we have no glimpse of the extinction of that shining light in blood, at the behest of the most cruel and hypocritical tyrant that England ever tolerated; one who "while Sir Thomas was chancellour of the duchie came to dynner to him, and after dynner in a faire garden walked with him by the space of an howre, holding his arme about his neck." Sir Thomas, indeed, seems to have made no other account of these favours, "than a deepe wise man should doe;" for when, after the king's departure, "his sonne-in-law, Mr. William Roper, verie glad to have seene this came to him, saying, 'Sir, how happie are you whome the king hath so familiarly entertained, as I never sawe him to doe the like to any, except to the Lord Cardinall, with whom I saw his grace once walke arme in arme!' Sir Thomas aunswered in this sorte: 'I thanke God, sonne William, I find his grace my very goode lord and maister; and I doe believe he doth as singularlie favoure me as he doth any subject within this realme. Howbeit, sonne Roper, as I shall tell thee, I have noe cause to be proude of it; for if my head would wyne him a castle in France, it should not faile to flie from my shoulders, as fast now as ^{it} seemeth to sticke.'" These words were prophetic; and we almost lose the sense of Henry's unsparing cruelty in our abhorrence of his vile hypocrisy, when the news of More's execution was brought to him in the presence of another victim, for whom the axe was so soon to be sharpened.

* *Καὶ σὺ ἐκείνων, καὶ σὺ τέκνον.*

† "The ides of March are come."—"Aye, but not gone."

"Immediately after the execution of Sir Thomas More, word was brought thereof to the king; who being then at dice when it was told him, at the hearing thereof seemed to be wonderfullie amazed. 'And is it true?' (quoth the king). 'Is Sir Thomas More, my chancellour, dead?' The messenger answered, 'Yea, if it may please your majestie.' He turned him to queen Anne, who then stood by, and wistlie looking upon her, 'Thou art the cause of this man's death.' So presentlie went to his chamber, and there wept full bitterlie."

Sir Thomas More was beheaded on the 6th of July, 1535, and before the May flowers of the next year had faded, Anne Boleyn laid her head on the block for the crime of having survived the ruthless Henry's affections.

No dream, properly so called, as far as we know, forewarned either of these sufferers, although it is clear that More had long foreseen the fatal catastrophe which the unrelenting fury of a heart that seems to have known no touch of mercy brought upon both, and in his day-dreams had been familiarised with the last bloody scene.

There are few persons of lively imagination who, in a quiet day and in the solitude of the country, or of their chamber, have not lost, in a great degree, the consciousness of their locality and of surrounding objects, and beheld in their mind's eye a far distant scene, presenting the dead, the absent, or the probable future. Blount and Raleigh both looked upon the same wall at Say's Court: but while the former saw no more than the side of an old hall hung round with antlers, bucklers, old pieces of armour, and such furniture; the more imaginative Raleigh was sunk in reverie, "and it seemed as if the empty space of air betwixt him and the wall were the stage of a theatre on which his fancy was mustering his own *dramatis personæ*, and treating him with sights far different from those which his awakened and earthly vision could have offered."

"'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought,
Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone."

In these reveries, or waking dreams, however, the external world is never entirely shut out, and judgment corrects our errant musings to a certain extent.

In the case of dreams, properly so called, we have the determined habit of keeping a list of the prizes only, as above alluded to, constantly brought to our notice, even in this matter-of-fact age. The year is still young, and yet we had the other day, in the leading journal of Europe, an account of a poor collier lad, who dreamed that he was crushed by a great stone in the pit, and was so affected by the dream, that he returned twice to bid his mother farewell—for ever, as the event proved—for he was actually so crushed that day, according to the account. At first sight here is pure prophecy and fulfilment. But it appears that another of the family had previously lost his life in the same way. No one can doubt that this violent death, to which the dreamer himself was daily liable, must have made a strong impression on his mind. The

wonder would have been if he had not dreamed of it repeatedly, as he most probably had.

Early on the morning of Thurtell's execution, the gaoler's son entered his cell, and finding him in a profound sleep, retired, but returned with his father, who awoke the criminal.

"How do you find yourself this morning?" said Mr. Wilson.

"Very well," replied Thurtell.

"You have slept well?"

"Yes, I have. I have had some very curious dreams. I have often dreamt since my confinement, *yet (what is very extraordinary) I have never dreamt of anything connected with this affair.*"

The bard sings as philosophically as sweetly,

"Oft in the stilly night,
When slumber's chain has bound me ;
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

There is a sad sweetness about such dreams, strongly contrasting with those which Coleridge portrays in these nervous lines :—

"A lurid light, a trampling throng—
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorned, those only strong !
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled, and yet burning still ;
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions, maddening brawl !
And shame and terror over all !
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which, all confused, I could not know,
Whether I suffered or I did :
For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe,
My own, or others, still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame."

The volition in ordinary dreams is not followed by the obedience of the muscles. You are a lecturer, a preacher, a barrister, or a senator, and you feel in your dream the gush of a fine burst of eloquence rising to your lips, and are about to address your audience in a style that you are certain must carry everything before it and yourself to the top of the tree, when suddenly you find that you are voiceless, and only draw down the sarcastic ridicule of the multitude, who seem to stab you with their hundred dagger-like eyes, while you do nothing but gasp like Virgil's ghosts.

My personal experience of dreams has been considerable. I rarely drop into slumber for a few minutes in my chair without dreaming ; nor would I lose the privilege, although the impressions have been sometimes so strong and powerful, that I have been unable to shake them off for days. But before I venture to go into some of my adventures in the shadowy vale of sleep, and exhibit *my* list of prizes and blanks, I must ask the good-natured reader to go back with me once more to my childish days.

I can just remember the long, peaked stomacher, to which in the cycle of fashion the belles of to-day have come round, though not to its contemporary well-powdered *tête*; and how both lingered on the persons of three dear buzzy-headed maiden ladies, who used to give me sugar-plums out of a beautiful amber French comfit-box, and whose trim apartments, dotted with fine old china on fairy inlaid tables, were lighted by the best Dresden beflowered and bespangled shepherds and shepherdesses, standing against shrubby porcelain trees, with more blossoms than leaves. To this lengthened wasp-like waist succeeded the short-bodied gown, still to be seen in Lawrence's early portraits, and which gave rise to the song of that name, which I am old enough to have heard carolled in *trivis*.

Ye lads and ye lasses of country and city,
I pry you give ear to my humorous ditty,
Concerning the fashion just come from town—
A whimsical dress call'd the short-body'd gown

Last Midsummer-day Sally went to the fair
To part with her yarn and how she did stare!
Both wives, maids, and widows in every shop round,
They all were dress'd up in a short-body'd gown.

So home in the evening Miss Sally she hies,
And told it her mother with greatest surprise;
Saying, "Two hanks a-day will I spin the week round,
Until I can purchase a short-body'd gown."

Surpris'd was her mother and thought it a jest,
Saying, "Sally, your old-fashion'd gown fits you best,
So leave this new fashion to folks in the town,
And don't waste your cloth in a short-body'd gown."

"Oh, mother, you are a bad judge of the size,
The lengths that it takes it would you surprise,
For the breadth of the waste is three inches all round,
That's just the full size of a short-body'd gown."

I witnessed, I say, the sudden transition from the long inverted cone of rich substantial brocade, and frizzled and powdered hair, to the extremely thin and scanty book-muslin of this same short-bodied gown, the cincture of which came just below the bosom, and the disposition of the natural tresses, *à la Grecque*; and can still see the powdering-room, a long, narrow strip of an apartment behind my mother's bed-chamber, hung with blue paper and lighted by one window only at the front-end, so that the other extremity received hardly any light at all. This, from the association of colour, redolent as it also was of mareschale powder, I called the violet-room, till I was taken to see "Bluebeard" at our theatre, after which it immediately became the blue chamber in my vocabulary. Then it was that the long row of cylindrical mysterious-looking band-boxes, with their truncated tops ranged along the wall, passed well in the twilight for the headless bodies of the wives of the very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw; and I recollect one gloomy evening starting back as a pair of glassy eyes glared at me from among

the loose drapery at the foot of one of them, as if the decapitated wife bore her severed head upon her lap. It was only in the broad daylight of the morrow that I dared revisit the terrible spot which had haunted me all night in my dreams, and then I found that the object which had raised such fearful ideas was my mother's powdering-mask—a paste-board cover with glazed apertures before the eyes, to protect the patient's face from the powder during the operations of the powder-puff.

One day I had entered the pantry unobserved, and climbing on a chair, beheld, among other goodly preparations for a party, a splendid eel-pie, uncut and ready to make its appearance, with an eel's head sticking up out of the middle of a net-work of pastry in its highly-ornamented centre. Temptation overcame me. I thought to pull out the head, just taste the end that was in the pie, and put it back again. I had lately been promoted to vests and tunics, as they were called, and gloried in a pocket accordingly. Well, I pulled at the head, but instead of coming out short, as I expected, the neck and body followed. Never shall I forget my horror. I tried to push it back in vain, and hearing the sound of approaching feet, I pulled away, and forth came the whole serpentine sesquipedality of the almost interminable fish, which had been coiled up in the pie. It was crammed somehow into my pocket, and as I came from the sacked *pâté*, trying to look innocent, I encountered my kind maiden aunt, Barbara, boneted, muffed, and tippeted, bearing my hat and feather, intent on taking me out for a walk. We had not proceeded far, when a great dog came up and exhibited a strong attachment to my person, which I in vain discountenanced. In vain also did my aunt try to drive away my persecutor with her parasol. The brute kept jumping upon me till at last he overthrew me, and after tossing my tunic about, to my aunt's infinite alarm, got his nose into my pocket—that pocket of which I had been so proud—and drew out the savoury plunder, which he devoured upon the spot. “Why, Gideon, what *have* you been doing!” said my aunt in astonishment. With bitter tears of fright I confessed my guilt; she, kind soul, stood my friend; and the poor cat, as usual, had the credit of it.

We continued our walk, which had for its object a visit to a sort of travelling Leverian Museum, containing, among other stuffed specimens, an enormous *Boa*, with a very red tongue, by way of making it as life-like as possible, tightly constricting a Royal Tiger that looked as if he could not help it.

About half a year after this I dreamt that my aunt, whom I loved more than ever, since she had screened me in the affair of the eel, had married Bluebeard, and was in his power. We were then at our country-house; but, in my dream, I was in the blue chamber in the haunted town mansion aforesaid, where my mother and aunt were shut up with the ghastly headless trunks of the rest of his wives, expecting my aunt's fate momentarily. The Bashaw thundered at the door; in he came with his glittering scimitar, which he had just raised to strike my beloved aunt, holding her by her long fair hair as she knelt in her short-bodied gown; when entered one of the buzzy-headed, long-waisted Miss Leynes, with her tall ebony walking-staff tipped with an ivory hook, and, tapping Bluebeard with it, she turned him into an immense piece of bread

and butter. "Now," said she to me, "if you love your aunt, eat for your life and hers—if you leave but a crumb within five minutes, she'll be a dead woman." Oh! the horrors of munching, munching at that mountain of bread and butter, as, stuffed to the throat, I fixed my eyes on the minute-hand of an old clock, on the face of which the red eyes of a rampant white lion rolled awfully at every vibration of the pendulum! Presently a tremendous voice called "Time!" before I had half finished. There stood Bluebeard again flourishing his scimeter over poor Aunt Barbara, more savage than ever; and, as I tried to scream with a dreamer's usual success, in came another buzzy-headed, long-waisted Miss Leyne, who took out of her comfit-box the identical eel-pie that had caused me so many a nightmare, and just as I thought that all was over with my dear aunt, out the eel began to wriggle from the pie—my turn now, thought I—and, changing into a great *Boa constrictor*, twined itself round Abomelique, whose ribs I had the satisfaction of hearing crack like pistol-shots, as I awoke to look up in my aunt's smiling face—bless her—who was clapping her hands to rouse me and lead me forth to breathe the fresh morning air. I told her what I had seen in my sleep, and she wrote it down as an instance of what she called "a child's memory-dream."

Notwithstanding the observations already made on the subject, I desire to speak of the prophetic dream with all respect, intimately interwoven as it is with our religious belief. The warning that sent the holy family into Egypt is a mystery too solemn to be here discussed, nor is it my intention to dwell on the dreams of Joseph and his fellow prisoners; or those of Pharaoh, for an interpretation of which the king consulted both the *Charetummin*, or magicians, and the *Chakamin*, or wise men, in vain; but which the more divinely-gifted Joseph immediately explained. Neither do I deny that dreamy as well as political prophecies may be fulfilled, the first by the impression made on a highly imaginative mind, and the second by the excitement produced upon a people by the acts of the prophets themselves. In both cases, numerous instances occur, wherein the coincidences have been so nearly complete as to make very passable fulfilments of the prophecies. But it is rare to find a dreamer honest enough to note and publish the entire failure of the event supposed to be foretold. Such an example we have in the following letter, which appeared in *Le Mercure Gallant*, for January, 1690, and is quoted by Dr. Hibbert in his interesting and philosophical work.

"The last proof, my dear friend, which I can give on the vanity of dreams, is my surviving after one that I experienced on the 22d of September, 1679. I awoke on that day at five o'clock in the morning, and having fallen asleep again half-an-hour after, I dreamt that I was in my bed, and that the curtain of it was undrawn at the foot (two circumstances which were true), and that I saw one of my relations, who had died several years before, enter the room, with a countenance as sorrowful as it had formerly been joyous. She seated herself at the foot of my bed, and looked at me with pity. As I knew her to be dead, as well in the dream as in reality, I judged by her sorrow that she was going to announce some bad news to me, and, perhaps, death;

and foreseeing it with sufficient indifference, 'Ah, well !' said I to her, 'I must die, then ?' She replied to me, 'It is true.' 'And when ?' retorted I ; 'immediately ?' 'To-day !' replied she. I confess to you the time appeared short ; but, without being concerned, I interrogated her further, and asked her, 'in what manner ?' She murmured some words which I did not understand, and at that moment I awoke.

The importance of a dream so precise made me take notice of my situation, and I remarked that I had laid down on my right side, my body extended, and both hands resting upon my stomach. I rose to commit my dream to writing, for fear of forgetting any part of it ; and finding it accompanied by all the circumstances which are attributed to mysterious and divine visions, I was no sooner dressed, than I went to tell my sister-in-law, that, if serious dreams were infallible warnings, she would have no brother-in-law in twenty-four hours. I told her afterwards all that had happened to me, and likewise informed some of my friends, but without betraying the least alarm, and without changing in any respect my usual conduct, resigning myself entirely to the disposal of Providence."

"Now," continues the letter-writer, "if I had been weak enough to give up my mind to the idea that I was going to die, perhaps I *should* have died ; and it would have happened to me, as to those men of whom Procopius, the Greek historian, has spoken, who, when the plague prevailed, were struck with this scourge from God, from having only dreamt that demons touched them, or said to them that they would be soon in the tomb. I likewise should have paid, by the shortening of my days, for yielding up my belief to these dreams, and violating the law of God, which forbids such a superstition. At least it is certain that a Canadian would not have escaped ; for he would even have had recourse to precipices, or to his own hands, in order that his dream might not be a futile one. For the people of that country are absolutely persuaded, that they cannot dream of anything which ought not to happen as a matter of course."

This is the reasoning and disposition of a well-regulated mind, the strength of which may be judged of, not only from the narrative itself, but from the time when the letter was written.

The observation of the strong-minded writer of this anecdote, that if he "had been weak enough to give up his mind to the idea that he was going to die, perhaps he should have died," is confirmed and illustrated by the story related by the Earl of Rochester to Bishop Burnet, and recorded by the latter in his life of that brilliant and penitent profligate.

"He told me," writes the Bishop, "of another odd presage that one had of his approaching death, in the Lady Warre, his mother-in-law's, house. The chaplain had dreamt that such a day he should die ; but, being by all the family put out of the belief of it, he had almost forgot it ; till the evening before, at supper, there being thirteen at table, according to a fond conceit that one of these must soon die, one of the young ladies pointed to him, that he was to die. *He, remembering his dream, fell into some disorder ;* and the Lady Warre reproving him for his superstition, he said, 'he was confident he was to die before morn-

ing ;' but he being in perfect health it was not much minded. It was Saturday night, and he was to preach next day. He went to his chamber and sat up late, as appeared by the candle, and he had been preparing his notes for his sermon, but was found dead in his bed the next morning."

In this case, the fears of the chaplain, whose perfect health may well be doubted, were fatally renewed by the young lady's inconsiderate act and speech. He thought he should die, and he did die.

One of the deepest impressions ever made on me by a dream of this nature was produced some years ago, when I was far away from my friends, and had undergone great fatigue of body and mind. Immediately my head touched the pillow, I dropped into a dose—it was no more—and then started up broad awake. In vain did I lie down again and court sleep. I counted units till they made thousands, and my head was giddy. I thought of waving corn till I almost saw the field undulating in the summer breeze through the wall of my room; and watched a countless imaginary flock of sheep, going one after the other through a gap in a quickset hedge in vain. Opposite to my bed was a fairy frigate in a glass case, put into "a short, uneasy motion," but regular withal, upon a heaving, painted sea, by hidden machinery. Upon that I fixed my eyes: it grew bigger and bigger; the glass vanished; sea-birds appeared to flit above, and porpoises around it; the distant sound of her bell seemed wafted into my ear, and I found myself in the house of a dear friend:—it was the house of mourning.

The funeral party were assembled: every person who should have been there was present—the relations, the friends, the clergyman of the parish in his robes. As I entered, he approached and bade me be comforted. After he had retired to the rest of the mournful assembly, another dear friend came to me and said, "We waited but for you—why did you tarry?—She's gone!" He then led me to the chamber of death. I saw her name and age, both exact, upon the coffin. We returned. The procession set forth. The solemn service—oh, what a service that is!—was performed. The coffin was lowered to the house appointed for all living. I heard the awful words, "ashes to ashes—dust to dust," followed by that indescribable rattle of the earth upon the coffin—and awoke. For some minutes I seemed to be still in the church, and looking down into the vault; but gradually the faint watch-light shewed me the familiar furniture of my room. I slept again, and again went through the same harrowing scene.

I acknowledge that I was greatly depressed, nor could the bright morning, nor the business of the day, lift the weight from my heart. The post did not leave without a letter from me to a mutual friend, in which, with some hesitation, my reiterated dream was related, and an earnest inquiry was made relative to the health of her whose obsequies I had so witnessed. The answer informed me that she never was better; but, that much about the same time *she* had dreamed that she was dead, and that she, as her own ghost, had gone to see how she looked in her coffin, when a terrible voice exclaimed, "Will your vanity never cease?"—and she awoke.

This dear friend is still, thank God, fulfilling all the duties of an exemplary life: but who shall say what effect would have been produced on the survivors, if the fatal event had happened at the time, or near it—a coincidence not improbable, considering the frail nature of the tenure on which we hold our existence.

Δ.

HEAD AND HEART.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

SAID Head to Heart, " You lead me wrong :
The pulse of passion beats too strong.
You are the dupe of tears and sighs ;
You take the Judgment by surprise ;

" You melt at every sorrowing tale,
Your feelings o'er my will prevail ;
And still, by impulse led astray,
You draw me from my prudent way.

" When I would walk a steady pace,
Impetuous, you would run a race,
And ere a doubtful case I 've tried,
You 've prompted Pity to decide.

" By rules of reason unconfined,
No space your sympathies can bind ;
And wayward as a petted child,
You scorn restraint, and wander wild.

" I pray you, Heart, these freaks forbear :
They cause me shame, they breed me care ;
And I am blamed for going wrong,
And counted weak that you are strong."

Said Heart to Head, " You 're cold and slow ;
You cast a damp on Feeling's glow ;
You are like water on the fire ;
You are a clog on my desire.

“ You measure Passion by a rule,
You send the Sympathies to school,
And slave to logic and its laws,
You weigh, you ponder, and you pause.

“ When I would prompt the pitying tear,
You purse the lips and look severe,
And quick to doubt and slow to grieve,
You lecture when you should relieve.

“ Oh it is galling to be tied
To one so sluggish to decide,
Who chills me when I glowed before,
And clings to earth when I would soar.”

The silent contest lasted long,
And both were right, yet both were wrong ;
Then in my secret soul I said,
I'll reconcile the Heart and Head.

The Heart, perchance, too warm and free,
Too sudden in its energy,
Shall learn from cooler Head the fact,
'Tis well to think before we act.

And Head, too prone to reason still,
Even in extremity of ill,
Shall learn to play a warmer part,
Led by the dictates of the Heart.

CONSCIENCE.

By SUUM CUIQUE, Esq.

‘Madness—sheer madness, my masters—
He was distraught.’—OLD PLAY

CHAPTER I.

“WHAT would you advise me to do?” inquired Emma Branstone of Mrs. Humphreys, her nurse and companion.

“Do? why have him, mum, by all means. You must recollect that you are now—”

“Five and thirty you would say.”

“Ahem!” coughed Mrs. Humphreys, evidently relieved by her mistress’s filling up the sentence for her.

“For five and thirty years I have lived happily with my father,” continued Emma Branstone, “and I really have not the slightest wish to change my situation in life; although, I must confess, that if I wedded any one it should be—”

“Mr. William Sharpley, as popped this very day, and as have know’d you for years, and dined here every Sunday, on the top of the Barnet stage,” said Mrs. Humphreys.

Emma Branstone smiled at her nurse’s manner of describing the mode by which her father’s head clerk had been in the habit of ensuring his weekly meal at their cottage on Highgate Hill. Mrs. Humphreys continued—

“He an’t like a stranger, mum, as one knows nothing about. Men is deceivers ever, as the song says, but there’s no deception about Mr. William, for a more straightforwarder man, nor a more open-hearteded crittur never lived. He’s the very pictur of disinterestedness, and ought to be framed, and glazed, and hung up in your heart for the rest of your mortal life.”

“I respect Mr. Sharpley, Humphreys, and am not surprised at your advocating his cause; but I confess, as I told him this morning, that I would rather remain single and live, as I have hitherto done, with my dear father.”

“But consider the dooties you owes to natur! Natur never intended you should waste your sweetness in the airs of a desert, as yod says that the po-ut says; and what’s Highgate Common but a desert I should like to know? ’septing a few sheep and cows.”

“I am very happy as I am; but I will make known to my father the proposals made to me by his confidential friend, and on his advice I will act. I cannot help thinking that it is very odd that although Mr. Sharpley has had so many opportunities of—of—of—”

“Arksing you to have him,” suggested Mrs. Humphreys.

"Exactly—that he should not have availed himself of them instead of coming up on purpose—"

"On the top of the Barnet stage?—Eh? Why, bless you, mum, he was afeard to face the old gentleman—or mayhap he didn't think it right to put such questions on a Sunday,—but here comes master, I knows his ring, and its just the time as the Barnet stage passes the end of our lane."

Away scuttled Mrs. Humphreys, with a large key that opened the iron gate at the end of the gravel walk. Emma saw her father admitted, and his great coat and umbrella taken from him by his attentive maid. She watched him as he lounged slowly up to the cottage, as if admiring the flowers that grew beside the pathway. She wondered that he had forgotten to look for her at the parlour window, and to kiss his hand to her, as he had been used to do; but, no; he had either forgotten to do so, or his thoughts were unpleasantly employed; for he kept his eyes fixed on the flower-borders, and did not even smile upon the apoplectic spaniel that endeavoured to show its joy at seeing him, by urging its fat body into the semblance of a gambol.

"Summut's gone wrong with master—for he's forgot the hyson," said Mrs. Humphreys, "but it can't be nothing to doing with William Sharpley, so don't you go for to be frightened."

Emma rose and left the parlour to meet her father. Instead of placing his hand on her shoulder, and kissing her, as he was in the constant habit of doing, he merely shook her by the hand, and begged that he might have tea immediately, as he was much fatigued. While Emma was gone to give the necessary orders to Mrs. Humphreys, the old gentleman had thrown himself into his arm-chair, and exchanged his shoes and gaiters for his slippers—a sure sign that the pipe, which was usually smoked in the little arbour, when such a summer's eve as that allowed of the indulgence, was to be smoked in-doors.

Emma entered and took her customary seat opposite to her father, and was soon followed by Humphreys, who, when she had placed the tea-things conveniently for her mistress, retired; but not without giving a peculiar look, and a nod of the head, as if in continuation, or confirmation of something which she had been saying before she entered the room.

Emma seemed to understand the look and the accompanying nod, for the moment the door was closed behind her confidante, she handed his large cup to her father, and said, "William—that is, *Mister* Sharpley, has been here this morning, my dear papa."

"The devil he has!" said Mr. Branstone, letting the cup and saucer drop upon the table with a most dangerous crash.

Emma was frightened, for she had never heard such an expression fall from her father's lips before. She stared at him as he slowly repeated her words, "William Sharpley has been here this morning?"

"Yes, my dear papa. I was surprised to see him, as he seldom—indeed I may say never, comes here except on a Sunday."

"William Sharpley has been here this morning," repeated the old gentleman, giving a circular turn with his teaspoon to every word.

"Yes, papa, and the object of his coming was—"

"What?" said the father, dashing the spoon on the table, and looking his daughter in the face, but not with his usual kindness.

"He came, my dear papa, to ask me to marry him," said Emma, and then blushed, as if ashamed of the boldness of her speech.

"Emma, my child, you have never heard me wish anything unkind to any human being."

"Never, dear father."

"Now hear me wish that the earth may open, and swallow up that most execrable of human beings."

Poor Emma stared at her parent, and seemed to wish to ask *why*, though her lips refused to utter the wish.

"You would hear more? Well—the man whom I raised from abject poverty, and made my confidential friend—has been forging my name, and not contented with robbing me of my money, would have robbed me, it seems, of my child—that he might escape, as her husband, the punishment he dreaded as my clerk."

Emma did not faint, but, after shedding tears, more for her father's disappointment in the man whom he had cherished for years as a friend, than for the deception which had been practised, or rather attempted to be practised, on herself, asked for a full explanation of all that had occurred.

It was given to her fully, but concisely, in the hearing of Mrs. Humphreys, who had coolly entered the room under the pretence of replenishing the teapot, and stopped to listen to the explanation. When her master had done speaking, she burst out crying, fell upon her knees, and confessed that she thought something must be wrong, for that "the villain," had given her a two-pound note, to use her interest with her mistress, to induce her to marry him. "He, too—who had never given her so much as the vally of a muslin aporn in his whole life afore; though he had dined there every Sunday, on the top of the Barnet stage."

"And where is the—the man—now, papa?"

"On his way to the New World, my child. I have been weak enough to pardon him—to save him from an ignominious death, though he would have ruined me—upon the condition that he sailed from England this very day."

"Is he gone?" cried Mrs. Humphreys, as she sprung from the ground.

"He is on board a vessel that sails from Gravesend this evening."

"Then there 's a good riddance of bad rubbish," said Mrs. Humphreys. "There—there—there—I'll have none of his ill-gotten gains, there—there—there," and with every there, she tore up the two-pound note into smaller bits, and at last scattered them out of the window on the little grass-plot. She then rushed out of doors, and, placing her heel upon each fragment in succession, spun round upon it, like a dancing Dervish. When she was satisfied that the work of destruction was fully accomplished, she shook her fist, and hit at an imaginary enemy, put her arms to her sides, and appeared to be indulging in a series of abusive words, and walked into the parlour again, to tell her master and mistress that "her mind was comfortably relieved."

Mr. Branstone could not smoke his pipe that evening. The first puff

almost choked him. He had been deceived by the man whom he had trusted as his second self, and his daughter had been insulted, and her best feelings tampered with—for what? Merely to screen the villain who had injured him so deeply.

Emma Branstone, woman-like, concealed her own vexations, and smothered the bitter feelings that rose in her bosom—to console and comfort her father.

Mrs. Humphreys broke two cups and one saucer from fancying that “she was cuffing the villain’s head for him,” as she was washing up the china.

CHAPTER II.

THIS chapter is retrospective ; to give the reader an insight into the past history of the characters to whom they have been introduced somewhat bluntly.

Ardngly Branstone was an orphan indeed. He lost both his parents ere he was one year old. His father fell fighting his country’s battles on the ocean, and his mother sickened at the tidings, and, before many days, followed him she had loved so dearly to the grave.

A stranger, who had heard the sad state of the orphan by the merest chance, adopted him. He reared him with his own children, and called him by his own name. He gave him a good, solid mercantile education ; and when the boy was pronounced by his pedagogue a proficient in penmanship, and pounds, shillings, and pence, he put him on a high stool before an elevated desk in his counting-house.

To that stool Branstone was, as it were, nailed from ten A.M. to six P.M. Every day in every week, all the year round, except on Sundays, and certain holidays marked in “Moore’s Almanac” by red letters, his pen was seldom out of his hand during the eight long hours he sat before the ledgers and day-books placed on his desk by his employer’s head clerk. His only recreation, bodily or mental, was to spend ten minutes, after the clock had struck the mid-day hour, in a beer-shop where he took his luncheon.

As to playing with his equals, or enjoying himself in any way like other boys, he never dreamed of it. He was summoned up to dinner as the clock struck six. He took the one glass of sherry that was poured out for him after the cloth was removed, and stole silently down to the private counting-house, and employed himself until bed-time upon the work which was there set out for him.

Did the orphan murmur at this? No. He was deeply grateful to Mr. Ardngly for having rescued him from he knew not what sufferings, and deemed it a pleasure to show his gratitude by zealously performing the duties imposed upon him.

But where were his playmates? some one may ask—the children with whom he had been brought up? Scattered about the world ; one at sea, another on the continent, a third at college. All were pushed out into the world, to make their fortunes or to mar them, except one, a daughter, the youngest of the family, who was being educated at a

fashionable school at Kensington. So that he saw them but at intervals, but every time he saw any one of them the day was marked down in his monotonous calendar as a day of happiness.

For seven long years the orphan boy kept the even tenor of his way, and was rewarded by his employer at the termination of his apprenticeship by a seat at the junior clerk's desk, and a salary small indeed, but more than adequate to his wants.

By a steady perseverance in the course which he had marked out for himself, he rose gradually in his kind friend's estimation, and in the scene of his exertions. He filled the office of senior clerk, and having, by a most fortunate chance, gained some very valuable information, which enabled his employer to realise a large sum of money in a speculation, he was admitted a partner in the business.

Mr. Ardingly, thinking that he had made a sufficient sum to justify him in retiring, did so after a few years; but not before he had strengthened his claim upon his adopted son, by making him his son-in-law. Though crowds of young gentlemen courted the daughter of the wealthy Mr. Ardingly, she refused them all, and gladly gave her hand to the playmate of her childhood, the tried and valued friend of her father.

A truly happy man was Ardingly Branstone as he sat by his fire-side after his day's toil was over, and saw the blue eyes of his wife smiling kindly upon him. All his hours of drudgery—all his youthful deprivations, were amply compensated. But, alas! his happiness did not endure long. His child, the little Emma, who was to crown his joy—to fill up the little drop which was wanting in his cup of felicity, uttered her first feeble cry unheard by the mother who had given birth to her. She was placed in the arms of Mrs. Humphreys, who had been her mother's servant from her childhood, and carried from the room as her father fell on his knees by the side of his wife's corpse.

Ardingly Branstone did not marry again. He mourned for his departed wife as became a Christian; and then resolutely conquered his grief, and applied himself diligently to his professional avocations.

Mr. and Mrs. Ardingly were anxious to take their motherless granddaughter under their own roof; but Branstone would not part with his child. To nurse it, and play with it—to watch the growth of its bodily and mental faculties—was the only enjoyment to which he looked forward during his long days of labour and toil.

Emma, under the superintendence of Humphreys, grew and prospered; but the anxious father thought that the delicacy of her complexion portended weakness, if not incipient disease. He fancied that the smoky atmosphere of the city was not wholesome to her delicate frame; for such, in spite of her nurse's assurances to the contrary, he deemed it, and resolved to remove her to a purer air. He bought the little cottage at Highgate, in which we have seen him located, and there placed his treasure. For years he passed, what would be deemed by most men, a weary, monotonous life. He rose early, breakfasted with his child, walked to his counting-house, took an early dinner in the city, and when his business was over, walked home again; was happy in his daughter's society, and listened with pleasure to her account of the progress she had made under the governess, who devoted four hours daily to her

education. When her education was said to be "finished," it might be thought that the father would have sought society for his daughter; but it never occurred to him that she would require it; and she never suggested it, for she was happy with her books and in her garden, and knew not what dulness meant. So they lived on, hale and hearty, from year to year, visited at long intervals, and for very short periods, by some one or other of her mother's relations only, until Mr. William Sharpley was persuaded by his employer to take his Sunday's dinner with them—as Mrs. Humphreys said, "on the top of the Barnet stage,"—which passed the end of the lane in which their cottage stood at convenient hours every day.

CHAPTER III.

It will be necessary to relate here, when and in what manner William Sharpley was introduced to his employer.

It chanced one day, as he was taking his early dinner at his accustomed chop-house, that Mr. Branstone heard a gentleman, who sat in the same box with him, inquire of a friend, if he could procure a situation for a lad of respectable family, and who had qualified himself for a counting-house.

The friend shook his head, but asked certain questions, which induced the inquirer to give a short account of the youth's history. It so closely resembled his own, that Mr. Branstone became interested in the story; and at its close, begged that he might be favoured with the name and address of the lad. It was readily given; and after the counting-house was closed, the kind-hearted man walked to the place named by the stranger, and inquired for William Sharpley. The house at which he made this inquiry was situated in a miserable court leading out of Gray's Inn Lane. The lower part was fitted up as a shop, and occupied by one who called himself a dealer in marine stores. In reply to his inquiry, the owner of the shop told Mr. Branstone that the lad was within, but would see no one, for his mother was lying dead.

"Shew me to the room," said Mr. Branstone. The man hesitated at first; but there was a something in the appearance of the person who had given the order, that induced him to think it might be for the lad's benefit if he obeyed it.

"I will light a candle, sir; for our staircase is rather dark, and the stairs are not in the best state of repair. Now, sir, follow me, but be cautious how you tread."

Mr. Branstone did follow, and with difficulty climbed to the top room of the dilapidated building. His conductor tapped at a door, put the candle into his hands, and left him, with a hint to be cautious how he descended to the shop again.

A low voice from the room bade him enter. He lifted the latch and saw a well-dressed youth, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, sitting on a broken wooden stool by the side of a truckle-bed, on which stood a coffin. The lad started when he saw a stranger enter the room, and haughtily demanded his business. It was soon explained, and a few

minutes sufficed to prove to the orphan that he had found a friend when he most needed one. His story was simply this:—His father had commanded a merchant vessel which had been wrecked, and every soul on board had perished. His mother, who had previously given her son a decent education, and placed him in a situation in the country, sent for him to come up and comfort her in her bereavement. Illness followed, and their little all was soon expended on medical aid. Their clothes were sold or pawned—decent lodgings exchanged for the miserable hole in which they were then found, and, but for the aid of a stranger, the morrow would have seen the widow's body buried at the expense of the parish, and her son a beggar.

Further inquiries corroborated the truth of William Sharpley's story. After his mother's burial he was kindly welcomed to the counting-house, and placed on the same stool, before the same desk, that his friend had occupied some twenty-five years before. He slept in the same room, upon the same bed, and Mr. Branstone fondly believed and hoped that, from the similarity of their circumstances, the experiment which had proved so successful in his own case, might terminate as favourably in the case of his protégé.

For some years William Sharpley was all that his employer could wish him to be, and after so long a trial Mr. Branstone did not hesitate to introduce him to his home and his only child, earnestly hoping that he might gain such a place in her affections as would induce her to accept him for a husband, and so provide herself with a protector when death should summon her father hence.

Nothing like what is called love-making had taken place between William Sharpley and Emma Branstone. He rode up to Highgate every Sunday by the early stage, accompanied her and her father to the morning's service at the church, took his early dinner, a few glasses of wine and a cup of tea, and returned to the city by the last stage. They shook hands when they met, and again when they parted. They called each other by their Christian names. They exchanged little presents on each other's birth-days; but beyond this nothing particular, as servants call little endearments, had occurred between them. If Emma had ever thought of marrying she probably would not have thought of marrying any one but William, and William would have been happy to marry Emma at any moment, but he thought that there was plenty of time yet! and so did the lady's father, which induced him not to interfere in the matter.

About six months before this little story opens, William Sharpley had been joked by a friend into visiting Epsom races with him. It was a sad day for him, for it laid the foundation of his ruin. He did not explain to Mr. Branstone his reasons for wishing to have leave of absence for a day, nor was he questioned on the subject, but permission was readily granted to one who was so regular in his attendance to business as he had hitherto been. He went down to the course in a smart barouche, hired by subscription amongst a party of eight, and well supplied with provisions and champagne by the gentleman who had seduced "that muff Sharpley" to be one of the party. The day was hot, the roads dusty, the excitement great. Sharpley enjoyed the champagne,

which he had not tasted in his life before, and, ere the races were over, he was so far *gone* that he was induced to enter one of the gambling booths and to join the hazard players. He was successful for a time, but luck turned against him at last. He lost all his winnings, then all his ready money, and finally gave his I. O. U. to his *friend* for an advance. How the evening ended he knew not, but he awoke in the morning ill and wretched—sick and in debt.

Had Sharpley had courage enough to own his fault to Mr. Branstone at once he would have been saved; but dread of his displeasure, and the ridicule of the gay men with whom he had spent the previous day, induced him to conceal it. He deceived his employer, frequented a house in Bury-street to try and retrieve his losses, got inveigled with a wretch calling herself a woman, and the result has been seen. He forged his best friend's name for a sum of considerable amount; and, to save himself from the consequences of his crime, bribed poor old Humphreys, (who took the bribe because she really longed to see her mistress married,) and would have sacrificed for life the daughter of the man who had saved him from starvation.

The forgery was made known to Mr. Branstone by the gay gentleman who had introduced "that muff Sharpley" into *life*, and who had received the forged cheque in part payment of monies advanced to enable his victim to carry on his iniquities.

Dreadful was the shock to Mr. Branstone; but he paid the cheque without a word to him who presented it, and bade his second clerk seek out William Sharpley, and give him a large sum of money, upon condition that he left the country immediately upon the receipt of it. William Sharpley took the money, but his hands trembled and his eyes glared as he took it. He begged of his fellow clerk, in a voice scarcely audible, to assure their employer of his sorrow for his offence, and his determination to quit England by a ship that was to sail from Gravesend that evening. In pity, the clerk offered Sharpley his hand, but he shuddered and turned away, as if unworthy to touch an honest man.

CHAPTER IV.

WE must return to the hitherto peaceful and happy cottage at Highgate.

Mr. Branstone sat silent and miserable. He heeded not his daughter's endeavours to rouse and cheer him. A sigh, a groan, were all the replies he gave to her efforts to draw his thoughts from the subject that harassed him. At length she ceased from her endeavours, and called to Humphreys to bring in the supper. It was removed again, untouched. What had for years been the most cheerful meal in that cottage was untasted.

"I will retire, and seek relief in sleep. God pardon me, and you too, my loved child, if we have judged or spoken harshly of that erring one.—Good night; may you never be deceived by any one as I have been in that man."

Emma kissed her father; and, when he had left the room, sat down and wept—not for her own wrongs, though she felt hurt at the deception

which had been attempted to be practised upon her, but at the thought of what her kind, pure, virtuous parent must be suffering from the ingratitude—the base ingratitude—displayed by one to whom he had been so kind.

Mrs. Humphreys found her crying, and could not control her indignation against the man who had turned their peaceful home into a house of sorrow and mourning. She would have exhausted a long catalogue of bad words upon him, had not her mistress, in sterner tones than she had ever heard her utter before, bidden her be silent, as she valued her future favours, and never allude to the unfortunate man again. She consoled herself by abusing him internally, while she closed the shutters of the room with a bang that alarmed her mistress.

Emma sought her room, and sat for some time after she had dismissed Humphreys, without preparing for bed. She felt that she could not sleep without ascertaining whether her father slept. She opened her door as gently as possible, and crept down stairs to the little room on the ground-floor, where he slept, because it opened upon the lawn at the back of the house, and communicated with a greenhouse, which was his favourite resort at an early hour in the morning. She listened attentively, but not a sound reached her ear. She joyfully hoped that sleep had banished his grief, and returned to her room, intending to retire at once. What noise was that? a something like the shaking of the iron gate, a fall as of something on the ground, and a grating as of footsteps on the gravelled path? No; it could not be. She blew out her light, and drew aside the window-curtains. It was light without—almost as light as day—for the moon shone brightly; nothing was to be seen, and again she prepared for bed. She had undressed herself, and fallen on her knees to offer up her prayers for aid from above, when the report of firearms, and a shriek from her father, caused her to spring up and rush down to his room. Humphreys was at her side, and peremptorily ordered her to allow her to enter first. “There has been foul play, and a child should not gaze on her father’s—”

“He is murdered—he is murdered—I will not be kept from him,” screamed Emma.

“I am alive and well, my child; retire, for this is not a sight for you,” said Mr. Branstone, appearing at the door of his room pale and trembling.

“Father, what has happened? Though you still call me child, I am not a baby to be treated thus; speak, or I must search your room. You have not dared to attempt to take what He gave and He only has a right to take away? Speak to me.”

“May He forgive thee for such a thought!”

“Speak out, father; I can bear anything now that you are safe.”

“William—he—lies there—spare me more;” and the unhappy old man fell into his daughter’s arms.

“Humphreys, as you love me, seek for aid immediately,” cried Emma.

The old woman threw her master’s cloak round her, and rushed to the nearest house. She returned in a few minutes, which seemed hours to her mistress, with assistance.

“Search that room,” cried Emma.

The men did so. The window was open. On the grass-plot before it

lay the body of William Sharpley. In his right hand he grasped a pistol ; his left held something, which on examination proved to be a canvas bag, containing the amount in notes sent to him by his kind friend, and also the sum, in the *very same notes* as Mr. Braustone had paid it in, of the cheque which the suicide had forged. On further examination, a small scrap of paper was found, on which was written, in almost illegible characters, the word CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER V.

No clue was ever gained as to the mode in which Sharpley had procured the amount of the forged cheque from "the Gay Young Man," nor was "the Gay Young Man" forthcoming on the inquest. It was said that, having defrauded the assurance office, of which he was a clerk, he sailed in the very ship that was to have conveyed his victim to America.

The cottage in ——— Lane, Highgate, is pulled down. The Branstones left it, and no one would hire it, for it was said to be haunted by the spirit of him who could not endure the reproaches of his evil CONSCIENCE.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

THERE is a voice through our city sent,
But not with its thousand murmurs blent ;
For it hath no part in the jarring sounds
That rise in a city's troubled bounds.

But it tells of the flowers by rock and rill
Whose breath the breezes bring ;
And the words of that pleasant voice are still—
"Come forth to meet the Spring ;
For she comes as full of promise yet
As when Eden's flowers her footsteps met.

"Come forth, for the light of her smile hath shone
On the far old hills and forests lone ;
They are green with the dews of gentle showers,
They are rich in the odours of early flowers.
Come forth, for the buds of another spring
May all as brightly bloom ;
But the trees of the churchyard's growth may fling
Their shade o'er many a tomb,

And eyes that are beaming brightly now,
May gaze no more on the blossomed bough."

They hear that summons loud and long,
In the crowded haunts of the toiling throng;
It fills the dreams of the 'prisoned child
With songs of the woodbirds sweet and wild;

But it whispers love in the sleepless ear

Of the maiden young and pale,

Of a cottage home by a fountain clear,

In a far and sunny vale.

And the young heart answers with a prayer
For the lot of the birds and blossoms there.

It speaks by the prison's dreary walls,
Of plains where the oak's broad shadow falls,
Of dewy dells and of breezy steeps,
Where the stream in its path of freedom sweeps:

And, oh! how its faintest murmurs rise

By the sick and lonely bed,

For they tell of the health and hope that lies

Where the wood-flowers' scents are shed;

But the spring that shines on that slumberer's dreams
Hath never brightened our earthly streams.

It speaks in the student's lonely room,
Of sweeter love, where the violets bloom
By homes or graves, where he left the truth
And love, perchance, of his blighted youth,

Till the weary eye from pen and page

Turns fondly back at last

To the joy of its early heritage,

In the glow of summers past;

For nought that can meet his onward gaze
Hath half the light of those vanished days.

It breathes on the exile's hours of rest
A dream of the land he loves the best;
Till its scenes arise to his memory's view,
Still bright with the springs his childhood knew.

Oh! could such blessed dreams restore

To the withered hearts of men,

The bloom of those early springs once more !
For the flowers may come again ;
But they never can be what they have been
To the heart before it lost its green.

“ Come forth, come forth ; ” how that joyous call
Is sent like the winds of heaven to all !
But it comes in vain to many a heart,
For whom life hath lost its better part.

Ah ! woe for the hopeless years that bring
No summers in their flight ;
But joy to the land of our promised spring,
Where the bloom is ever bright ;
For hearts who have lost their verdure here
May find it yet in that fadeless sphere.

Thus faintly murmurs a broken string,
Awoke by the passing breath of spring ;
But it wakens no more the harp whose swell
Hath echoed its sweetest tones so well.

We heard them far, and we loved them long,
That gentle harp and hand ;
But they left our paths for the ceaseless song
Of the minstrel's ‘ Better Land,’
And the isles may listen long in vain,
Till the spring-breeze wakes such a harp again.

FRANCES BROWN.

STRANORLAN,

March 14th, 1844.

THE MATCH-MAKER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

MRS. STANHOPE was considered by a large circle of acquaintances, a remarkably "lady-like, pleasant woman, *who knew the world*." "She knew the world!" She had, of course, a clear, if not a kind, perception of character; could discriminate (a most uncharitable talent) between actions and motives; discovered a more extensive meaning for words than was to be found in any Dictionary; had a peculiar look—a shrug—a half-breathed sentence, upon every topic connected more especially with 'character' and its developments; doubted, far more than she trusted; and entertained most sagacious disbelief in human generosity and the virtues of the poor. She had a frank, good-tempered way of throwing off a bitter observation, a cheerful mode of cauterising, an invincible good temper, the result of a healthy constitution, prosperous circumstances, and a temperament utterly incapable of sympathy. She was active, without any legitimate object for activity; as, at forty, she was a childless widow, having neither relatives nor affectionate friends, but with a multitude of "acquaintances," who consulted her much, because "she knew the world." She had all her life a talent for what most women have a desire to promote—*match-making*, which, however, circumstances prevented being very active, until after her husband's death, when it gave her interest and occupation, and rendered her of consequence. In her own marriage, at the mature age of eight-and-twenty, she had been entirely guided by "prudential motives," and, though neglected by the *roué*, she married for his wealth and position in society. She not only never *seemed* to feel it, but never *did* feel it. She married the wealth and position, of which the man was the necessary appendage. She was well behaved as a wife, and wore the most becoming caps as a widow; and, by degrees, her desire of rule, her passion of interference, and her reputation of knowledge of the world, induced those who had sons and daughters to marry, to consult, and Mrs. Stanhope to advise; until, at last, she would have felt really indignant at any one's being married within the circle of her acquaintance, without her having arranged all the preliminaries. Of course there were other match-makers within that circle—mothers of sons, and mothers of daughters, who did their "*possible*" in a quiet, domestic, undertoned sort of way—and a few kind, gentle-hearted creatures, who, believing in love and devotion (God bless them for it!), entertained real feelings of sympathy towards "first love,"—gentle sonneteers, who walk by moonlight, and dream of cottages and roses; and who, in the young heart's tenderness, idealise the very ideal of the tender passion. Good-natured, happy guardians of "young love," either in girl or boy, whose individual happiness, however worn out, is

revived by the happiness of others, and who promote one "love match" after another, from an innocent and pure belief that only those joined by affection can walk together towards a better land, prepared for an eternity of heavenly love by a life of earthly harmony. Men, too, as well as mothers and maiden aunts of Mrs. Stanhope's acquaintance—rivals—sometimes attempted "match-making," but they did it so clumsily, in a way so devoid of management and tact, simply setting gold against acres, and acres against gold, that it only provoked her ever-ready smiles. Although strongly inclined towards parents, and disposed to treat affection as a thing that would be worn to shreds in a year, she sometimes, either to keep her ascendancy with the young, or to prove her power over the old, favoured a case of simple affection, and carried it victoriously into the very church: but she was too much a woman of the world to do this frequently; and so mothers sent refractory daughters, who would not marry aged or disagreeable, although rich men, to be "talked over" by Mrs. Stanhope. Aunts watched most eagerly to see how she received their nieces; fathers consulted her as to the best way of introducing ten thousand (mortgaged) acres, and a family title (in perspective), to a hundred thousand pounds worth of city connection; military men bowed to her as she passed, and elderly young ladies overwhelmed her with presents. She might have furnished half-a-dozen fancy fairs with scraped card-board, had drawings, bags, and penny pitchers; nay, her *bijouterie* increased daily, and—but this might be only scandal, and mine is a true record—too true to be sung as a song, or tintured by an exaggeration. In fact, Mrs. Stanhope was a sort of match-making empress—arranging meetings by *accident*, discovering the foibles of men and the follies of women, and playing on them as Horatio would have played on Hamlet—sometimes for a purpose, sometimes for mere amusement; and all with an ease and a grace, an apparent good nature and interest, which certainly proved her an adept in that species of knowledge of the world, which never made a true friend, or warmed a pure heart. Mrs. Stanhope frequently had young ladies staying with her; coming and going, as it might be; some utterly ignorant of her character, but pleased with the attention of a fashionable and well-bred woman, who moved in good society, and was always entertaining.

One of these, Elizabeth Lechmere, had been consigned to Mrs. Stanhope's *chaperonage* by an aunt, to whom Elizabeth had come as a poor relation, the orphan child of a bankrupt brother. She was most lovely in manner and person—a soft and fascinating loveliness—like a violet, or a white primrose, or any modest unassuming thing to which you would compare a girl of nineteen, who had known enough of adversity to temper the buoyant and bounding joy of a young, fresh, believing heart.

Mrs. Stanhope had endured an entire season of ugly *protégés*—a bevy of rich northerns—who were really "great catches" to those who wanted coin, not care; but her natural good taste inclined her to patronise beauty, and she had been much offended by a young and noble cornet of dragoons designating the heiresses as "Mrs. Stanhope's awkward squad." Elizabeth came just in time to save her reputation

for taste ; and the guileless, innocent creature was perfectly unconscious of the effect her grace and beauty created wherever she went.

"Elizabeth, my dear," said Mrs. Stanhope, "sit down. I want to speak to you about those dresses—draw up that blind a little—there, now sit down—no, not there, but opposite the window. My sight is so weak, that I never can tell the effect of ringlets unless the light comes full upon them. Thank you, that will do, and now tell me, have you decided between the peach-blossom and the blue dress?—a small portion of blue clears the complexion, but I think it should never be worn unmixed with white. In the street a blue dress is decidedly vulgar—there can be no second opinion about *that*." Elizabeth told her she preferred the peach-blossom, and Mrs. Stanhope complimented her on her good taste ; she then chatted to her of crotchet, and the park, the opera, and various trifles, until at last fixing her clear piercing black eyes upon her, she said, "I think, my love, you danced three times with Mr. Offley, last night."

"I only danced twice," replied Elizabeth, colouring over neck and brow : "only twice, and waltzed once."

"Well, my dear, Edward Offley is a very charming young man—his mother, poor thing, is one of my oldest friends—and no one regrets his changed prospects more than I do—but, my dear, you must not dance with any gentleman more than once during one evening ; it looks particular."

"I have known Edward a long time."

"Ah, indeed"—Mrs. Stanhope was for a moment perplexed, then added, in an unrestrained manner, "but people do not know *that*, and it looks particular—even Mr. Shackell observed it."

Elizabeth was going to answer, she did not care whether he did or no—but she never had courage to say anything that could be called "smart."

"Poor Edward !" continued the tactician, "I really do not know how he manages to exist, brought up as he was, and his mother, I know, has mortgaged her little annuity to positive destruction, that he may appear like a gentleman."

"But he has three hundred a year in the Audit office," murmured Elizabeth ; "and surely with that—with anything—with nothing, he would not suffer his mother to involve herself."

"Three hundred a year, child !" repeated Mrs. Stanhope, "why, that would hardly pay for stocks, gloves, and perfumery—there, do not open your great eyes so wide, I mean the thousand and one little nothings that a man must have. I see nothing before him, poor fellow ! but misery, and a jail for his mother."

Elizabeth became pale and trembled, the room turned round, at least she thought it did, for it was not possible that Mrs. Stanhope continued the circling movement of her hand winding silk ; she would not do that surely under such circumstances.

"He has one chance, however," persisted the inveterate match-maker, "one good chance, that will save both himself and her ; he is young, handsome, well connected, and tolerably (the fashion ; indeed, quite enough so for the city ; he may marry well ; there are two or three not very

handsome to be sure who are rather gone off—will and won't sort of girls, for a few seasons, and then easily satisfied—one in particular who I know would accept him in a moment, and bring him twenty or five-and-twenty thousand pounds. But here am I, chattering to you, and quite forgetting poor Le Maitre in the next room. He wants me to take his daughter as my own maid. I am really very unfortunate; my maids all marry off so quickly."

Mrs. Stanhope had poisoned the cup, and left poor Elizabeth to drink it at her leisure. It was a hard service. She loved Edward Offley, and she believed he loved her. She dearly loved his mother, who had been almost a mother to her in her early childhood, when she lost her own. She had not seen Edward for some time, until the previous evening, and the girl-love was revived in her with tenfold strength. She could hardly believe that he would be so heartless as to permit his parent to involve herself for his sake; and yet, all at once, her memory was crowded by reports which proved that Mrs. Offley was ill at ease in mind and circumstances.

Elizabeth was bewildered. If Edward suffered his mother to feed his extravagance and love of display out of her own necessities, he was unworthy the place he held in her heart; if he could marry and so save his mother and himself from ruin, ought she to cling to him, and, if he permitted, stamp him with poverty. She might cherish her own poverty if she pleased—under any circumstances she might do *that*; but even supposing that Edward wished it, had she any right to woo him to a continuance of perpetual subterfuge, of that shivering and feverish state, which walks abroad with the false mask of wealth to hide the restless eye, the shrunk cheek, the quivering lip that wastes beneath its hollow-painted canvas, which sooner or later will drop away, and leave the haggard features exposed to the whole world? She could think no more, but, covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly; tears relieved her. She longed to discover if what Mrs. Stanhope had said as to Edward's difficulties was really true; she thought she should be glad to feel, before she delivered him up, as it were, to the jewelled hand of another, that he was not a heartless spendthrift. And, while she thought all this, Mr. Shackell, an amiable quiet gentleman who was (the world said) looking out for a companion for his daughter, or a wife for himself, entered, and, seeing Elizabeth's agitation, inquired kindly and soothingly into its cause. Of course, that was not told; and as she withdrew, his tender manner and warmly-expressed interest could not be mistaken. At the door she encountered Edward Offley, who, through some unaccountable mistake on the part of the servants, had been admitted at the wrong time. Hastily snatching away the hand he would have kissed, Elizabeth rushed to her own room, and, locking the door, yielded to another fit of weeping.

Mrs. Stanhope re-entered her drawing-room at the proper moment, and, extending a hand to both gentlemen, cordially greeted them; and after some little conversation invited both, if it was a matter of no consequence, to join a gipsy party the following week. She had planned *that* long before, but no one would have imagined why. Edward Offley took a rapid and sullen departure. Mr. Shackell remained.

Not one word did Mrs. Stanhope say about Elizabeth—until some observation of the gentleman's called forth a half-pettish observation, "that she was very provoking—would not join in youthful amusements—preferred the society of her elders—in short, she feared she would turn out a 'mope'—so quiet and domestic;" quite enough for the mature gentleman to think over. Mrs. Stanhope never seemed to be more than suggestive; she had made up her mind that Elizabeth should marry Mr. Shackell, and that Edward Offley should marry a Miss Dodds, a lady to whom he had certainly paid more attention than was consistent with his early love for Miss Lechmere. Edward was a handsome, intelligent man, one who, if he had bravely resolved to push his fortunes by the exercise of his talents, would not have needed to sacrifice either his mother or himself; but he had got into a false position—that of seeming rich amongst those by whom his income would be poverty. He never intended to injure his mother; on the contrary, he was a most affectionate son, but he was also a thoughtless one—he speculated without consideration—and then to retain his situation—to prevent either his folly or extravagance from being known, he suffered her to involve herself, while his sanguine temperament suggested some remedy that *was* to come, but never arrived; thus, at six-and-twenty, the handsome and accomplished Edward Offley was in a quagmire of debt and danger: abandoning all hope of being able to extricate himself—the appeal which it had wrung his heart to make to an aged relative rejected—and his only hope being marriage, with a woman not only much older than himself, but offensive from her habits, manners, and connexions, to his refined taste and liberal education. To increase his tortures, Elizabeth Lechmere—she whose image had been enshrined in his heart at all its pure and holy times—the "little wife" of his boyhood—the vision of his dreams, appeared suddenly before him, and testified her artless joy at their meeting by evident emotions rather than words:—the rich, vulgar woman was forgotten—everything but Elizabeth vanished—and nothing but her constrained manner, and evident intention of escaping from him, recalled him to himself, after hours of feverish excitement and false hopes. "Doubtless," he said, "she has heard all from Mrs. Stanhope, and despises me, as I deserve to be despised." In an agony of despair he appealed to his gentle-hearted mother, entreated her to see Elizabeth, although for what purpose he could hardly tell—to see Mrs. Stanhope, and say that she, who had promoted this marriage, must choose another bridegroom for her friend, for that he would die rather than marry what he loathed. In all this he not only forgot his own position, but his mother's; while she, enfeebled in spirits, having learned from her son to become one of the hangers-on of fortune, set forth to do his almost hopeless bidding; yet trusting that "something" would turn up—that their old relative would die, or "something" happen to set "dear Edward" at rest. She could not endure his misery—helpless—as hopeless she caught at the phantom—an idea, when all reality had left her.

Mrs. Stanhope received Mrs. Offley with her usual good manners, and heard what she had to say with even more than her usual attention. The more intricate the affair, the more pleasure did Mrs. Stan-

hope take in its negotiation ; when she had made up her mind that two should become one, they had little chance of escape. If anything could have disturbed her equanimity it would have been the events of the morning on which Mrs. Offley called upon her. The post had brought her two letters, one containing a sad account of the unhappiness of a couple who never would have thought of each other but for her ; the other, a record of much suffering, terminating in the death of a young girl, sacrificed by her parent's ambition. " Ah, poor thing ! " mused Mrs. Stanhope, " I always thought she was consumptive." Then Elizabeth had refused Mr. Shackell, decidedly, and at once ; leaving any less practised than her *chaperone* to imagine that there was not a possibility of revival ; but after a pause, Mrs. Stanhope's ruffled smile returned to its placidity, and so little did it disturb her plans, that she sat down to write to the young lady's aunt as to the probable cost of the wedding-dresses !

She received Mrs. Offley as her dear old friend. The poor lady was much agitated. A train of circumstances had led to Mrs. Stanhope's knowledge of her affairs, and she spoke tremblingly but frankly, and without that reserve which a true and simple heart conforms to.

With so bad a grace she told her how completely Edward loathed the woman who had certainly wooed him by attentions which should have been his to pay, and hers to receive. She said, that she understood her temper was bad : Mrs. Stanhope granted that—her connexions low : also granted—her mind uninformed : this, too, was granted, but with the reserve that many uninformed women made docile and affectionate wives. And when Mrs. Offley had enumerated her catalogue of faults, Mrs. Stanhope simply named the amount of the lady's fortune, the liabilities of Mr. and Mrs. Offley, and inquired how these were to be got rid of. The mother, perplexed by her responsibilities, her faculties benumbed, as all faculties are by the crushing chains of debt, could only say that something might turn up.

" The clouds turn their darkness into gold," said Mrs. Stanhope, " and rain it at his feet ; or your ' somebody ' leave him a fortune. Well, I can only lament the blind wilfulness of my friends—he must see or write to Miss Dodds—she will certainly have a good action, if it comes to that."

" My God ! " ejaculated the mother, with an uncontrollable burst of feeling ; " and is there no means of escape ? Must my poor son be doomed to the sacrifice—to a loveless home, from which there is no flying, where he can meet no sympathy, where his best feelings must encounter perpetual outrage, and his exquisite taste be defiled by the grossest vulgarity ? Heaven's blessing can never rest on such a union ! —From misery, from poverty, from tyranny, there may come an escape, but from an unsuited marriage there is no refuge but the grave ! "

Mrs. Stanhope was too well bred not to seem to feel, and she was really sorry, as she afterwards observed, " to see such white hairs mingled with such folly." She managed most skilfully to say something of Elizabeth, and that she had been writing to her aunt touching her marriage with a " rich elderly gentleman ;" then she instanced the " dozens" she had known who had come together with indifference, if

not dislike, and gone on happily afterwards. She glanced at her belief that one face tells as well as another with any man who has seen it every day for twelve months; that beauty is the ideal of his creation, rather than a reality belonging to any one individual, and argued upon this philosophically. Temper, too, she contended; if any storm of temper was regarded as the mere blowing of a hurricane, there was nothing in it. It was certain the lady loved him to distraction; and when a man marries a woman who loves him, he can mould her as he pleases. Mrs. Stanhope smiled at herself when she said this—she knew better—but all this philosophy and eloquence was lost upon poor Mrs. Offley; her heart was full, her head bewildered. She went home with an aching and unsatisfied spirit. She went home, longing, yet dreading, to see her son. She went to sleep and dreamt that he was devoured by a green dragon with golden claws and diamond teeth.

She awoke to a more certain misery; the grasp of the law was upon her. This was no dream, but a stern, hard, cruel reality. Mrs. Stanhope was an old and valued friend; would she assist her in this matter, until things came round? Mrs. Stanhope was, unfortunately, "out of town." Goaded by the knowledge of the position in which his mother was placed through his thoughtlessness—urged by her distress—believing that he was uncared for by the only being he had loved—Edward Offley, wild almost to madness, renewed his addresses to Miss Dodds, if the imperative demand of her hand at once, and without delay, could be so called. He told her frankly of his mother's position—he made no secret, but, on the contrary, exaggerated his difficulties.

Still she said, "Yes;" and in an hour inclosed him more than the amount he required to be free from all chains, but the one. When he returned from Clapham, where Miss Dodds resided, he found Elizabeth Lechmere kneeling by his mother's side. Through Mrs. Stanhope she had heard of her distress. She had taken advantage of her absence from home (a day's absence from home serving as "out of town" when convenient), to bring her little store of trinkets to her childhood's friend—to offer all she had. Wild and feverish as Edward was, he congratulated Elizabeth on her approaching "marriage;" and, while she hesitated as to the delicacy of contradicting the statement, circumstanced as she was, he vaunted the wealth of his affianced bride, and filled his mother's lap with gold, wished that Elizabeth might be as happy as he would be, and, after a pause, sufficient to permit his feelings to return to their natural course, he kissed her hand for the last time, and prayed she might be much—much happier than he could ever be in this world. That same evening, Elizabeth entered Mrs. Stanhope's dressing-room, and entreated to be heard for a few moments. She said she had been informed by her aunt that she had one of two courses to follow,—either to marry Mr. Shackell, or go forth to earn her own bread in the world. She had decided on the latter; and she implored Mrs. Stanhope amongst her friends to find her a situation. She would work—starve—beg—die!—she said, sooner than marry a man she could not love.

Mrs. Stanhope positively shuddered,—not at the idea of poor Elizabeth's going a governessing, or a companioning,—although she painted

the miseries of both too truly,—but she shuddered at the idea of any girl whom she had vowed to matrimony, leaving her house single. She had announced her as a *fiancée*, and if she did not marry, she trembled for her own reputation. There was, however, a gentle, but firm determination on Elizabeth's lip, and in Elizabeth's eye, that really alarmed her. She was no weak-minded miss, who could be dazzled by a "settlement," or induced to deviate from a fixed principle by the dread of labour or privation. She knew that a good education, worth fine gold, was paid for in small copper coin, but she could not understand the doctrine of a forced love; and remembered the wisdom of the Wise Man, which her mother often repeated, "Better is a crust of bread where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." She was, in fact, simply assured she could never love Mr. Shackell, and so she determined never to marry him. A person who is conversant with all grades and descriptions of "expediency," and who, living amongst worldliness, "knows the world," and only judges by the world's laws, is not likely to be baffled by anything so much as a straightforward, right-thinking simplicity, that, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, works forward patiently and fearlessly; seeing the shining light beyond, (the worldling's boundary) is guided by it, and, by its light, sees all worldly things as they really are. Knowing that in Elizabeth's excited and exalted state of mind she could not manage her, Mrs. Stanhope temporised, to gain time. She, moreover, really liked Elizabeth; her sweet, truth-telling, bright nature, inspired confidence,—the confidence which the clear-sighted, however worldly, only feel in the good: there was no cant, no double-dealing about this high-minded girl; and much to Mrs. Stanhope's astonishment, she found herself putting straightforward questions, and receiving straightforward replies. After Elizabeth had retired to her chamber she thought that it would save a great deal of trouble if every one was straightforward and truth-telling. "But then," said the woman of the world, "how much of such talent as mine would either never exist, or exist in a state of torpor? What would become of idle women with active minds, if the match-making of life was confined within the narrow bounds of "reciprocal affection?" She yawned at the idea, and then resumed spelling over the spelling of one who could not spell—the despatch of the ancient Miss Dodds, whose paper "love's own colour," was "cornered" with Cupids, and described, in strange terms, that her wedding-day was fixed. Much has been said and much written, on the yearly female sacrifices to Moloch, in this, our sacrificing land; but I have known several young men bound and fettered at the same shrine, whose fate deserved almost as much sympathy. Women, it is said, cannot fly from domestic misery, as men can; but women can turn much that might be misery into a calm usefulness, that is almost happiness. Children are to a mother what they never can be to a father, and the small daily occupations to the humble—the washing, and stitching, and marketing, and managing; and to the higher class, the reading, and visitings, and household duties—in all spheres woman's best accomplishments, occupy, and when happily aided by a strong sense of duty—so as, if not to create the domestic bliss—which can only exist where

two are one—to make home a scene, a sphere of contentment and quiet enjoyment, which soothes and sanctifies; but if a young, high, and ardent-tempered man has no *love* for the mistress of his house, no strong affection to wile, and cheer and soothe his hours of leisure; if, on the contrary, the rich wife appreciating her riches all the more, for having brought her one who, in his sweet wooing, vowed he would be her slave, but whom she finds after a few months with a will and a way of his own—much what all other husbands are—and discovering that the golden talisman, when possessed, loses its power, she resorts to words, noise, violence of expression, and the reproach which it shames one to think should ever be such—the reproach of poverty—flinging at him his want of means, taunting him with paid debts, demanding as a right the affection which he never had to bestow—any man so circumstanced is bitterly made sensible of his great, his ir reclaimable error. It is true, he may fly from the noise and tumult—he is in general able to command means—he may drink, and game, and revel; he may forget that she is still his wife, to whom having sold himself he is, by his bond with God, bound to protect, irksome as the duty may be; he may forget his children; but he is rendering himself despicable:—at most an object of pity and contempt—a man having no sanctuary. Oh that such would pause before they fix their own doom!

“Mother, my own beautiful mother! you should not look so well and young!” said Edward Offley, the morning of his marriage, as he was about to conduct his mother down to the carriage that was to convey them to the bride’s house, previous to the ceremony.

“You should not look so young, they will mistake you for the bride—the bride, mother—MY BRIDE!” and with a wild, ringing laugh, and a cheek, early as it was, already flushed with wine, he seized his mother’s hand.

“Edward, my dear, dear son, my only support and comfort!” she exclaimed, drawing back; “it will kill me to see you thus—even *now* it is better to withdraw—anything, even death, is better than this.”

“And so it is,” he answered; “but it is too late now to think of that—too late—she trusted me, she rescued us—and she shall have my gratitude, if she does not ask for its manifestations too often, and respect—but no,” he added bitterly, “not even *that* can I give her—this is worse than weakness now.—Come, we shall be late as it is.”

They were married—the young, high-spirited, unloving, careless, but not heartless man, and the grim, narrow-minded, heartless, yet passionate woman, old enough almost to be his mother, yet with all the little affectations which, in girlhood, are as dew on flowers; but which are as hard icicles upon frost-bitten age. Proud of her handsome husband, for whom, drawing her purse-strings tightly round her narrow fingers, she already fancied she had paid A PRICE; full of jealous apprehensions, even at the altar, lest he should kiss the bridesmaids. Mrs. Stanhope herself felt uncomfortable; their union did her no credit; she knew that her office in the end was ever a thankless one, but she did not care for that. She left (her task accomplished) before the breakfast was half over, muttering, “It will be all the same in a hundred years—they must only rub on as others have done before them.”

And so they did. The bride, not satisfied with the courtesy and politeness with which her husband was just enough to treat her, but craving after those never-enduring attentions which the most really devoted husband often forgets to pay after the first six months, in her despair she flew to Mrs. Stanhope for advice; but it was a singular feature in that lady's character, that however anxious she was as to her "dear young friends" before marriage, she never troubled herself about them afterwards; always saying, they "must get on as well as they could; that it was "delicate interfering between man and wife, both being sure to be right, and both being as sure to be wrong."

Mrs. Edward Olley hinted that the match was of her "dear friend's making," and Mrs. Stanhope retorted, that if it was, it was at her most earnest and continued entreaties she promoted it: and then Mrs. Edward vulgarly hinted at something, of which the words "valuable consideration" alone were distinctly audible to any ear but Mrs. Stanhope's own. After that morning the ladies met no more.

Edward paid the penalty for his early and his late faults. He endeavoured to make a stand against their increase. To do him justice, counselled as he was by his mother, he resolved and tried to endure; but the wearing and niggardly irritations of a small mind; the meanness, the reproach, the at first causeless jealousy; THE HOME converted into a scene of the bitterest and most stormy upbraidings; the hard—hard to bear vulgarity, combined to drive him forth when he would have remained—to drive him, as long as he retained sufficient wealth, amongst his equals; but after a time he sank, sank lower and lower in the scale of society. The last rational tears he shed were over his mother's grave; and if his habits had permitted him to retain his senses, he might perhaps have wept again to see the unfortunate woman ruined also, dragging out the remaining months of her poisoned existence in a forgotten lodging, while the noon-day sun glared upon the reeling and besotted drunkard. Once Mrs. Stanhope saw him thus; her carriage nearly ran over him; he staggered from beneath its wheels, looked up, and cursed her.

Elizabeth Lechmere glided so quietly out of the toils of the match-maker, that Mrs. Stanhope could never understand how she escaped her steady purpose: that moral "fixity of tenure" was almost incomprehensible to the woman who "knew the world" without making acquaintance with its virtues. When Mrs. Stanhope would not assist her to find a situation, she found one for herself, and the baffled match-maker sighed forth that her sweet Elizabeth had gone to the country from ill health. She had, of course, the ordinary "wear and tear," and trial, to undergo; to fag late and early; to continue the least observed but most useful in the drawing-room; extorting slowly and coldly the meed of praise which she knew she deserved, but never looked for. Cheered to the performance of most trying duties, because of the reward of an approving conscience, she had long "worked out" the affection which was embittered more by a painful, and almost degraded, sense of the unworthiness of its object than by any other circumstance; and in a few years she married—Mrs. Stanhope would have said "badly," which she considered every handsome well-educated woman must, who weds less than a thousand a-year. Elizabeth, however, does not think

so. Those who delight to hang over the unbroken, undying nature of "first-love" will be disappointed to hear that Elizabeth is perfectly happy, beloved as she deserves to be, and loving, as if she had never loved before; the happy wife of a good man, and the honoured mother of children. Mrs. Stanhope's popularity has gone off considerably, since her advancing years have kept her so much at home. You seldom, if ever, meet at her *Soirées* any whose lot in life she cast; indeed, those who perchance are happy would not care to be reminded that theirs was a "Stanhope match." Mothers, and those interested in the disposal of families, arrange their affairs in the match-making way better than they used. The number of women "who know the world" has much increased during the last twenty years, though few have the ease, the grace, the gentle and peculiar art, which *the* match-maker almost exclusively possessed. She never, even now, wishes to hear of births or deaths, but the marriages are read to her every morning. She still considers "domestic happiness a vulgar error," and yet, kind reader, if you knew her as well as I do, you would pity *her* who never pitied others; her active intriguing mind has no longer power to move either her own unwieldy form, or to draw others within her circle; her powers of conversation are impaired by paralysis. And yet her *desire* for society, for distinction, or for notoriety for match-making, in fact, is as great as ever. Let people be as worldly-minded as possible; let them plot and plan; let them shut down, shut tight; let avarice, or disdain, or pride, screw up their hearts to the uttermost; as age advances, the tightness relaxes, the screws loosen; then comes a sickly, palsied longing for affection, which there is none to give. The vaunted "knowledge of the world" is a whispering, suspicious, fiend-like companion to a sick bed, watching, and prying, and untrusting. She accuses the world largely and roundly of ingratitude, as all do by whom its gratitude has not been earned.

She never gave her sympathy, and yet *now* she asks it; not indeed with words, but with dim eyes, and palsied hands, and panting breath. Some talk of "poor Mrs. Stanhope," and say, "What a lady-like pleasant woman she was *once*!" and that, say what people would, she was an admirable MATCH-MAKER.

HYMN 'TO GLADNESS.'

SAVE in the haunted heart of youth
 There is no home for thee,
 Where, with simplicity and truth,
 Thou well may'st love to be !
 No home :—though such a faery-sprite,
 From such a dwelling, surely might
 Sometimes revisit me.

I knew and loved thee, long ago,
 Where yellow brake and hill
 O'erlook the hawthorn and the sloe,
 Whose blossoms shade the rill ;
 And by the spirit-haunted well ;
 In orchard lone, and willowy dell,
 And green moors of the mill.

Doubtless, the same "Lent-lilies" blow
 Beneath thy feet in spring,
 To smile upon the melting snow,
 And hear the skylark sing ;
 That boyhood hears, each summer-morn,
 As heretofore, among the corn
 The rustling of thy wing !

And, doubtless, bounteous Autumn's store
 Of richly varied fruits
 Invites thy presence, as of yore ;—
 That Winter's wild pursuits
 O'er snowy-hills and lakes of ice
 Are swift as ever to entice
 Thy vigorous attributes.

Yet I invoke thy name in vain ;—
 With treachery and toil,
 Thy snowy robes thou wilt not stain,
 Nor thy soft fingers soil !
 Whilst life's polluted stream, that winds
 Its poisonous flood round human minds,
 Must crush, like serpent coil.

L. D.

THE PHANTASMAL REPROOF.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE snow was falling rapidly
 Upon the fallen leaves ;
 The shivering sparrow twittered low
 Beneath the dripping caves :—
 In its plaintive notes trace ye no thoughts
 Of the Autumn's gather'd sheaves ?

The snow was falling rapidly,
 With a faint and whispering sound ;
 I looked forth on the wintry earth,
 But the thick flakes—whirling round—
 Hid land, and sea, and sky from me,
 And all, but my own heart-wound !

Beside me, (as I sat alone,
 Beghasted with wild dreams),
 A shadowy SHAPE glode thro' the gloom,
 And by the woodfire's gleams
 I saw its face, where grief and grace
 Set their united beams.

An antique chair stood opposite,
 Of black and carved oak ;
 And there IT sat and gazed at me,
 But never a word it spoke :
 Till I with sign of holy cross
 The heavy silence broke.

“ What thing art thou, that breakest in
 Upon my loneliness ?
 The closed doors are closed still—
 Thy presence doth oppress
 My very breath, as if cold death
 Life's wrongs came to redress ! ”

A faint, low sound then answered me,—
 A voice that seemed to pray
 In language sweet, but incomplete,
 With words that died away—
 Like the music of the standing corn,
 On a breezy autumn day !

“ I am thy better angel : lo !
 Why sittest thou alone ?
 Why mourn'st thou o'er thine own scarr'd heart,
 Unwilling to atone
 For the blood thou hast shed from the *undone dead*,
 ' And the tears of the *living undone* ?

“ The grave is deep where *she* doth sleep,
 Whose love for thee was strong,
 As was thy hate for her estate
 Of poverty and wrong :
 She gave not her life to thy kinder knife,
 But to thy cruel tongue !

“ There was no falsehood in her heart—
 No perfidy to thee ;
 But thy words unkind, like a sudden wind
 That charmeth the summer sea,
 Awoke in her that fearful stir
 Which wrought her destiny.

“ She lieth in a grave unblest,
 From sacred fane remote ;
 She suffereth in that suffering place
 Which sin for man hath bought :
 And her soul calls there, for thine to share
 The evil thou hast wrought !

“ Look not upon thy wounded heart,
 But look upon its cure ;—
 There is a God in the heavens high
 Can send a spirit pure,
 To fill the place of that disgrace
 Which tempts thee with a lure !

“ Look not upon thy darksome heart,
 But look to find some light,
 Wherewith thou may'st each loathsome part
 Illumine, till the sight
 Be clean unto the Angel-race
 That lives in regions bright.

“ Mix with thy fellow-men, and give
 To others' griefs and cares
 'The sympathy which I give thee,—
 And, by assisting theirs,
 Assistance win from Him whom sin
 Obeyeth, 'mid despairs !

“ Befriend thy brother man, and thou
 Shalt so thyself befriend;
 Nor idly wail for idleness,
 But task thyself to mend
 The rents and tatters of thy soul,
 Before its world-works end !

“ The wrath of Heaven above our sins
 Stoops, hawk-like, hovering ;
 But them, or it, we cannot see
 Till down upon us spring
 The talons of that vengeful bird,
 With death beneath its wing !

“ Thou canst not bring to life again
 Whom thou from life hast sent ;
 Thou canst not to the frenzied brain
 Restore the teardrops, blent
 With guilt and shame,—which thou did'st claim
 — But thou may 'st still repent !

“ Up, and arouse thee ! Falleth snow
 On wintry nights, that thou
 May'st cower in selfishness and fears
 O'er thine own ails, as now ?—
 To the chilly street fare forth, and meet
 Pale heads, which Want doth bow !”

It ceased, that voice——It spake no more,—
 But still I listened on :
 I heard no rain on the window pane,
 I looked, but shape was none
 In that antique chair—and nought was there,
 But I and my heart alone !

I bowed my head in silent prayer—
 I prayed that I might be
 Mindful of others more than self—
 And so, by sympathy,
 Cleanse my sinful heart of the selfishness
 That made it black to see.

I did not pray that I might die,
 As I had wont to pray ;
 I pleaded hard for life, that I
 Might make it—day by day—
 Useful and sweet to other men,
 And bright ev'n in decay.

And when I raised my bended head
 From out my clasp'd hands,
 In at the casement—like a flight
 Of arrowy golden brands—
 The moon its cheerful radiance sent
 Where the sparrow, twittering, stands.

And (for the snow had ceased to fall)
 I saw the skies all blue,
 And bright with stars ; and sea and shore
 Came clearly to my view :—
 I *felt* my heart-wound still—but saw
 The griefs of others too !

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

ON the evening of the 20th January, 1795, the city of Amsterdam was thrown into an unusual state of bustle and confusion by the entrance of the French army under Pichegru. While the troops with piled arms awaited their billets and rations, the inhabitants hastened to illuminate in honour of their arrival, and in spite of the piercing cold thronged to welcome the tired heroes.

Amid the general rejoicings, one house alone remained with closed doors and darkened windows. It was the dwelling of the wealthy merchant, Woerden, who, wholly occupied in his business, cared little for politics, still less for the arrival of the French, and was far too careful of his money to waste it, like his neighbours, in illuminations.

Wrapped in his fur dressing-gown, a seal-skin cap drawn closely over the few gray hairs time had left on his head, he had wheeled his easy chair close to the chimney, and as he rubbed his hands over the bright coal-fire, seemed lost in a reverie, from which neither the beer-can, nor long clay-pipe on the table at his side, had power to rouse him.

All at once the silence was interrupted by a violent ring at the house-bell. The old man started, and, turning to a stout, red-cheeked servant, who, seated at a respectful distance, was occupying herself in knitting—

“See who it is, Jacqueline,” said he, “that comes to disturb us at this unseasonable hour.”

In a few minutes a tall young man entered, and throwing off his cloak, saluted the merchant as father.

“Ha! is it you, Wilhelm! I did not expect you back so soon.”

“I have just returned from Broek,” replied the other, “and should have arrived long ago had not the road been so encumbered with troops and idlers.”

“Have you seen Van Elburg?”

“Yes,” answered the young man, taking his seat by the fire, “and he consents to my marriage with his daughter, but refuses to give more than four thousand ducats as her dowry.”

“Then he may keep both ducats and daughter,” said the merchant, angrily.

“But consider, father! —”

“Consider what?” interrupted Woerden. “There is nothing to consider. I know that at your age love outweighs gold, but time will teach you, that when poverty comes in at the door, love soon flies out at the window.”

“Yet, father!” argued the young man, “Van Elburg is one of the richest men in the country, and sooner or later his daughter must have his fortune.”

"Tut—tut!" said Woerden; "Van Elburg knows well what he is about, but cunning as he is, he shall not put a bad bargain on me. As for you, Wilhelm, I have promised to give you up my business, and now recommend your taking a word of advice with it; never give more than you receive, and always consider yourself before other people in your transactions; rely on it, that is the only way to prosper in business as well as love. And now we will drop the subject."

The young man knew his father's humour too well, to press the matter, at least at that moment.

As he sat brooding in silence over his disappointment, the house-bell again rang, and the tread of a horse's feet was heard in the courtyard, while the dog commenced a furious barking.

"It is certainly a stranger this time!" said Mynher Woerden, "there is no mistaking the dog's bark."

He was interrupted by the servant bringing in a packet.

"Commissariat department!" said her master, with no little surprise, as he opened it; but an expression of uneasiness which had at first slightly contracted his features, changed into one of pleasure as he read on: "An order to deliver four hundred thousand herrings for the use of the French army," he continued; "a very acceptable commission—Wilhelm!" he suddenly exclaimed after a short pause. "Wilhelm! you shall marry Van Elburg's daughter, and he shall give her a handsome dowry in spite of himself!"

"How say you, my dear father!" replied his son, unable to believe his senses at this sudden change.

"Leave all to me, Wilhelm," said Woerden. "Order our horses to be saddled by day-break, and mind that I am called in time, for we must be at Broek before 12 o'clock; and now, good night."

The rising sun saw our travellers on the road to that celebrated village, where cleanliness is carried to such an extent, that before entering the streets both father and son, in compliance with invariable custom, were obliged to dismount and leave their horses to the care of a servant. At the door of Van Elburg's house they were required to submit to what a few years later neither Napoleon nor the Emperor Alexander were exempted from; and, taking off their boots, replaced them with slippers before they were allowed to enter the room where he sat with his daughter Clotilde.

"Good morning, Mynher Woerden," said he, shaking his friend warmly by the hand. "Have you been frightened out of your good city by the French, that you honour me so early with a visit?"

"Not at all, Van Elburg!" said the other. "I care nothing about the French, and as I never meddle in politics, it is quite immaterial to me who governs our town. But I am come to make you a proposal: I have undertaken to furnish the Commissariat with four hundred thousand herrings on this day month, and I wish to know if it will suit you to procure them for me in three weeks?"

"At what price?" asked his friend.

"Ten guldens per thousand."

"Ten guldens," repeated the other, musingly. "You shall have them."

"Draw out the contract then," said Woerden, "and when it is signed I shall be happy to partake of your hospitality, for my ride has given me an appetite." Then looking at Clotilde, he continued; "I have come to arrange another matter too, which we can discuss after dinner."

It was in vain that, during the evening, Woerden tried every argument to change his friend's resolution respecting his daughter's fortune. After a warm discussion he was obliged to give up the point, and the marriage was at last fixed for the following week.

Next day, as Wilhelm and his father returned home, the former could not refrain from expressing some curiosity concerning the cause of this happy change in his prospects.

"What do you mean?" asked the old man.

"Have you not given up the point about his daughter's fortune?" said Wilhelm.

"I should have thought you knew me better," replied Woerden, looking slyly at his son. "But no matter—it is sufficient that you marry the girl you like."

Once more at home, the merchant shut himself in his office until the evening, when he appeared with a packet of letters, which were immediately sent to the post.

On the day appointed for the marriage, Wilhelm and his father arrived at Broek, where they found a large party of friends and relations assembled to meet them. Van Elburg welcomed them with cordiality, but there was an expression of care and embarrassment on his face, that at first made the bridegroom fear some fresh obstacle to his happiness. The elder Woerden, however, in no way shared in his son's anxiety, for he could give a tolerably good guess at the cause of his host's uneasiness.

"Mynher Van Elburg!" he exclaimed, "what can be the matter? Are you unwell?"

"No, my dear friend," replied the other, "not ill, but in the most unpleasant dilemma possible—I must speak with you immediately in private."

"Is it anything respecting the marriage?" asked Woerden. "If you wish to be off your word, it is still time."

"Not for the world."

"In that case we will proceed to church at once. You know I like to do things regularly; and as I came here to see my son married, we will finish that business first, and then I shall be happy to hear what you have to say."

There was no remedy; and it was not till after the happy pair had been made man and wife, that Van Elburg could succeed in catching his friend alone.

"I am bound to deliver you four hundred thousand herrings in fourteen days," said he, "and not a single fish can I get at any price."

Woerden could not restrain his laughter. "I dare say not," he replied, "I bought them all up long ago."

"In that case of course our contract is at an end," said Van Elburg, looking doubtfully at his friend.

"By no means; or at least, only on certain conditions. We have this day united our children, Van Elburg, and shall leave them a hand-

some fortune when we die. So much for the future. But as regards the present, matters are less fairly arranged. My son receives a capital business, while you only give your daughter four thousand ducats. Now as I did not like to make the young people unhappy by refusing my consent to their marriage, I thought you and I would settle the matter another way. You have to deliver four hundred thousand herrings at ten guldens per thousand, but can get them from no one but me, and I must have fifty guldens per thousand, or I don't part with a single tail. The difference is exactly sixteen thousand guldens, which I intend you to pay over to my son as his wife's dowry."

Van Elburg looked rather foolish during this explanation, but at the end he regained his self-possession, and even smiled as he said, clapping the other on the shoulder, "You have outwitted me, Mynher Woerden, and I must pay the penalty, so say no more about it. And now let us join our friends again."

Eight days afterwards Van Elburg went to visit his daughter at Amsterdam, and in his turn found Woerden in the greatest perplexity.

"You are the very person I wanted," said he, seizing his hand; "Unless you can assist me I am a ruined man. The herrings are all ready, but high or low, not a barrel is to be found."

Van Elburg's little gray eyes twinkled cunningly. "Every man for himself, Woerden—you bought the fish, and I bought the barrels. But as an old friend I won't take advantage of you, and you shall have as many as you want for exactly sixteen thousand guldens above the cost price."

Woerden looked rather blank, but did his best to conceal his vexation. "The trick is not a bad one," said he, with a forced smile, "but you must confess that I taught it you."

"Ay, ay!" returned the other, "You are clever fellows in Amsterdam, but we are no fools in Broek."

TO THE FIRST WARBLER.

•ON! how I love to listen to thy song,
Sweet bird! that, earliest of the choral throng,
Pourest thy notes of gratitude and glee
Ere blooms a flow'et forth or buds a tree;
Ere yet is hush'd the wintry howling wind,
Or twig of green thy little feet can find.
So trustfully thy heart its love-song pours
For hope alone of warmer, sunnier hours,
•That I cry shame upon my thankless tears;
Shame on the heart that calls up phantom fears,
Mindless of all, but of its present grief,
Nor finding in Hope's whisperings, relief.
Ah! cease not then thy warbling extasy,
Nor startle if thou meet my kindling eye;
For I would have thee ever in my way,
That I might emulate thy cheerful lay!

VIRGINIA.

HOW JACK MARLAND INVENTED A RECIPE FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF MARRIAGES.

OUR friend Jack Marland had a very lively sense of the ridiculous, and to gratify this sense, he was fond (although he had introductions into the very first circles in Paris), of visiting amongst those who belonged strictly to the *classe bourgeoise*; and he delighted in observing the manners and habits of the Parisian *badauds*, and comparing them with the customs of the corresponding class (*viz.*, cockneys) in London.

Jack numbered amongst his *badaud* acquaintances at Paris, Madame B., to whose husband he had brought a letter of introduction from London. This lady had a mania for making matches—(I do not mean for cutting pieces of wood into splinters, and dipping the ends into brimstone, but for cooking up marriages between the young, and, at times, the old, people of her acquaintance)—and truly it *was* a mania, for it had many times puzzled Jack to find out what pleasure, or what advantage she could derive, from the marriages of her friends. She did not care for eating, drinking, or dancing; she had but little love for gaiety of any kind, and, in short, this mania puzzled him. Still the fact remained the same; Madame B. never experienced such delightful moments as when she had just brought to a happy issue a match of her own concocting.

Madame B. had always on her list a number of marrying ladies, both young and middle-aged (it would be wrong to say *old*), amiable, sweet-tempered, witty, but seldom rich (for the latter have no need to look out for husbands—they have but to pick and choose.) If, however, Madame B.'s *demoiselles à marier* could seldom boast of fortune, yet invariably were they richly endowed with virtues and good qualities. Unhappily for the dowerless fair, this is the age of gold,—I mean the age in which gold is all-powerful—the great moving power, which rolls along the vast machinery of the world. If a man has money, if a woman has a fortune, “*basta*,” *he* gets a wife, *she* a husband, and “all’s right.”

But, to return to Madame B.; she had long given our friend Jack up, as either an incorrigible bachelor, or far too cunning to be drawn into her net. She determined, therefore, to make him useful in carrying out her favourite schemes; and, as he never objected to be led into any situation where he was likely to see what he called “human nature,” he was a most willing tool, and acquitted himself as we shall see.

“I wish you would find me a husband for my little Celestine,” said Madame B. to Jack one day; “she is such a sweet girl—so good-tempered, so amiable; hers is a character you seldom meet with. She

never sulks, is never in a bad humour, even when she has the tooth-ache. What a happy man will he be who wins her!"

"What is the amount of her fortune?" said Jack.

"Alas!" answered Madame B., "if she had a fortune she would have been married ten years ago."

"Ten years! why how old is the young lady now?"

"Between twenty-eight and twenty-nine, but as innocent as if she were only eighteen."

"Unless I am greatly mistaken," said Jack, "she is no end of ugly."

"Oh, you ungallant wretch!" said Madame B.; "I confess she is not handsome, especially since she had the small-pox, for her eyes are somewhat weak, but you are scarcely aware of this when she laughs; I assure you she is not ugly; her smile is very agreeable."

"Oh, I like that," said Jack. "Why, she shows her teeth, which are more like the tusks of a wild boar than teeth."

"Really, you are too bad, Mr. Marland; her teeth certainly are long and somewhat yellow, but they are quite sound."

"Hum," said Jack, taking a large pinch of snuff, "it's a pity, but she really is so dreadfully thin."

"I confess," said Madame B., "she is not very fat, and her knees sometimes touch each other as she walks, but this does not prevent her being an excellent girl—industrious, economical, and a capital house-keeper."

"I fear," replied Jack, taking another large pinch of snuff, "that she would scarcely prove a good husband keeper; on your own showing, my dear Madame, she is all but frightful."

"Why, my good gracious, sir," said Madame B., "what do you mean? Does a man always marry for beauty?"

"Not at all, Madame," answered Jack, taking another pinch from his snuff-box, "*generally for money.*"

The conversation soon dropped, for Madame B. found it impossible to persuade Jack that it would be easy to marry Celestine, and he thought no more about the matter. One day, however, one of Jack's acquaintances said by accident, "By the way, Jack, I know a young man who wants a wife, can you recommend one to him?" Jack burst out into a roar of laughter, for he remembered his late conversation with Madame B., and answered as soon as he was able. "I certainly know a young lady who would not be averse to a husband, but I fear she would not suit your friend."

"And why not? he is not difficult to please; he does not care about money, but only wishes his wife to be respectable. He is a clerk in a merchant's house, has sixteen hundred francs a year, and carries on a private trade, tolerably prosperous, in corks. He wants a wife to look after the shop, whilst he is at the counting-house."

"How old is your young man?"

"Thirty-six to thirty-eight."

"Rather an old young man."

"Come, let us have a peep at your young lady; that will cost nothing."

"Why," said Jack, "the fact is, I can't show you the young lady,

Madame B., one of my friends, has possession of her; but I'll take you to her house, and you can settle it all between you."

Dupont (that was the name of Jack's friend) was anxious to lose no time, and Jack saw well that he was just as fond of making up matches as Madame B., but *his* fondness arose from a very pardonable motive, viz.—the hope of getting an invitation to the wedding, and eating till he had an attack of indigestion.

Jack took Dupont to Madame B.'s, who received him with the greatest delight, and in two minutes they perfectly understood each other, and the conversation which ensued was most characteristic, and afforded Jack intense delight, though recourse was had more than once to his snuff-box, in order to conceal his merriment, whilst the lady and gentleman laconized as follows:—

Madame B. Is your friend good looking?

M. Dupont. No, Madame.

Madame B. So much the better.

M. Dupont. Is *your* friend handsome?

Madame B. No, Sir.

M. Dupont. Good.

Madame B. But good-tempered, industrious, economical, and steady.

M. Dupont. Very good;—any money?

Madame B. A *trousseau* and expectancies.

M. Dupont. That's quite enough.

Madame B. Has your friend a situation?

M. Dupont. Sixteen hundred francs a year, and a small cork shop.

Madame B. That will do very well.

M. Dupont. The lady's age?

Madame B. Middling.

M. Dupont. Good again.

Madame B. They are made for each other.

M. Dupont. They must meet as soon as possible.

Madame B. The day after to-morrow.

M. Dupont. Good;—where?

Madame B. At the Jardin Turc, during the Concert in the evening.

M. Dupont. Very well: the admission is only twenty sous; my friend can afford that.

Madame B. The day after to-morrow, at eight o'clock, he will be there. I shall have a lilac bonnet on; besides which, Mr. Marland will be with us.

Jack took another pinch of snuff, and said to himself, "Well, I'm in for it; however, I shall see some human nature."

On the evening of the appointed day, Jack presented himself at Madame B.'s door. He was admitted, and found all in disorder and confusion; dresses lying about the floor; caps, bonnets, and other articles of female attire and toilette, which it would be presumption to attempt to particularise, thrown here and there promiscuously. The young Celestine was undergoing beautification at the hands of Madame B., who was endeavouring to make her look less plain, by curling her hair, and disposing it in such a manner as to fall over and partially conceal the weak eyes of the lady, and endeavouring, by means known only to

the fair sex, to render the figure of Mademoiselle less amenable, in appearance at least, to the accusation of thinness brought against it by our friend Jack. It is not our purpose to dilate upon the details of the lady's dress, suffice it to say that it was most gorgeous; but, in spite of all means and appliances, Celestine never walked worse; her eyes never were more watery; her ugliness never more palpable; added to which, she was naturally a fool, and had, from anxiety and terror at the situation in which she found herself, lost what little wits she before had. Jack wished himself well out of it, and hoped sincerely that the Jardin might not be crowded, or at all events that he might not be recognised by any one; for, in spite of his usual "*insouciance*," he was heartily ashamed of his two lady friends.

On their arrival at the Jardin Turc, Jack saw that the garden was very fairly filled; however, he put a bold face on the matter, put his hat on the back of his head, and walked along with a lady on each arm, hoping that they might all three be mistaken for strangers from the country. What they were taken for, it matters little, but Jack's ears were saluted with sounds of laughter and merriment at their expense, from all sides, as they passed through the crowd and looked for seats. The music had commenced, and much to the disgust of all the auditors, Madame B., whose anxiety for the appearance of M. Dupont and his friend was ungovernable, incessantly exclaimed, "There they are—no—dear me. I wonder why they don't come," &c. &c. At length there they *were* in reality, and were saluted with a general roar of laughter from the bystanders, and with good reason, for a more extraordinary figure than M. Pinceleure (that was the name of the cork-seller) had seldom greeted Jack's eyes. Picture to yourself, fair reader, a man of six feet four inches, thin as the living skeleton, with a neck which would strike envy into the bosom of a Giraffe; a nose so small that at a distance you would say, that nature had forgotten to endow him with that feature; olive complexion, and a club-foot; and you have M. Pinceleure as he appeared as suitor for the hand of Madlle. Celestine.

Jack had retained seats for the two gentlemen, and down they sat, after the necessary introductions had taken place.

Jack amused himself by observing the motions of the whole party. The two young people, so formed for each other, as Madame B. had observed, uttered not a word; the gentleman took one look at Miss Celestine, and made a grimace which, for the moment, caused his little nose totally to disappear; while the lady, having taken as clear a view of him as her weeping eyes would permit, allowed an expression indicative of anything but satisfaction to steal over her countenance.

Jack saw that Madame B. was rapidly becoming uneasy, for she pushed the fair Celestine's elbow, saying to her:

"Don't screw your mouth up so, child! you look like a fool; and don't keep your eyes fixed on your shoes."

"Oh!" said the lady, "I have looked at something else besides my shoes, and perhaps it would have been better if I had not lifted my eyes up at all."

"Why?" said Madame B.

"Because I think that gentleman very ugly."

"Well," answered Madame B., "what if he is? You have no business to be particular; you are thirty-six: you have not a farthing, and you are no beauty."

Whilst this conversation was going on at Jack's left, the two gentlemen on the right were not silent.

"Why don't you speak to the young lady," said M. Dupont to his friend.

"Because I have nothing to say to her," was the answer.

"What do you think of her?"

"She is horribly plain."

"She certainly is not positively pretty; but then she has one of those faces to which a man becomes accustomed; and her virtues—her good qualities—must be taken into account."

"But she really *is too ugly*," said M. Pinceleure.

"Why, my good fellow," answered Dupont, "you think yourself an Antinous, with your club foot, your long neck, and your ugly little nose."

"I know very well what I am," was the reply; "but that's no reason why I should not admire beauty."

"I'd advise you, then, to admire it at a distance."

"Very well, then, I won't marry at all."

"Good," said his friend; "and every one will say that you are not married because no one will have you."

Silence was now the order of the day. Dupont was very much dissatisfied; he began to fear that he must bid adieu to all hope of a wedding breakfast and an indigestion. Madame B. was equally annoyed. This was the ninth attempt she had made to get a husband for the beauteous Celestine. The young aspirant after matrimony beat time with his club foot, and appeared to pay attention to nothing but the music; and Celestine began to amuse herself by looking around the garden: in short, the scheme of Madame B. and M. Dupont promised fair to turn out futile, and the whole business assumed the appearance of *une affaire manquée*. Time passed on; the last quadrille had commenced, when a sudden idea struck Jack, who had come to the conclusion that he had seldom seen a better matched pair than M. Pinceleure and Mlle. Celestine. "Come," said he, "I think we have heard enough music for one evening; if you dare trust yourself to the tender mercies of a bachelor, and will come to my rooms, we shall find a good fire, and Madame B. will make us a good cup of tea. It is not late, and I think we need cheering after our exertions; besides which I want to instruct Madame B. in the art of making tea *à l'Anglaise*, and have long promised her to do so on the first opportunity."

A look from Jack inspired Madame B. with hope, and she consented willingly. After a few words of doubt as to the propriety of trusting herself in the rooms of a young man like Jack, Celestine herself agreed to the plan. Two cabriolets were called; and now, in due time, behold them all seated in comfortable easy chairs, or on as comfortable sofas, in Jack's comfortable rooms—(Jack, we have before said, occupied a handsome suite of rooms, *Rue du Helder*)—with a blazing wood fire shining on

the gay furniture, and reflected in the looking-glasses with which the walls were almost covered. "What!" I hear a critical reader exclaim, "a fire in September:" yes, gentle friend, in September. And let me tell you that on many a night in September it is very cold; and but for the reason that "it is a shame to begin with fires yet," many of our readers would, doubtless, be most thankful to see a bright blaze on the hearth—ay, even in September. Jack was above these prejudices; he had a fire whenever he felt cold, and always at night; for (although in France) he kept up the old Temple custom of a pipe and cup of tea before bedtime; and as he furthermore liked to manufacture his own tea, he of course required a fire to boil his kettle: and now, gentle reader, if you are satisfied, we will return to our narrative.

The kettle then boiled—the tea was made by Madame B. under the instructions of Jack—the cupboards were ransacked, and divers odd comestibles were found, eaten, and duly appreciated. Jack's tea *à l'Anglaise* was pronounced capital, and all his bachelor arrangements, excepting a pile of pipes in the corner of the room, and a large snuff-box on the mantel-piece, were thought admirable. Tea was over, and already everyone was in a good humour. Then the tea-things must be removed, and as it was voted a bore to summon the porter or his wife, Jack set to work about the operation. Of course the ladies helped him. Then the place wherein they must be stowed away was to be found and laughed at. When people are inclined to be merry, they need no very great incitements to create mirth; so it will be only lost time to explain what our readers no doubt perfectly understand—namely, how the fun became very great, and how even M. Pinceleure began to forget the ugliness of Mlle. Celestine; and how Madame B. said it was time to go. Not a bit of it, Jack said, it was early, &c., &c.; so they agreed to stay ten minutes longer. Very well, thought Jack, we shall see; so amidst jokes of all kinds, from all sides, Jack went down on his knees in one corner of the room, and from some hidden receptacle he pulled forth a most venerable bottle of old rum, and proceeded, with lemons, sugar, hot water, &c., &c., to concoct a mighty bowl of punch, also *à l'Anglaise*. Madame B. and Celestine both declared that they could not touch a single drop. M. Pinceleure, on the contrary, assumed the air of a *bon vivant*, and said he could drink it all night, and be none the worse for it in the morning. However, the punch was brewed, tasted by M. Dupont, and declared perfect. In spite of all the asseverations of the two ladies, Jack filled their glasses, and little by little they waxed empty (curiosity alone having induced them to try what English punch was like), were once more filled, and once more emptied. M. Pinceleure drank, as Dupont said, "*comme un trou*," and aided by Jack's pleasant converse, they were soon all in the finest possible humour. Celestine laughed till she cried again, and her eyes had now a reason to assign for being watery. M. Pinceleure drew his chair nearer to her, and to Madame B.'s great delight they were soon in deep and somewhat noisy conversation.

The general conversation turned upon the gaiety of the metropolis, balls, concerts, &c. "Music for ever!" said the future bridegroom, "*Vive la danse!*" I can't dance, because of my club foot, but I am

very fond of balls. Once, to be sure, I tried to waltz, but I fell down with my partner, and all the rest of the waltzers fell upon us."

"For my part," said Celestine, "I have no ear for the music, and cannot dance in time. By some means I put every one out when I dance a quadrille; not that I have the opportunity often, for no one ever asks me to dance above once in the course of an evening."

"Ah!" said the cork merchant, "I am just in the same position; I can never get any lady to dance with *me*."

"That will do," thought Jack; "when once a fellow feeling is established between two people, the trick is done." And he was right; for, almost at the same moment, he heard M. Pinceleure say to Dupont, "She's not an ill-natured girl," and Celestine to Madame B., "He is a very good-tempered man."

However, all things must have an end; the clocks from all quarters struck the awful hour of twelve, and Madame B. remembered that perhaps M. B. was waiting for her, and said that they now must really depart. Unhappily the rain poured down in torrents. Jack sent for a coach; the porter, who had received his cue, brought a cab, capable of containing two persons only, and informed them that this was the only vehicle on the stand. Jack proposed, having whispered to Dupont his intention, that M. Pinceleure should escort Celestine to her home in the cab, and should then return with it for Madame B. Thanks to the punch and the merry evening, the objections made to this arrangement on the score of impropriety were but feeble; Celestine jumped into the cab, Jack pushed the long cork-merchant after, the cab drove off, and four weeks afterwards Jack received an invitation to the wedding of M. Pinceleure with Mdlle. Celestine.

Madame B. spoiled a new dress in walking through the rain (for M. Pinceleure forgot to send the cab back), but she avers, that to effect such another match, she would willingly spoil half-a-dozen gowns. Many plans have been suggested for the making up of matches between two people who are evidently, to use the jargon of the world, "made for one another." Jack says there is no receipt like a bowl of punch.

F. F. B.

THE FLAX SPINNERS.

RECITATIVE.

IN a lone room, half lit by the midnight oil,
Four sister Spinners plied their weary toil;
With haggard eyes, harsh lips, and pallid skin,
They look'd the furies that they were within;
On the grim walls their spectre shadows hung,
Whilst thus, in varying tones, they hoarsely sung :—

I.

First Sister.

Twine the flax ! Oh, pretty flax !
 Thou shalt hidden be in wax :
 Thou shalt rise a blazing torch,
 Fit for lamp or palace porch ;
 Thou shalt look on mighty things,
 Noble eyes—perhaps a king's !
 Draw the threads ! Twist the twine !
 Whose love-labour equals mine ?

II.

Second Sister.

Weave the flax ! Oh, pretty flax !
 Thou shalt ride on rustic backs :
 Not a London blight shall smutch thee ;
 Not a footman slave shall clutch thee ;
 But, as sweet as hawthorn air,
 Thou shalt be the peasant's wear.
 Twine the threads ! Twist the twine !
 Whose sweet labour equals mine ?

III.

Third Sister.

Weave the flax ! Ply the looms !
 This shalt sleep in lordly rooms !
 Dainty feet shall tread upon it :
 Not a peasant e'er shall don it ;
 Not a poor man shall caress it
 For its warmth, nor beggar bless it.
 Twine the threads ! Twist the twine !
 Whose proud labour equals mine ?

IV.

Fourth Sister.

Twist the threads ! Oh, thou shalt deck,
 Pretty flax ! a felon's neck.
 Be thou hard, and coarse, and long,
 And (be sure of 't) *very* strong ;
 If thou show'st a failing thread,
 Poor man ! he may hurt his head.—
 Closer, closer, twist the line !
 'Tis the felon's pretty twine !—
 Torches may in chariots shine ;
 Shirts may sleep upon the line ;
 Good is thine ! and good is thine !
 But what are all your deeds to mine ?

IRISH TRAVELLING ANECDOTE.

TRAVELLING is decidedly a pleasant occupation, and nowhere pleasanter than in Ireland for those who love fun, and where you have

“Nothing else to do,”

like the stars in “Molly Bawn,” you could not do better than—

“Order your wings and be off to the west,”

as Moore recommends us. It so happens I have the pleasure of knowing both the authors whose lines I have quoted, and I have heard them both speak with enthusiastic warmth of the enjoyment they have had in revisiting the land of their birth, being welcomed by the open arms and hearts of their countrymen, and hearing their own songs reverberated by the echoes of their native hills, and floating across the silver waters of Killarney. Moore, by the way, alludes to this in one of his exquisite melodies, which is too tempting not to quote:—

’Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought
Like a light summer haze o’er the poet’s warm thought,
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o’er the water were these
To which he had sung Erin’s bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now waited them o’er
From Erin’s green isle to Glenà’s wooded shore.

He listened—while high o’er the eagle’s rude nest
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest,
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem’d as if ev’ry sweet note that died here
Was again brought to life in some happier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

Oh! forgive if, while listening to music whose breath
Seem’d to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
“Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of fame;

“Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
“’Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
“And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
“Through the answering future, thy name and thy song!”

The honest exultation of the poet is here so just, that it delights us, and if ever man deserved it, it is Thomas Moore. But while Moore

manifestly exulted in the triumph he enjoyed at Killarney, that spirit of fun, which is sure to steal out of everything Irish, tinged the glowing picture he painted of the reception given to him by his countrymen. "It is all very well," said Moore, "for me to tell you of my being a great personage at Killarney, but Sir Walter Scott, who was there shortly after, told me something which amused me very much, showing what a strange notion these very people had of 'a poet,' though it was for my poetry alone I was to be valued. At a certain point in the lake, the boatman who vowed, Sir Walter told him, *that was the place which Misther Moore liked so much.* 'You mean Moore the poet,' said Sir Walter,—'Faix, he's no poet* at all, *but a rale gintleman*, for he gave me half-a-crown.'"

Now Killarney is a place Irishmen always rave about, but if they be poets as well, there is no stopping them. I have heard Lover tell how intense was the pleasure he experienced when he was awakened from his slumber after his first night at Killarney by his "angel's whisper" being played on the bugle under his window by way of welcome to him, and the other bugle player, who would not be outdone, making a sort of Irish echo by returning "Rory O'Moore."

This was a very elegant way of paying a compliment, by the by, and might be matter of pride to any man. It was certainly a heartfelt pleasure to the author, who was destined, however, to have his pride taken down a peg a few days after. He was proceeding with a friend to Glengarriff, and was waiting beside the mail "car"—(for they have few "coaches" left in the South of Ireland, Bianconi having revolutionized the system of travelling) surrounded by some friends, and most of them people of consideration, waiting for the moment to start, when two travellers by the same vehicle approached, and very unceremoniously took the cloaks of Lover and his friend, which had been previously placed on the side of the car commanding the best view of beauties which lay along the road they were about to travel, and threw them to the other seat. Lover, who has the hot blood of the Celt about him, at once interfered, and an angry altercation was about to ensue, when the driver of the car plucked the offending traveller by the skirt of the coat, and whispered in his ear something which made him give in at once. It was discovered afterwards the driver had pointed out to the offender, that those on whom he had attempted to commit a wrong, were "not to be sneezed at."—"Sure there's all the principal gentlemen of Killarney come out to see them off, and the high sheriff himself at the head o' them, and that the man wrote 'Rory O'More' sure, and the devil a one has a better right to the pick and choice of any sate on any car in Ireland!"

The car started, and the gentlemen on either side, in Irish parlance, "kept themselves to themselves;" but on arriving at Kenmare in the evening, the invaders of the cloaked seats thought it better to hold out the olive branch, and sent a note across the coffee-room to express a hope, that, instead of the route being pursued on horseback, as an order from Lover to the landlord implied, a car and pair of horses should be

* The term 'poet' is often applied among the lower orders in Ireland to express some reckless crack-brained fellow.

substituted, in which they might be permitted to join. The proposal was accepted, a pleasant supper followed, and an early start in the morning agreed upon.

The road between Kenmare and Glengariff is extremely mountainous, obliging passengers to alight frequently; and it was in a walk up a stiff hill that one of the strangers in company with Lover suddenly addressed him thus:—

“I believe, sir, I have the honour of addressing a distinguished author?”

Mr. Lover disclaimed any right to so proud a title.

“Oh, sir, I believe a *most* distinguished author.”

“Indeed, sir, you are mistaken.”

“No, no, sir—I know who you are—I am proud, sir, in having the honour to address the author of “Jim Crow.”

—“Here was an end of my glory,” said Lover—“Rory O’More” being confounded with “Jim Crow,” brought my “nobbs to nine pence.”

This anecdote, in a condensed form, has been introduced by Mr. Lover in his pleasant entertainment, called “Irish Evenings,” a novelty which most agreeably surprised the town a fortnight ago. When first Mr. Lover’s intention was announced of becoming in his own person an expositor of his country’s music and character, a good deal of curiosity was excited. The author of upwards of a hundred songs, many of them amongst the most popular of our day; the author of Irish novels, Irish dramas, and Irish legends, was looked upon as likely to do the subject justice; and the world, to whose judgment he ventured thus publicly to appeal, were willing to receive him with welcome. This he must have felt when he heard the hearty and prolonged cheers which greeted his entrance upon the platform of the Princess’s Concert Room (a beautiful room by the way, and admirably adapted to convey sound), and that welcome given by a distinguished auditory, comprising rank and fashion, and literary and musical celebrity. Mr. Lover plunged at once into his subject; and in an easy and conversational tone touched upon the early musical history of his country, all tending to prove an original school, and a fanciful nomenclature for the strings of the harp. He also contended that music is not to be considered as a frivolous pursuit; that it has played an important part in our own history; and, from Venerable Bede and Cambrensis down to Fletcher of Saltoun, Mr. Lover happily adduced authorities in favour of his position. This dry ground he soon left, however, and asked indulgence for his small voice in giving the appropriate song which followed, “Whisper low,” written to the original Irish air of the “The rejected Lover,” which name Mr. Lover said was ominous to him, but hoped, in the words of Rory O’More, that “names” as well as “dhrames” might be allowed to go “by contraries.” This little point was well received by the audience, and won favour for the reception of this first song, “Whisper low,” one of Mr. Lover’s very happiest effusions, and which we would quote, did our space permit. As for the singing of this song, it was the most novel thing possible. It was putting to the severest test the problem, whether expression would serve instead of voice. That in private, Mr. Moore

has this power in a marvellous degree, is notorious; and it was also well known that Mr. Lover was only second to him in that capability: but whether that *mentality* (if we may use the term) of singing could operate in the large area of a spacious concert room was yet to be tried, and Mr. Lover has made the experiment most successfully.

“One touch of feeling makes the whole world kin!”—

And it is the *feeling* which he throws into his song, that makes his hearers forget the want of mere organic power. His singing of the “Angel’s Whisper” is so fine a reading of that touching song, that we had rather hear it in his diminished tones, than in all the volume of a tenor, or seductive sweetness of a soprano.

Mr. Lover has shown great judgment in not depending on his own singing alone;—pleasing and *curious* as it is, it might want force for a whole evening, therefore has he selected two charming singers to assist in his illustrations—Miss Cubitt, who is vastly improving of late, and Miss Rollo Dickson (quite new to us), a sweet and tasteful warbler, whose clear, sound tones, and nice execution won her well-deserved applause—indeed, both the ladies were *encored*; so was Mr. Lover, on his second evening, in “Widow Machree,” which he gave with great effect, but he wisely declined the honour, and “begged off,” though not without some difficulty, for the audience were rather bent on having it. One word, by the way, on the subject of *encores*. We look upon *encores* in general as injudicious. At the first glance, they seem a pleasing testimony to the power of both author and singer—and singers are only too ready in general to yield to the temptation; but, if we look deeper into the matter, we see that a song, be it ever so good, is never so effective on its repetition. The public are, in this respect, like a child who cries for *another* cake, and when it gets it, cannot enjoy it.

The lecture was, as might be expected from Mr. Lover’s acquirements, scholarlike and gentlemanly; displaying taste and feeling where they are appropriate, but much more frequently inspiring mirth; and we certainly never heard more hearty laughter, than that which rung through the Princess’s Concert Room. We cannot conclude, without wishing Mr. Lover all success in his new undertaking. We will go farther than wishes, and prophesy, to him much profit, and to the public a great deal of pleasure.

A FORCED MARCH WITH ESPARTERO.

AMONGST the various calumnies that have been circulated concerning the late Regent of Spain, perhaps the most glaringly untrue is the imputation of a want of personal courage. Whatever may be his abilities as a statesman or a general, as a soldier his bravery is unquestionable, and, indeed, has often led him into acts which, however laudable they might have been in a young officer who had his way to make in the service, might almost be qualified as rashness on the part of the leader of an army, whose life is of too great value to be risked like that of a mere subaltern. It would be easy to cite a dozen instances of dashing and headlong courage on the part of Espartero. The following anecdote may however suffice:—

It was in the month of April, 1838, that the Carlist general, Count Negri, at the head of two or three thousand men, crossed the Ebro and made an incursion into Castile. As soon as this was known, several divisions of Christian troops started in his pursuit; Iriarte in one direction, Castaneda in another, Espartero himself, in a third. There was a good deal of marching and countermarching, but Negri's movements were rapid, and his information good, and for some time he managed to elude his pursuers. I was then attached to Espartero's division, and on his escort, which consisted of a troop of English lancers and a detachment of Spanish cazadores of the guard, together about eighty horses.

The pursuit of Negri had lasted some days, and had brought us to Burgos, whence we marched at daybreak one morning, and late in the afternoon reached a village where we were to halt for the night. The men got into their billets, disencumbered themselves of their knapsacks, were beginning to cook their dinner, for which a severe march had given them a tolerable appetite. It was six o'clock in the evening. Suddenly, a boy, fourteen or fifteen years of age, mounted on a bare-backed horse that was literally white with foam came dashing full speed into the village, scattering the fires that had been lighted in the street, and causing a woeful disturbance among the temporary kitchens of the hungry soldiers. Regardless of the curses and threats vociferated after him, he galloped on, and only drew bit when he reached the centre of the town, where he inquired for the quarters of the general, for whom, he said, he had most important intelligence. Having, at length, been brought before Espartero, he stated that he had seen Negri and his division, not above two or three leagues off, marching in the direction of the Carrascal.

Espartero could at first hardly credit this. None of the information he had had through more regular channels led him to believe the enemy so near. He suspected it might be some stratagem of the Carlists to put him on a wrong scent, and cross-questioned the boy severely and

minutely. The lad, however, was perfectly consistent in his replies; nobody had sent him, he said; he saw the Carlists, took a horse out of a field, and came immediately to inform the general.

It would not do to lose a chance. Espartero gave a few hurried orders to his aides-de-camp; and the next minute the tired soldiers were disturbed in their culinary preparations by the roll of drums and braying of trumpets. Horses were resaddled, knapsacks and muskets resumed, half-cooked rations thrust into holster-pipes and haversacks, and in an incredibly short time the division was again on the march. Upon reaching the place where the boy said he had seen the Carlists, we found indications of the passage of a body of troops. This gave fresh ardour to the pursuit, but, nevertheless, the men were so tired, that it was evident they would never be able to overtake the lightfooted mountaineers we were in search of, and Espartero resolved to push on with his escort, leaving the others to follow more slowly.

La Escolta! Adelante la Escolta! was the cry, and away we went; Espartero, his staff and aides-de-camp, about twenty in number, followed by the escort, in all about one hundred horsemen, the best mounted in the division. The lad who had brought the news was with us. The general had promised him a large reward if he had spoken the truth; a rope and a tree, if he was misleading us. The poor boy seemed dreadfully frightened at this, but at the same time persisted in his story.

On we went, at a hand-gallop where the ground was good, as fast as we could where it was steep and broken. We at length reached the Carrascal, which is a table-land of considerable extent on the top of a chain of mountains; this was fine ground for a canter, and we made the most of it. At last, after a rapid and tiring march, we found ourselves, at about two hours before daybreak, on a sort of ridge, whence, looking downwards, we saw the fires of the Carlists who were bivouacked around two or three cottages, which served probably as quarters for their leaders. The night was very black, and we could see nothing but the fires, or occasionally the dark form of some sentinel pacing to and fro before their light. There was perfect stillness in the camp; the Carlists were sleeping, totally unsuspecting of our vicinity.

On our part we could do nothing but wait for daylight, by which time we trusted the division would be up. It was tantalising in the extreme to be so close to the enemy, whom we might easily have surprised, and not to have sufficient men to attack him; although, even had we been more numerous, it would still have been the best policy to wait till morning, for in the confusion of a night attack many of the Carlists would doubtless have escaped. There we remained then, perfectly awaiting the arrival of the division. It was a most exciting situation, and we were in a fever of anxiety and suspense, fearful lest our prey might yet slip through our fingers. We listened to every sound of the wind and rustle amongst the trees, taking it for the tramp of our approaching troops, although we knew well enough that they must still be a long way behind us.

Two hours passed in this manner, during which we saw the bivouac fires one after the other smoulder away, and become extinguished. At last the first faint tinge of gray appeared in the east; a brass band was

heard clanging out the *diana*, and immediately all was bustle and preparation among the Carlists. They were soon ready for the march, and presently we saw a long dark line winding like a huge snake through the glimmering twilight; it was the Carlist column moving rapidly away, refreshed by the night's repose, and marching at a pace which made it pretty evident we should never catch them if we waited the coming up of our tired comrades. It was a risking thing to do, to attack upwards of two thousand men with only a hundred dragoons; but the temptation was great, and Espartero was just the man to give way to it. Putting himself at the head of the escort, he gave the word, and dashed after the Carlists at a gallop. As soon as the latter perceived us, their handful of cavalry faced about, and made as if they would have charged us, but when they saw us coming steadily on, they turned and went off at a *vaive-qui*, at sort of pace, which soon carried them to a safe distance. We did not care much about them; there were two thousand infantry marching in a column of fours, and we considered that if we made sure of *those*, it would not be a bad morning's work. We soon overtook them, and without striking a blow, or killing or wounding a single man, we cantered along the side of the column, shouting as we passed, "Halt! Down with your arms! Quarter for all!" The Carlists thought, no doubt, that a whole division was upon them, and panic-struck they obeyed our orders, and halted as they were bid. We rode to the very head of the column, right in front of everything, and then halted and faced about, and there we were with all our troubles before us: two thousand prisoners to keep, and a hundred men to keep them.

It was now getting pretty light, and the Carlists were able to see our small numbers. Certainly, if they had chosen to give us a volley, they might have exterminated us, but they still supposed the division to be close at our heels, and thought it better to submit with a good grace. When it became broad daylight, and half an hour or more had elapsed without any accession to our strength, I saw some of the Carlist officers looking at one another, as much as to say, "They have had too cheap a bargain of us." We were scarcely even numerous enough to guard the muskets, and we should have found ourselves in the awkward position of having caught a Tartar, but for the very temerity of the attack, which prevented the enemy from suspecting how far we were from our main body. All remained quiet, and at last, to our great joy, the division came up, and our prisoners were secured, not a man escaping, except the cavalry and Count Negri himself, who accompanied them in their flight, and returned mightily crestfallen to the Carlist country.

Inquiries were now made for the lad who had brought the information concerning the whereabouts of the enemy; it appeared that he had been terrified and confused by the menace of being shot or hung if he misled us, that when we charged he seized the opportunity of escaping. He concealed himself in some village, and several days elapsed before he could be traced; at last he was discovered, and by Espartero's orders amply rewarded for the important service he had rendered to the Queen's cause.

HOW LATELY THE JOY-BELLS WERE RINGING.

BY THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

How lately the Joy-bells were ringing,
 To welcome thy marriage, young Bride !
 How lately the fond summons bringing
 The friends of thy youth to thy side !
 Now, heavy and mournfully peeling
 The sound of thy funeral knell,
 And the steps of the mourners are stealing
 Thro' the home where they brought thee to dwell !
 The home where all glad, and gay hearted,
 They blest thee and bid thee rejoice :—
 But the light of thy smile is departed,
 And silent the tones of thy voice !
 Oh, weep ye the loved and the loving !
 The fair happy face that is gone !
 The form, o'er which, cold and unmoving,
 Lies the weight of the funeral stone !
 Yes, weep ! for no angel was kinder
 Than she, in her beauty and bloom ;
 And dread was the stroke that consigned her
 So early, so prized, to the tomb.
 Remember her sadly ! Remember
 When blossoms of Spring-time shall wave,
 And when the bleak winds of December
 Creep moaningly over her grave :
 When by Christmas hearths cheerfully blazing,
 The old year rolls silently by,
 And eyes that are wistfully gazing
 Perceive not the red embers die :

Filled with visions of memories tender,
Of happiness heavenly bright,
And of stars in whose clear solemn splendour
The churchyard lies gleaming by night !—
The Saviour, acquainted with sorrow,
Forbids not to mourn for the dead ;
Yet not as if death had no morrow
Be the tears that we bitterly shed ;
We know that we ne'er can behold her
In the perishing beauty of Earth,—
That our arms never more shall enfold her
With welcomes of blessing and mirth,—
But an awful and glorious meeting
Remaineth to comfort us yet,
In a world where our hopes are not fleeting,
Where the sunshine of joy shall not set.
There, night shall be turned into morning,
And Darkness give place unto Day,
The bruising, the weeping, the scorning,
The turmoil of life pass away.
There, gladly that innocent Spirit
(Renewed by a Heavenly birth)
Whole ages of bliss shall inherit
For an hour of sorrow on Earth !
Yet hard is the Parents' deep anguish
Though by Faith, and Religion beguiled ;—
Long, long must they sorrow and languish
And yearn for their beautiful child.
And long,—for his heart is but human,—
The desolate bridegroom shall grieve,
And that sweet face, half child and half woman,
Still haunt him at morning and eve :
At the sound of her light footsteps falling
He shall murmur and smile in his sleep :
In dreams he shall hear her voice calling
And wake, to remember and weep !

A NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE.*

IT was our intention to have reviewed this work seriously, in the present number of the Magazine; but an unlucky curiosity prompting us to turn, first, to the chapter at page 51, vol. 2—we stumbled on so bewildering a passage that we have done nothing but grope about in it ever since—even as the old woman who had her identity “cut all round about,” and tried, in vain, to recognise herself by the help of her little dog.

“Mr. Hood was a wit about town, and a philosopher while recovering from ‘the effects of last night.’ His writings tended to give an unfavourable view of human nature, to make one suspicious and scornful. On the whole, though you had been amused and interested as you went on, you were left uncomfortable, and wished you could forget what you had read.”

A wit about town! What town? Certainly not London. Not, it may be taken for Granted, the Great Metropolis. The Country knows better. We are hardly reckoned a wit, even at Whitsuntide, about Ponder’s End—a mere village. About town, as unknown for *jeux d’esprit* as the Townley marbles. Had the phrase referred, indeed, to Horace or James Smith, it might have had some consonance; or likelier still, if it had been applied to our all-but namesake, the author of “Sayings and Doings,” who was notoriously a wit about town, and especially about midnight. Hook, as Mr. R. H. Horne truly says, possessed both wit and humour. It was he who, when C., the publisher, wished to re-christen his unprofitable “Factory Boy,” replied, “O, nothing more easy—call him the Unsatisfactory Boy!”—a repartee far beyond the wickedness of our wit, if it had been had up at Marlborough-street on purpose.

Such a convivialist, famous for lighting up certain of the club-houses with laughing gas, had occasionally, no doubt, to philosophize at a serious breakfast, after a gay supper. As much has been hinted by his biographers. But who ever heard of our recovering from “the effects of over night?” Why, last night we drank nothing but gruel—not elevated by rum, and sugar, and spice, into a caudle,—but plain temperance gruel—a cup of Scotch porridge drowned in a bason of water. Who *could* recover from that? The early Edinburgh Reviewers, indeed, professed, according to Sidney Smith, to “philosophize on a little oat-meal,” but experience soon showed that it was impossible to be Transcendental on Horse-Parliament-Cakes.

A worse count in the indictment now demands a plea—that “our writing tends to give an unfavourable view of human nature; to make one suspicious and scornful!” Not Guilty! It is no fault of ours if

* A New Spirit of the Age. Edited by R. H. Horne. Smith and Elder.

some noses have a pugnacious turn-up with all mankind ; if some faces, with what ought to be a pair of right-and-left eyes, cast only a sinister glance at the human race. It was never our peculiar pleasure to represent our fellow-creatures as no better than they should be—on the contrary, like the good mother when somebody described her children as little angels, we “ wish they was.” If, therefore, those who have been amused and interested by our poor lucubrations, have been left uncomfortable on the whole, and wished to forget what they had read, it must have been from some other cause than our misanthropy—the presence, perhaps, as objected to in the majority of our “ Whims and Oddities,” of some “ painful physicality ;” for example, an old man with his night-cap a-light ; an unpleasant incident enough, as a bare fact, but at least serio-comic when he goes sniffing down stairs to ask John and Mary if they do not smell fire ? But it is as impossible to please all tastes as to suit some notions of coziness. Even in the first number of this magazine, there were readers of the “ Haunted House,” to whom a ghost or goblin of any kind would have been a real comfort. A desirable spectre is certainly “ A New Spirit of the Age,” and ought to figure conspicuously in Mr. George Robins’s next advertisement of an old Family Mansion.

And now to come to a palpable personality, who will believe that we, a wit about Town, and a philosopher on sermons and soda-water, resemble “ a gentleman of a serious turn of mind, who is out of health ”—or, in plain English, a consumptive Methodist parson ? Grave we certainly are, and an invalid ; but who can credit that with “ this unpromising outside and melancholic atmosphere,” we are the wit of the Athenæum—the wag of the Carlton—the practical joker of the Garrick—the life of the Green Room ? Who will swallow — ? but stop. An ingenious friend suggests that we are, possibly, the victim of a mistake of the press—the substitution of a D for a K—that we have had our name, as Byron says, blundered in the Gazette.

“ Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch : I knew a man whose loss
Was printed Grove, although his name was Glose.”

An explanation the more plausible, seeing that Mr. Horne has hung us elsewhere with compliments much too flattering to quote. So for the present we gratefully make our best bow to him, only requesting that in his second, or at any rate his third edition of “ A New Spirit of the Age,” he will have the kindness to insert the following erratum :—

Vol. II. page 57, 6th line from the top, *for Hood read Hook.*

SONG.—BY SAMUEL LOVER.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER, THE NIGHT BEFORE SHE SAILS FROM IRELAND.

SLEEP, darling, sleep, while my tears wet thy pillow,
 Sleep without rocking, this last night here ;
 To-morrow thou 'lt rock on the deep foaming billow,
 The winds for thy lullaby then thou 'lt hear :
 But when across the wide wave yonder,
 In freedom, thro' stranger-lands we wander ;
 O then, with a holier feeling, and fonder,
 My heart—dearest Erin, will turn to thee !

To the land of the stranger, my boy, we are going,
 Where flowers, and birds, and their songs are new :
 We 'll miss, in the spring, our own wild-flowers rowing,
 And listen in vain for the sweet cuckoo.
 But in our dreams, so sweetly ringing,
 We 'll fancy we hear the spring bird singing,
 And gather the flowers in our wild valley springing,
 And weep, when we wake, that the dream is untrue !

THE ECHO.

It is with infinite pleasure that we announce to our friends and subscribers a change in the Proprietary, and a removal of the Office of this Magazine, which, with other salutary reforms, will enable us materially to improve its constitution. We may advert with satisfaction to the evidence of progress in the present number ; and we have already, for next month, the promise of a short communication from Mr. Charles Dickens, and of an original Poem, by R. Monckton Milnes, M.P. The first chapter of a New Novel, by the Editor, will also be given.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

AND

Comic Miscellany.

THREATENING LETTER TO THOMAS HOOD, FROM AN ANCIENT GENTLEMAN.

BY FAVOR OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. Hood. Sir,

THE constitution is going at last! You needn't laugh, Mr. Hood. I am aware that it has been going, two or three times before; perhaps four times; but it is on the move now, sir, and no mistake.

I beg to say, that I use those last expressions advisedly, sir, and not in the sense in which they are now used by Jackanapeses. There were no jackanapeses when I was a boy, Mr. Hood. England was Old England when I was young. I little thought it would ever come to be Young England when I was old. But every thing is going backward.

Ah! governments were governments, and judges were judges, in *my* day, Mr. Hood. There was no nonsense then. Any of your seditious complainings, and we were ready with the military on the shortest notice. We should have charged Covent Garden Theatre, sir, on a Wednesday night: at the point of the bayonet. Then, the judges were full of dignity and firmness, and knew how to administer the law. There is only one judge who knows how to do his duty, now. He tried that revolutionary female the other day, who, though she was in full work (making shirts at three-halfpence a piece), had no pride in her country, but treasonably took it in her head, in the distraction of having been robbed of her easy earnings, to attempt to drown herself and her young child; and the glorious man went out of his way, sir — out of his way — to call her up for instant sentence

of Death; and to tell her she had no hope of mercy in 'this world — as you may see yourself if you look in the papers of Wednesday the 17th of April. He won't be supported, sir, I know he won't; but it is worth remembering that his words were carried into every manufacturing town of this kingdom, and read aloud to crowds in every political parlour, beer-shop, news-room, and secret or open place of assembly, frequented by the discontented working men; and that no milk-and-water weakness on the part of the executive can ever blot them out. Great things like that, are caught up, and stored up, in these times, and are not forgotten, Mr. Hood. The public at large (especially those who wish for peace and conciliation) are universally obliged to him. If it is reserved for any man to set the Thames on fire, it is reserved for him; and indeed I am told he very nearly did it, once.

But even he won't save the constitution, sir: it is mauled beyond his power of preservation. Do you know in what foul weather it will be sacrificed and shipwrecked, Mr. Hood? Do you know on what rock it will strike, sir? You don't, I am certain; for nobody does know, as yet, but myself. I will tell you.

The constitution will go down, sir (nautically speaking), in the degeneration of the human species in England, and its reduction into a mingled race of savages and pignies.

That is my proposition. That is my prediction. That is the event of which I give you warning. I am now going to prove it, sir.

You are a literary man, Mr. Hood, and have written, I am told, some things worth reading. I say I am told, because I never read what is written in these days. You'll excuse me; but my principle is, that no man ought to know any thing about his own time, except that it is the worst time that ever was, or is ever likely to be. That is the only way, sir, to be truly wise and happy.

In your station, as a literary man, Mr. Hood, you are frequently at the court of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. God bless her! You have reason to know that the three great keys to the royal palace (after rank and politics) are Science, Literature, Art. I don't approve of this myself. I think it ungenteel and barbarous, and quite un-English; the custom having been a foreign one, ever since the reigns of the uncivilised sultans in the Arabian Nights, who always called the wise men of their time about them. But so it is. And when you don't dine at the royal table, there is always a knife and fork for you at the equerries' table: where, I understand, all gifted men are made particularly welcome.

But all men can't be gifted, Mr. Hood. Neither scientific, literary, nor artistical powers are any more to be inherited than the property arising from scientific, literary, or artistic productions, which the law, with a beautiful imitation of nature, declines to protect in the second generation. Very good, sir. Then, people are naturally very prone to cast about in their minds for other means of getting at Court-Favour; and, watching the signs of the times, to hew out for themselves, or their descendants, the likeliest roads to that distinguished goal.

Mr. Hood, it is pretty clear, from recent records in the Court Circular, that if a father wish to train up his son in the way he should go, to go to Court : and cannot indenture him to be a scientific man, an author, or an artist, three courses are open to him. He must endeavour by artificial means to make him a dwarf, a wild man, or a Boy Jones.

Now, sir, this is the shoal and quicksand on which the constitution will go to pieces.

I have made inquiry, Mr. Hood, and find that in my neighbourhood two families and a fraction out of every four, in the lower and middle classes of society, are studying and practising all conceivable arts to keep their infant children down. Understand me. I do not mean down in their numbers, or down in their precocity, but down in their growth, sir. A destructive and subduing drink, compounded of gin and milk in equal quantities, such as is given to puppies to retard their growth : not something short, but something shortening : is administered to these young creatures many times a day. An unnatural and artificial thirst is first awakened in these infants by meals of salt beef, bacon, anchovies, sardines, red herrings, shrimps, olives, pea-soup, and that description of diet ; and when they screech for drink, in accents that might melt a heart of stone, which they do constantly (I allude to screeching, not to melting), this liquid is introduced into their too confiding stomachs. At such an early age, and to so great an extent, is this custom of provoking thirst, then quenching it with a stunting drink, observed, that brine-pap has already superseded the use of tops-and-bottoms ; and wet-nurses, previously free from any kind of reproach, have been seen to stagger in the streets : owing, sir, to the quantity of gin introduced into their systems, with a view to its gradual and natural conversion into the fluid I have already mentioned.

Upon the best calculation I can make, this is going on, as I have said, in the proportion of about two families and a fraction in four. In one more family and a fraction out of the same number, efforts are being made to reduce the children to a state of nature ; and to inculcate, at a tender age, the love of raw flesh, train oil, new rum, and the acquisition of scalps. Wild and outlandish dances are also in vogue (you will have observed the prevailing rage for the Polka) ; and savage cries and whoops are much indulged in (as you may discover, if you doubt it, in the House of Commons any night). Nay, some persons, Mr. Hood ; and persons of some figure and distinction too ; have already succeeded in breeding wild sons : who have been publicly shown in the Courts of Bankruptcy, and in police-offices, and in other commodious exhibition-rooms, with great effect, but who have not yet found favour at court ; in consequence, as I infer, of the impression made by Mr. Rankin's wild men being two fresh and recent. To say nothing of Mr. Rankin's wild men being foreigners.

I need not refer you, sir, to the late instance of the Ojibbeway Bride. But I am credibly informed, that she is on the eve of retiring into a savage fastness, where she may bring forth and educate a wild family, who shall in course of time, by the dexterous use of the popularity they are certain to acquire at Windsor and St. James's, divide

with dwarfs the principal offices of state, of patronage, and power, in the United Kingdom.

Consider the deplorable consequences, Mr Hood, which must result from these proceedings, and the encouragement they receive in the highest quarters.

The dwarf being the favourite, sir, it is certain that the public mind will run in a great and eminent degree upon the production of dwarfs. Perhaps the failures only will be brought up, wild. The imagination goes a long way in these cases; and all that the imagination *can* do, will be done, and is doing. You may convince yourself of this, by observing the condition of those ladies who take particular notice of General Tom Thumb at the Egyptian Hall, during his hours of performance.

The rapid increase of dwarfs, will be first felt in her Majesty's recruiting department. The standard will, of necessity, be lowered; the dwarfs will grow smaller and smaller; the vulgar expression "a man of his inches" will become a figure of fact, instead of a figure of speech; crack regiments, household-troops especially, will pick the smallest men from all parts of the country; and in the two little porticoes at the Horse Guards, two Tom Thumbs will be daily seen doing duty, mounted on a pair of Shetland ponies. Each of them will be relieved (as Tom Thumb is, at this moment, in the intervals of his performance) by a wild man; and a British grenadier will either go into a quart pot, or be an Old Boy, a Blue Gull, a Flying Bull, or some other savage chief of that nature.

I will not expatiate upon the number of dwarfs who will be found representing Grecian statues in all parts of the metropolis; because I am inclined to think that this will be a change for the better; and that the engagement of two or three in Trafalgar Square will tend to the improvement of the public taste.

The various genteel employments at Court being held by dwarfs, sir, it will be necessary to alter, in some respects, the present regulations. It is quite clear that not even General Tom Thumb himself could preserve a becoming dignity on state occasions, if required to walk about with a scaffolding-pole under his arm; therefore the gold and silver sticks at present used, must be cut down into skewers of those precious metals; a twig of the black rod will be quite as much as can be conveniently preserved; the coral and bells of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, will be used in lieu of the mace at present in existence; and that bauble (as Oliver Cromwell called it, Mr. Hood), its value being first calculated by Mr. Finlayson, the government actuary, will be placed to the credit of the National Debt.

All this, sir, will be the death of the constitution. But this is not all. The constitution dies hard, perhaps; but there is enough disease impending, Mr. Hood, to kill it three times over.

Wild men will get into the House of Commons. Imagine that, sir! Imagine Strong Wind in the House of Commons! It is not an easy matter to get through a debate now; but, I say, imagine Strong Wind, speaking for the benefit of his constituents, upon the floor of the

House of Commons ! or imagine (which is pregnant with more awful consequences still) the ministry having an interpreter in the House of Commons, to tell the country, in English, what it really means !

Why, sir, that in itself would be blowing the constitution out of the mortar in St. James's Park, and leaving nothing of it to be seen but smoke.

But this, I repeat it, is the state of things to which we are fast tending, Mr. Hood ; and I inclose my card for your private eye, that you may be quite certain of it. What the condition of this country will be, when its standing army is composed of dwarfs with here and there a wild man to throw its ranks into confusion, like the elephants employed in war in former times, I leave you to imagine, sir. It may be objected by some hopeful jackanapeses, that the number of imprisonments in the navy, consequent upon the seizure of the Boy-Joneses, or remaining portion of the population ambitious of Court Favour, will be in itself sufficient to defend our Island from foreign invasion. But I tell those jackanapeses, sir, that, while I admit the wisdom of the Boy Jones precedent, of kidnapping such youths after the expiration of their several terms of imprisonment as vagabonds, and packing them on board ship ; and packing them off to sea again whenever they venture to take the air on shore ; I deny the justice of the inference ; inasmuch as it appears to me, that the inquiring minds of those young outlaws must naturally lead to their being hanged by the enemy as spies, early in their career : and before they shall have been rated on the books of our fleet as able seamen.

Such, Mr. Hood, sir, is the prospect before us ! And unless you, and some of your friends who have influence at Court, can get up a giant as a forlorn hope, it is all over with this ill-fated land.

In reference to your own affairs, sir, you will take whatever course may seem to you most prudent and advisable after this warning. It is not a warning to be slighted : that I happen to know. I am informed by the gentleman who favours this, that you have recently been making some changes and improvements in your Magazine, and are, in point of fact, starting afresh. If I be well informed, and this be really so, rely upon it that you cannot start too small, sir. Come down to the duodecimo size instantly, Mr. Hood. Take time by the forelock ; and, reducing the stature of your Magazine every month, bring it at last to the dimensions of the little almanack no longer issued, I regret to say, by the ingenious Mr. Schloss : which was invisible to the naked eye until examined through a little eye-glass. You project, I am told, the publication of a new novel, by yourself, in the pages of your Magazine. A word in your ear. I am not a young man, sir, and have had some experience. Don't put your own name on the title-page ; it would be suicide and madness. Treat with General Tom Thumb, Mr. Hood, for the use of his name on any terms. If the gallant general should decline to treat with you, get Mr. Barnum's name, which is the next best in the market. And when, through this politic course, you shall have received, in presents, a richly-jewelled set of tablets from Buckingham Palace, and a gold watch and appendages from Marlborough House ; and when those

valuable trinkets shall be left under a glass case at your publisher's for inspection by your friends and the public in general ; — then, sir, you will do me the justice of remembering this communication.

It is unnecessary for me to add, after what I have observed in the course of this letter, that I am not,

Sir,

Ever

Your

CONSTANT READER.

Tuesday, 23d April, 1844.

P.S. — Impress it upon your contributors that they cannot be too short ; and that if not dwarfish, they must be wild — or at all events not tame.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

“ Drown'd & drown'd ! ” — HAMLET.

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of Breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing. —

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
 So far in the river,
 With many a light
 From window and casement,
 From garret to basement,
 She stood, with amazement,
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river:
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery;
 Swift to be hurl'd —
~~Any-where; any-where~~
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran, —
 Over the brink of it,
 Picture it—think of it,
 Dissolute Man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashion'd so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently,—kindly,—
 Smoothe, and compose them:
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Thro' muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurr'd by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest. —
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behaviour,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour !

THE MONSTER TELESCOPE.

[WE feel infinite pride and gratification in being able to present the following letter *exclusively* to our Subscribers ; who will thus be in possession of discoveries, which for some days, probably some weeks, will not appear in the scientific journals. The astronomical reader will readily recognise the stupendous instrument referred to by our Correspondent, as the one constructed at the expense and under the direction of a nobleman of distinguished mechanical genius, and devoted to the sublime study of the stars. Its dimensions may be estimated from the fact that it is twice as long (eighty feet) as the famous telescope erected by Sir William Herschell at Slough. The diameter of the speculum is two yards! — EDITOR.] •

Dublin, 21st April, 1844.

My dear * * * *

Since my last, an event has occurred here of unusual interest to the scientific world, and the astronomers in particular : — nothing less than the testing of the monster telescope ! — with results so extraordinary and of such thrilling interest, that, jaded as I am with fatigue and excitement, I cannot resist sitting down to give some account of our discoveries.

It was my good fortune, you will remember, to be present at the casting of the great speculum, when his lordship so signally exhibited his skill, energy, and presence of mind : and on Friday last I was agreeably surprised by receiving a courteous invitation to assist, as the French say, at an experimental trial of the powers of the stupendous machine, at last happily completed after the expenditure of so much time, labour, and money. Finding that my friend Maclure,

the well-known author of a Treatise on the Differential Calculus, had received a similar card, we hired a chaise and proceeded together to the appointed rendezvous, his lordship's country seat. To prevent interruption, or intrusion, the affair was a profound secret, except to the initiated — in all about a score of persons, several of whom had come over expressly from England, and one or two from the Continent. According to Maclure, there was even a Professor from the Swedish University of Upsala.

The company being all mustered, we repaired in a body, led by our noble host, to the grounds, where we found the telescope erected *pro tempore* on a gentle eminence in the park; the abundant brass work glittering brightly in the moonbeams, and the huge frame, throwing a complicated skeleton-like shadow across the smooth grass. Seen against the dark blue sky by the dubious lunar light, its dimensions seemed even greater than they really were. Altogether it looked more like some gigantic engine of war — a “hollow tube” of that artillery described by Milton as pointed by the rebellious angels against the host of Heaven, than a machine intended to aid in the peaceful achievements of science, — a quiet victory over space.

Some minutes were spent in walking round the telescope, watching its singular appearance in different aspects, and then in testing and admiring the simplicity of its construction and the facility of the movements. The workmanship was perfect. Not a screw was loose; not a hinge was stiff; every joint and pivot moved as easily and silently as those of the human frame. So delicate was the adjustment, so nice the poise. A child could have turned the enormous tube, at will, in any direction. No vibration, no oscillation. None but the operatives of our country and our own times could have produced such a result. It was verily the triumph of modern Mechanic Art!

At last, we all congregated in a group round the inferior end of the machine. The huge brass cap over the larger disc had been removed: the covering of the smaller lens was now withdrawn, and the tube stood ready to disclose its wondrous visions to the human eye. Expectation was on tiptoe — curiosity wound up to the highest pitch — anxiety on the rack — but nobody stirred or spoke. There was a dead, solemn pause of wonder, and I might say awe, for who knew what sublime revelations might be in store for us! — sights invisible to the mortal organ since the creation of the world! What perplexing problems were perhaps about to be solved! What long-cherished theories confirmed or overturned for ever!

In the meantime the glass was carefully levelled at one “bright particular star,” and through the intense silence came an emphatic whisper distinctly audible to us all.

“Now then, gentlemen, for the first look through the virgin instrument.” This honour was assigned to a personage who stood beside me: — the Astronomer Royal, probably, or Sir John Herschel; but my old infirmity prevented me from catching the name, and I am acquainted, personally, with very few of our savans. Possibly you will recognise him from my description — a large square-built man,

very bald, with a bland countenance, and a peculiar hitch in his speech. He trembled visibly as he applied his eye to the glass, and to judge by myself we all quivered more or less with the same nervous excitement. By a stop-watch, his gaze would perhaps have occupied some forty or fifty seconds: but to my feeling, and doubtless to that of the rest of the company, the long, long look endured for several minutes. Nevertheless, no body hurried to take his place when he turned away from the glass: every eye was intently riveted on his face as if to guess by its expression the nature and amount of his emotions. But to all our glances and inquiries he only answered by the exclamation — “Look! look!” with a gesture of his arm towards the telescope.

The noble proprietor was now urged to take the turn; and after a very hasty peep, resigned his place to a foreigner, whom I should have guessed to be Mons. Arago, who certainly ought to have been there, if he had borne the least resemblance to the portraits of that distinguished philosopher. But he wanted the commanding figure, as well as the marked features, of the French astronomer. However, he wore the star of some foreign order on his bosom; and another of his attributes was a prodigious gold snuff-box, from which he drew and inhaled an intolerably long-drawn pinch before he settled to the glass. Like his Lordship, his politeness did not allow him to engross the sight for more than a few seconds; but they sufficed to convince him, that the spectacle was “superbe! magnifique!” as he continued to ejaculate between each *prise* from his *tabatière*.

We now stood rather less ceremoniously on the order of our peeping. One after another hurried eagerly to the glass, curiosity sometimes taking precedence of good breeding; but the expressive faces of those of us who had looked, their excited gestures and vehement expressions of surprise and admiration, had worked impatience into a fever. These raptures, however, owed a portion of their intensity to some gratification vouchsafed only to the scientific: for, when my own turn came, my first feeling was one of disappointment. The two brilliant stars that I beheld, magnified almost into moons, were indeed beautiful objects—their discs sharply defined, and without any prismatic halo, or diffused light from scratches on the speculum,—defects which had been apprehended as likely to occur with lenses and a mirror of such enormous size. But that was all. I was not aware till afterwards of the true value of the phenomenon—that up to the hour, those twin orbs had been supposed to be one!

The company having warmly congratulated the noble proprietor on the signal success of his enterprise, the Gigantic Telescope was turned towards another quarter of the heavens, by this time studded with stars. The Frenchman now took the lead: and whatever he saw, the spectacle was too much for his equanimity. He hastily seized on his nearest neighbour, whom, with a “Mon Dieu!” he literally dragged to the glass—still exhorting every one about him to *regarder*, as if they could all have looked simultaneously through the tube. His successor was also a foreigner, possibly the Swedish Professor, for he had the same cast of face, with the long

light hair flowing over his shoulders, as our old friend Jorgenson of Stockholm. He was also strongly excited, as was a very venerable white-haired gentleman, who followed him in turn; the last indeed, by the glistening of his eyes, was even in tears. And really there was cause for such strong emotion, considering the singular beauty of the spectacle, and the interesting nature of the discovery which I shall endeavour to describe.

In common with many others, I have often wondered at the little resemblance between the constellations and the objects after which they are named. With trifling exceptions, they suggest no figures at all, certainly not the monsters real or fabulous that sprawl on our celestial maps. For example, it would require a very courtier's imagination to detect in the stars of Taurus any similarity to a bull, or in Cetus, any thing "very like a whale." As to the Bear, he much more resembles his vulgar alias the Plough. But we did injustice to the Chaldean seers, and the patriarchal shepherds, or whoever recognised the ancient signs in heaven, and bestowed on them their names. In the course of ages, many of the stars belonging to the Constellations have receded, and disappeared, like the remarkable one missed from its place by Hipparchus of Rhodes, about 160 years before the Christian era. These lost stars, till now invisible to modern eyes, were however plainly discernible through the Monster Telescope; and it was obvious, that when they occupied their original places, the Constellations to which they belonged must have presented a striking, not to say startling, resemblance to the figures with which they were associated. For instance, Leo, which was as well defined in outline by its stars, as our Royal Crowns, &c. in illumination lamps!

The excitement produced by this brilliant discovery it would be difficult to describe. One little brisk personage actually capered with delight; whilst the Frenchman threw himself, after the national fashion, on his Lordship, whom he overwhelmed with his embraces and his voluble felicitations. Another, a tall, large man, walked rapidly to and fro, rubbing his hands vehemently, and muttering to himself, "It beats the solar eclipse at Pisa!"* In the meantime some of the more composed of the party took occasional peeps through the telescope, and from their successive reports, beheld not only double, triple, and quadruple stars of various colours, blue, red, green, and purple, but absolute swarms of comets; not less than sixty-four being counted within the same field of view — some with a single tail, others with two, and one projecting from its nucleus three distinct trains of light, diverging from each other at angles of about twenty degrees!

Judge of our state of enthusiasm and rapture at these thronging novelties! Everybody seemed more or less in a state of delirium! For my own part I can only compare my feeling to the exaltation which I once experienced after inhaling the laughing gas. I seemed literally lifted

Above the earth,
And possessed joys not promised at my birth.

Probably Mr. Baily, the astronomer.— Ed.

Nothing but the dread of alarming the neighbourhood, and attracting a concourse of the peasantry, prevented our joining in a general shout.

As yet nobody had positively mentioned the Moon; but sundry glances at the planet had shown that she was not absent from our thoughts. These significant looks now became more frequent; and her name even began to be uttered amongst us, in spite of a previous understanding that she was to be left to the last, by way of a *bonne bouche*. But the wonders we had already seen had excited our appetite for the marvellous to a ravenous pitch; and of all the celestial bodies, the Moon, the nearest to the earth—our own satellite, with her maplike face—her dark and bright spots—her prodigious mountains, valleys, and active volcanoes has ever been a subject of supreme interest in human speculation. These conjectural fancies the Monster Telescope, with its immense powers, now promised to set at rest, together with the romantic theory of Fontenelle, of a Plurality of Worlds, each inhabited like our own.

Inspired by these hopes, and eager to realise them, there sprung up amongst us a sort of agitation, carried on by murmurs and gestures, which finally led to the investigation of the Moon, in preference to Jupiter and his Satellites, Saturn and his Ring, the Nebulæ, or the Milky Way. The venerable gentleman already alluded to, was the first to look; and after a while actually staggered away from the glass with an ejaculation, which, though natural under the circumstances, would seem profane if deliberately committed to paper. However, it sufficed, with his look of concern, if not horror, to drive us from our propriety. There was a general rush towards the glass, each individual who succeeded, in turn, having to endure entreaties, remonstrances, and even reproaches, from the more impatient of the throng. In this unsatisfactory way I obtained a hurried glimpse: but it served to show me such a scene of desolation as I had never contemplated even in a dream. Wide dreary wastes of white sand, bounded by barren rocks, enclosing gloomy valleys dark as that of the Shadow of Death! Vegetation there was none: but one immense shady tract proved to be a vast forest—literally a Black Forest—of charred trees! In its shape I seemed to recognise one of those dark patches, on the surface of the full moon*, which are visible to the naked eye. Dismal as these features were, there were others of quite as melancholy a character. Thus the bright spot named after Kepler by the astronomers, was made out by the Swedish Professor to be a great conical hill of bones bleached to a dazzling whiteness. To what class of animals they belonged it was impossible to determine: but none of them resembled the bones of the human species.

From these indications we at first entertained sanguine hopes of seeing some living creatures; but not the least sign or stir of life could be detected in any part of the planet. But the most astounding discovery was yet to come. Amongst the dark patches on the face of the moon, discernible by the naked eye, is a remarkable one, supposed

* Perhaps the one called Cleomedes. — Ed.

to be a valley or cavity, which has been estimated by some astronomers as fifty miles broad, and nearly three miles in depth. It is called after Tycho Brahe, I believe, by the learned. In the midst of this huge hollow, there appears a bright spot, formerly the object of much speculation and controversy, but now ascertained, by the extraordinary powers of the new telescope to be *the skeleton of a gigantic animal — of dimensions so enormous as to surpass the mammoth or mastodon as much as they exceed in size our ordinary oxen!*

The skeleton was lying on its side; and most of the bones retaining their places, afforded a very good notion of its figure. According to the Frenchman, who professed to have studied osteology under Cuvier, the structure was very peculiar, and unlike that of any known terrestrial animal, living or fossil. From the valley where it lay there ran a long narrow ravine, which you may trace by referring to a map of the moon. It was strewn with detached bones, and was doubtless the passage by which the Monster issued and returned from his foragings.

The total absence of life, and the conical mound of bleached bones, were now accounted for; the Monster, after ravaging all around, had at last perished by famine: but there is something bewildering in the idea of a creature of such magnitude inhabiting a planet not so large by two-thirds as our own.

To give you any idea of the effect produced on us by so unexpected, and I may say so appalling, a spectacle, is impossible. It was absolutely stunning. We stood and looked silently in each other's faces like men suddenly awakened from a sound sleep. Could it be real? Was it not all a dream? And *that*, then, was the Moon, the favourite haunt of poetical and romantic love fancies — one of the retreats of the fairies! Well might the Frenchman shrug his shoulders and exclaim that it was "*triste — vraiment affligeante!*" Nor did it much surprise me to see the old white-haired gentleman, sitting on the grass, weeping like a child. In reality there was something depressing and shocking in the horrible desolation we had witnessed; yet withal so strangely fascinating, that we returned to it again and again. But we made no new discovery; except of the crater of an extinct volcano, in the vicinity of the charred forest already described.

At this point the party broke up, and Maclure and myself took leave. But there are mysterious whisperings afloat of subsequent explorations by a "select few;" and in particular of some supposed ethereal or angelic beings discovered in Vesta. Their shape, it is said, cannot be distinguished; nor are they visible whilst within the disc of the planet, which is a very bright one; but when beyond its edge they are discernible, against the dark sky, hovering about with a soft greenish light, like that of the fire flies one sees on the banks of the Rhine. As soon as I can obtain any authentic particulars you shall hear from me again. In the meantime, adieu.

Yours ever,

CHARLES MAITLAND KILGOUR.

I omitted to mention that, observing how everybody rubbed their eyes after looking through the telescope, I determined to watch my

own sensations, and detected a slight drawing or shooting pain in the organ; of course from the immense power of the lenses overstraining the optic nerves. I have just learned that several of the party are suffering from the same cause: one of them with even a temporary blindness of the right eye.

THE LAST STAVE

WITHOUT friends, and without money,
 Without power, without fame,
 Earth is but a bitter garden,
 Life is but a losing game.
 There's a heart within my bosom
 (Ah! I know it, by the pain):
 Swiftmess should be in my sinews;
 And within my head, a brain.

II.

Tell me how, with these good servants,
 Song of mine, how we may fare?
 We have but a paltry lodging
 'Neath this hedge, i' the open air.
 Fain would I behold a dinner,
 But such visions now are rare:—
 Peace! I see the hawthorn banquet;
 Come, we'll join the sparrows there!

III.

What avail are Sages,—Muses,—
 If they bring not comforts nigh?
 Ha! they force me upwards—onwards—
 Through the clouds—beyond the sky—
 Comets, planets, whirl around me!—
 Winds and rains are rushing by!—
 Orb on orb gives out wild music!—
 I grow breathless—God, I die!

. ANECDOTE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REAL RANDOM RECORDS." *

THE Consort of our Gracious Queen is, as every body knows, a Prince of the House of Saxe Gotha, whether the famous Marshal Saxe was a member of the same family I cannot trace; but the place is celebrated for its well-known Almack. Not that it was the first work of the kind by any means. Poor Richard's Almanack preceded it by many years. So did Francis or Frances Moore's; and there was a popular one called Partridge's. One of his descendants is a Professor of Astrology, or Astronomy, or Anatomy, at any rate of something beginning with A, at one of our Universities or Colleges. I am not sure that the name was not Woodcock; but it reminded one of some wild bird of the kind. That notorious sporting character, Colonel Thornville of Thornton Royal, once shot sixty brace of them on the same day. Another celebrated sporting character, was Sir John Lade or Ladd: I forget how much he betted to drive some sort of vehicle with two, or four, or six horses a certain number of miles in a certain number of hours, and whether he won or lost. But it was reckoned a great feat. Then there was Merlin's Carriage, without any horses at all. I am sure, at least, it went without horses; but am not positive, if it was moved by springs or steam. Perhaps steam was not then invented. There are still carriages in the present day called Merlins or Berlins—which is it?—but they are drawn by horses. The last invented vehicles, I believe, are called Broughams, or Brooms. But to return to Prince Albert of Prussia, the son or brother—no, the cousin of the present King. There are some curious particulars about the Court of Prussia, and Frederick the Great in the Memoirs of his aunt, the Margravine of Anspach and Bareuth. I remember reading them in the original French—who, by the way, excel in their biographies. The only thing we have to compare with them is the Life, by himself, of Lord Herbert of Cherburg. A noted place in war-time for harbouring the enemy's privateers. They did a great deal of damage to our export, and picked up some very rich prizes in the Channel. One of them, called the Jones Paul, or some such name, terribly infested the Scotch and English coasts, till, according to a memorandum now lying before me, she was driven ashore in Kent, by Commodore G. P. R. James, and the pirates were taken prisoners at Severndroog Tower on Shooter's Hill.

E. T.


RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GIDEON SHADDOE, Esq.

No. III.

"They say that shadowes of deceased ghosts
Doe haunt the houses and the graves about,
Of such whose lives-lamp went untimely out,
Delighting still in their forsaken hostes."—SYLVE

GHOST-SEERS are more abundant than ghosts. At this moment there are, we will venture to assert, hundreds of persons conscious of spectral appearances, even in the broad light of day, as vivid as the reality could be. If we might file a bill of discovery, and compel every party to make a clean breast, we should have volumes of reports recording cases in which the forms presented are not merely shadowy but apparently substantial, — men, women, quadrupeds, and other animals obscuring the objects behind them — figures of persons unknown, or of those who have gone to their place, visiting the seer singly, or in multitudes, and seeming intent on their own business or pleasure, — the men, women, and children sometimes conversing, ay, even audibly, — for all the senses are liable to these impressions — coming and going, stopping and meeting ; or, like the fearful crowd in the halls of Eblis, hurrying on in anguish, seeking rest and finding none.*

Occasionally, however, the phantasms are transparent like the ghost that appeared to Scrooge. Such was the apparition mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie, whose patient, a gentleman of irritable habit oppressed by a variety of uneasy sensations in his head, was sitting alone in the twilight after dinner, with the door of the room ajar. He saw a female figure with the face hidden by a large black bonnet and wrapped in a mantle, enter. She seemed to advance towards him, and then stop. He was convinced that it was a visual illusion, and even amused himself by watching it, observing that he could see through the shape the lock of the door and other objects behind it.

The cases of Nicolai, Gleditsch, and others noticed in the works of Dr. Ferriar, Dr. Hibbert, and Sir Walter Scott, will immediately occur to those who have at all directed their reading to this subject ; and those who have not will find therein a rich mine of amusement and instruction. Happy is the seer to whom the spectre appears in no appalling shape, and whose levée and couchée is attended by an assembly of ordinary human beings, or by the Fauns or Fays of his early imagination.

* Vathek.

In my youth I knew a man of strong mind subject to these visitations. He was a ripe scholar, died at an advanced age, early in the present century, and never exhibited any other mental disorder. The actors in his phantasmagoria were frequently classical. Pan and his train were often present, but, unlike the shepherd in Theocritus, he feared them not: on the contrary, he would laugh heartily at their antics; and when, sometimes, they carried the grotesque to the borders of the terrific, he would address them with — “Ha, ha! I don’t care a farthing for ye: your grimaces entertain me mightily” — and then go on with his regular business or conversation unmoved, till some new uncouth gambol attracted his attention to visitors unseen by any eye but his own. One of his spectres was a strange heteroclit, — something between a satyr and Bottom after he was translated. This tickled him hugely, and he would repeat at such times some doggrel, most irreverently setting forth the merits of a college tutor, who, from some peculiarities in the conformation of his lower extremities, rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of “Sheep-Shanks,” with considerable unction: —

“Ha, ha! Ha, ha! — There you are!”

“The satyrs of old were satyrs of note,
With the head of a man and the legs of a goat;
But our satyr so famous all satyrs surpasses,
For his legs are a sheep’s and his head is an ass’s.”

The fatal case of the unhappy patient, who was at first haunted by a spectral cat that came and disappeared he could not exactly tell how, then by a gentleman usher, who glided beside him or before him wherever he went, and lastly by a human skeleton that never left him, is stated at large by Dr. Hibbert and Sir Walter. Though the narrative is in substance the same as told by both, the graphic power of Scott, who, occasionally, confessed to the equipment of his friend’s story with a hat and walking cane, brings the scene before us. After relating the different stages of the disease, the author of the “Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft” proceeds thus: —

“The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details, how strongly this visionary apparition was fixed in the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom’s appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies as might bring his common sense, which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. ‘This skeleton then,’ said the Doctor, ‘seems to you to be always present to your imagination?’ — ‘It is my fate, unhappily,’ answered the invalid, ‘always to see it.’ — ‘Then I understand,’ continued the physician, ‘it is now present to your imagination?’ — ‘To my imagination it certainly is so,’ replied the sick man. — ‘And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?’ the physician inquired. — ‘Immediately at the foot of my bed; when the curtains are left a little open,’ answered the invalid, ‘the skeleton,

to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space.'— 'You say you are sensible of the delusion,' said his friend; 'have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied, and convince yourself of the illusion?'—The poor man sighed and shook his head negatively. 'Well,' said the Doctor, 'we will try the experiment otherwise.' Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains at the foot of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible?— 'Not entirely so,' replied the patient, 'because your person is betwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder.'

"It is alleged the man of science started on the instant, despite philosophy, on receiving an answer ascertaining, with such minuteness, that the ideal spectre was close to his own person. He resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equally indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them."

Sir David Brewster in his "Letters on Natural Magic," relates some curious instances of spectral illusions. On one occasion, the afflicted patient, a lady who had been subject to these attacks, saw the appearance of an approaching carriage and four. As it arrived within a few yards of the windows the party inside presented a ghastly company of skeletons and other hideous figures driven by postillions of the same unearthly class. The lady exclaimed, "What have I seen?" and the whole vanished.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these were of them."

It is undoubtedly true that these painful visitations yield, in most cases, to the power of medicine and regimen as readily as other bodily or mental derangements. Minds thus diseased have been ministered to with as much success as bodies suffering under the other disorders to which flesh is heir; and, as the cure proceeds, the spectral images, generally, become less and less vivid till they are hardly visible, and at last disappear altogether.

Dr. Hibbert remarks that when ideas of vision are rendered unduly intense, three stages of excitement may give rise to spectral impressions. In the first stage nothing more than the outlines of the recollected images of the mind are, he observes, rendered as vivid as external impressions. In the second, ideas are vivified during darkness so as to produce phantasms of a perfect form; but these are easily expelled by a strong exposure to light. In the third, the illusions are *not* dispelled by light; but may subsist during the influence of sensations of an ordinary degree of intensity.

It was but the other day that an example of such impressions was

elicited in a court of justice. During the trial consequent upon the murder of the late Mr. Butler Bryan, Frances Myler deposed that she was in the wood on the day of the murder, heard the shot, and saw the man who discharged the pistol run away. This witness had manifested great excitement: on one occasion the judge termed it a paroxysm of excitement. She was thus cross-examined, according to the newspaper report —

Mr. Lynch. "Did you ever see Mr. Bryan since he was shot?"

Witness. "Yes, after."

Judge Ball (in surprise). "After he was shot?"

Witness. "Yes, my lord."

Mr. Lynch. "Where did you see him?"

Witness. "I saw his ghost." (A laugh.) "Sorrow one need laugh at it."

Mr. Lynch. "Was it the ghost of Mr. Bryan that told you to come and give information?"

Witness. "No; I never spoke to the ghost. I only think, if I shut my eyes, that it is forment me." *

Sir David Brewster well observes, that although it is not probable that we shall ever be able to understand the actual manner in which a person of sound mind beholds spectral apparitions in the broad light of day, yet we may arrive at such a degree of knowledge on the subject as to satisfy rational curiosity and to strip the phenomena of every attribute of the marvellous. "Even the vision of natural objects," writes Sir David, in continuation, "presents to us insurmountable difficulties, if we seek to understand the precise part which the mind performs in perceiving them; but the philosopher considers that he has given a satisfactory explanation of vision when he demonstrates that distinct pictures of external objects are painted on the retina, and that this membrane communicates with the brain by means of nerves of the same substance as itself, and of which it is merely an expansion. Here we reach the gulf which human intelligence cannot pass; and if the presumptuous mind of man shall dare to extend its speculations farther, it will do it only to evince its incapacity and mortify its pride."

The same accomplished philosopher, in conversing with the lady to whose case we have referred, and who had read Dr. Hibbert's work previous to her attack, told her that if she should ever see such a thing, she might distinguish a genuine ghost existing externally, and seen as an external object, from one created by the mind, by merely pressing one eye or straining them both so as to see objects double; for in this case the external object would invariably be doubled, while the impression on the retina created by the mind would remain single. She remembered this when subject to the attacks; but the state of agitation which generally accompanies them seems to have prevented her from making the experiment as a matter of curiosity.†

The cases of Nicolai and of this lady proceeded, apparently, from derangement of stomach. Her first illusion affected her ear only.

* Times, 7th March, 1844.

† Letters on Natural Magic.

Colonel Gardiner had sustained a severe shock by a fall from his horse a short time before the vision, accompanied by vocal reproof, that impressed his mind so strongly and worked so great a moral and religious change in his character up to the time of his death at Prestonpans. The effect produced by the disordered body upon the mind is strongly illustrated by the case recorded by Dr. Patouillet. A family of nine persons had

— eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner.*

Their madness affected them variously. One jumped into a pond. Another shouted that within a month a neighbour would lose a cow. A third proclaimed that the crown piece of sixty pence would soon rise to five livres. Their senses returned, it is true, on the next day, but no memory of what had passed remained, and all the nine saw objects double. On the third day every object appeared to them as red as scarlet; and Sir David Brewster, in his comments on the case, observes, that this red light was probably nothing more than the red phosphorescence produced by the pressure of bloodvessels on the retina, and analogous to the masses of blue, green, yellow, and red light produced by a similar pressure in headaches, arising from a disordered state of the digestive organs.

The mind, then, when we labour under excitement, depression, or certain forms of disease, is in a state to receive unreal impressions, and to embody, as it were, well-remembered forms. The conscience-stricken murderer is haunted by his victim, and exclaims —

“ If I stand here, I saw him.”

These bodiless creations have formed a most effectual part of the machinery of poets from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In every age, in every language, these aerial visitations are made to fall upon the melancholy or guilty eye and ear. The Ghost of Caesar rises before Brutus : —

“ How ill this taper burnes. Ha! who comes heere ?

I think it is the weaknesse of mine eyes

That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.

It comes upon me : art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angell, or some divell,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare ?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evill spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comst thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well then I shall see thee againe ?

Ghost. I, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then :

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.”

Black Henbane — *Hyoscyamus niger*.

Again, towards the end of the Fifth Act : —

“ *Clitus*. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus: looke, he meditates.
Clit. Now is that noble vessell full of griefe,
 That it runnes over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.
Volum. What says my Lord?
Bru. Why this, Volumnius :
 The Ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me.
 Two severall times by night : at Sardis, once ;
 And this last night, here in Philippi fields :
 I know my houre is come.”

In the same spirit another mighty magician raises the Bodach Glas before the eyes of the dejected Fergus previous to the skirmish at Clifton, and again on the night preceding his execution.

Crabbe has painted the guilty visionary of low life with a master hand : —

“ And so I sat and look'd upon the stream,
 How it ran on, and felt as in a dream :
 But dream it was not : No ! — I fix'd my eyes
 On the mid stream and saw the spirits rise :
 I saw my father on the water stand,
 And hold a thin pale boy in either hand ;
 And there they glided ghastly on the top
 Of the salt flood, and never touch'd a drop :
 I would have struck them, but they knew th' intent,
 And smil'd upon the oar, and down they went.
 “ Now, from that day, whenever I began
 To dip my net, there stood the hard old man —
 He and those boys : I humbled me and pray'd
 They would be gone : — they heeded not, but stay'd :
 Nor could I turn, nor would the boat go by,
 But, gazing on the spirits, there was I.
 They bade me leap to death, but I was loth to die :
 And every day, as sure as day arose
 Would these three spirits meet me ere the close :
 To hear and mark them daily was my doom,
 And ‘ come,’ they said, with weak, sad voices, ‘ come.’
 To row away, with all my strength I tried,
 But there were they, hard by me in the tide,
 The three unbodied forms — and ‘ come,’ still ‘ come,’ they cried.”*

But if, in a great majority of cases, the spectres which arise from mental excitement or bodily derangement die away gradually before medical treatment, waxing faint and shadowy as the cure advances, some of these startling visions suddenly appear without any assignable reason, and, as arbitrarily, vanish. In illustration of this class of cases, Dr. Hibbert quotes from the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette* an anecdote related by Sir Walter Scott when the Doctor read to the Royal Society the paper which gave rise to his admirable “Sketches.”

One of the presidents of the Swiss Cantons had occasion to visit the library of the establishment. "Entering it about two o'clock in the afternoon, what was his amazement to see the former president of the same body, his deceased friend, sitting in solemn conclave in the president's chair, with a numerous list of 'great men dead' assisting him in his deliberations! He hastened from the place in fear, and went to some of his brethren in office to advise upon the most speedy measures to divorce the usurpers of their stations; but on returning with a reinforcement of trembling associates, he found the long table in *statu quo*, the chairs empty, and every mark of the mysterious deliberations vanished into air."

A still more striking story is recorded by the same author in an additional note to his second edition.

"About a dozen of years ago," writes Dr. Hibbert's correspondent, a respectable individual of Edinburgh, who favoured the Doctor with his name and address, "a gentleman, with whom I had been long and intimately acquainted, died very suddenly. The information of his decease reached me soon after, and produced no slight emotion in my mind, which, although banished by the business in which I was employed, was occasionally renewed by the conversation of those with whom I associated. At dinner the subject was talked of in my family. I again pursued my vocation; and being more than usually busy, if it occurred again, it was only for a moment, and the feeling far less intense. About nine in the evening I went up stairs and joined my family; the circumstance was not again mentioned by any one, we being engaged in talking over some family-matters in which we were interested. After supper, according to my usual custom, I went down stairs to take a walk in the court behind my house. This court was a parallelogram, and mostly paved, from thirty to forty feet in length; its breadth more than half as much: in part it was bounded by extensive open gardens, from which it was divided by a low parapet-wall, surmounted with a light railing; the extremities at both ends were the walls of offices belonging to the house. The sky was clear and the night serene; and there was no light from my window which could either fall or produce any shadow in the court. (You will instantly perceive my reason for relating these minute particulars.)

"When I went down stairs, I was musing on a subject by no association of ideas connected with my deceased friend, and for several hours did not note him in my mind. My entrance to the court was at an angle; and I had proceeded at a slow pace, nearly half way across, still pursuing my ruminations, when the figure of my departed friend seemed suddenly to start up right before me, at the opposite angle of the court. I do not at this moment see the pen in my hand, nor the paper on which I am writing more visibly and distinctly than he appeared to me; so that I could at a glance discern his whole costume. He was not in his usual dress, but in a coat of a different colour, which he had for many months left off wearing: I could even remark a figured vest, which he had also worn about the same time; also a coloured handkerchief around his neck, in which I had used to see him in a morning; and my powers of vision seemed to become

more keen as I gazed on the phantom before me. It seemed to be leaning in the angle, with its back to the wall, and gave me a bow, or rather a familiar nod of recognisance, making a slight motion with the right hand. I acknowledge that I started, and an indescribable feeling, which I shall never forget, shot through my frame; but after a pause of, I suppose, from twenty to thirty seconds, I became convinced that it was either an optical deception, or some sudden hallucination of the mind. I recovered my fortitude; and, keeping my eye intently fixed on the spectre, walked briskly up to the spot. It vanished, not by sinking into the earth, but by seeming insensibly to melt into viewless air. I brought my hand in contact with the wall on which it seemed to lean, felt nothing, and the illusion was vanished for ever."

The narrator adds that, no doubt, all this happened in consequence of the previous excitement of his feelings, and the deep impression left on his mind; but he had never been able to comprehend how it should have occurred, after the subject had been banished from his memory, and when his thoughts were employed on a very different subject; nor could he conceive how the external organs of sight should so readily be united with imagination, in producing the extraordinary illusion, especially with one who was decidedly sceptical on the subject.

Upon these observations Dr. Hibbert remarks to his intelligent correspondent, who had not at the time seen his work, that these truly pertinent questions are frequently discussed therein,—as indeed they are most philosophically and satisfactorily, in some chapters of the fourth part of his second edition. These attacks, for such in truth they are, come, like others of a more fatal nature, when they are least expected.

My own experience — it is, perhaps, hardly worth mentioning — has hitherto been confined to three occasions, and these occurred in childhood, youth, and manhood.

When I was about seven years of age, I was taken to sleep with my kind aunt on the second floor, in consequence of some slight epidemic which had invaded our nursery. I had heard, you may be sure, old Martha's solemn communications to Peggy touching the demise of the two babes who had entered this world and left it for a better before my arrival. One night, before my aunt came up to bed, I awoke suddenly with the sensation that a small hand was passing down my face, and saw, by the night-light, two little children with fair hair and radiant faces standing close to the bedside, and looking on me. They said something, and I thought I could distinguish the word "Brother!" At the same moment, as they appeared to recede upwards through the closed window, I heard a strain of music. They looked so lovely and happy that I was not frightened, but lay awake hoping they would come again, and, when my aunt came up, told her what I had seen and heard. She tried to convince me that I had been dreaming, but I could not be so convinced; and when I told her that I loved them, and that if they would not come to me, I should like to go to play with them, her countenance changed—she

kissed me, and with a faltering voice said, — “Not yet, dear child; not yet, I trust.”

They came no more, and whenever I afterwards reverted to the occurrence, every body looked grave, and I could get no explanation, excepting that, on the night in question, the members of a glee club, all of whom were known to our family, had stopped on their way home and given us a serenade.

I was now about fourteen, and, as we were sitting after tea on a winter evening, was requested to go into the library, which was in the part of the house formerly occupied by the suicidal Guinea captain, for a volume of Dryden. Leaving the room where the family were assembled, with a chamber candlestick, I shut the door, traversed a short dark passage, and had my hand firmly on the lock handle of the library door, when it seemed to be opened from within so forcibly that, holding on the handle as I did, I felt pulled with the door into the room, and my light was extinguished. Old nurse’s description of the captain rushed into my mind. I saw nothing, but fancied I heard a gurgling and moaning, and staggered back to the party (none of whom had left their places), looking, they told me, very pale. After they had heard some excuse for my not finding the book, and after my mother and aunt had looked very hard at each other, the conversation, which had related to a passage in *Palamon and Arcite*, took a different turn.

I can just remember some of the old privateer captains with their bronzed faces and laced cocked-bats and waistcoats, men familiar with the haunted West Indian “Keys,” who could tell many a wild story, sing songs that breathed of the sea and foreign lands, and make sangaree, so exquisitely fragrant, that, as an enthusiast, who had tasted of their handy-work in this line, once declared, it was like drinking a meadow in May, cowslips and all.

A prize had been brought into port by one of these privateers, and great were the expectations of the captors. Hints had been dropped of the invaluable nature of a part of the cargo by the defeated captain, and as the well-secured packages of which it almost entirely consisted were numerous, the owners thought that their fortune was made. Well, they unpacked and unpacked, but nothing appeared excepting some very fine specimens of corals and shells, which my father purchased. Upon mentioning their disappointment to their prisoners, not without hints that it would be better for the latter to point out at once where the treasure was, the captive master and his mates directed them, evidently with some chagrin, to remove a plank in the cabin, the situation of which they described. Search was accordingly made, and, sure enough, a case,

“With iron clasp’d and with iron bound,”

was discovered. Expectation was on tiptoe. The secret was out; and now the owners and their friends crowded round to feast their eyes on the latent diamonds and pearls. The iron clasps were filed through, the lid was carefully raised with chisels; a second box was contained within, then a third, and a fourth. When this last was

opened, fine raw cotton appeared. Layer after layer was removed, and at last a satin wrapper, tied with silken strings and sealed, was visible. The seals and string were hastily broken, the wrapper unfolded, and at last appeared a small silver crucifix, which had belonged to some Roman Catholic hierarch who had died in the odour of sanctity, intrinsically worth about sixty shillings. The faces of the expectants may be imagined.

Whilst under the care of the Rev. Basil Burch, it was my habit to leave school on Saturday night and return on Monday morning. On my way home I had to pass some of the old chequer-windowed taverns redolent of the shrub, pine-apple rum, lime-punch, and turtle of a century and more, and sending out the radiance that shone within through the red hangings with a warmth that thawed the wintry street and lighted up the old gables of the houses opposite, till the grim features and figures carved thereon were all in a ruddy glow, and looked inclined to come down and join in the revelry. If tales were true, roaring blades such as Low, Lowther, and Roberts had, in former years, there predominated over mighty bowls—rovers who sailed under the black flag, declared war against all the world, gave their prisoners, if they did not like their looks, a grill of their own ears for breakfast, poured out blood like water, and by dint of alcohol kept themselves and their crews up to the piratical point.*

“ Every man to his gun !
 But the work must be done
 With cutlash †, pike and pistol :
 And when we no longer can strike a blow,
 Fire the magazine-train — then up we go !
 ’Tis a snugger birth in the blue below,
 Than to swing in the wind and feed the crow ”—
 Said Jolly Ned Teach of Bristol.

One November night, not long after my adventure in the library, as I passed one of these reeking sanctuaries and some such rough chorus burst forth upon the night, a cold shiver came over me, and looking up, I beheld the Guinea captain by the lurid light that streamed through the tavern window. There he stood, girt with his hanger, right in my path, as if lingering near the scene of his former orgies, with his gashed throat, whip, shackles, and bowl of horse beans. His very dress was clearly defined, from the silver-laced cocked-hat, low-pocketed, wide-sleeved, collarless coat, and embroidered blood-stained waistcoat, with huge flaps descending upon his knee-buckled breeches, down to his speckled silk stockings and shoes surmounted with great silver buckles. Then I felt the force of those awful words

* “ In *Black-beard's Journal*, which was taken, there were several memorandums of the following nature found writ with his own hand :— *Such a day, Rum all out. — Our Company somewhat sober. — A damn'd confusion amongst us ! — Rogues a plotting. — Great talk of separation. — So I look'd sharp for a prize. — Such a day took one, with a great deal of liquor on board, so kept the company hot — damned hot — then all things went well again.* ” — “ A General History of the Pyrates, by Captain Charles Johnson,” 1724. “ Chap. iii. Of Captain Teach, alias Blackbeard.”

† The true buccanneer orthography.

— “the hair of my flesh stood up” — I turned and fled, not daring to look behind me, — tottered home, I knew not how, related my adventure, and was immediately ordered to bed, and dosed for a smart attack of fever, according to the prescriptions in such case made and provided.

THE TWO NIGHTINGALES.

AN APOLOGUE FOR POETS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In the deep quiet of an ancient wood
Two nightingales, that since the sun had set
Had filled the enraptured solitude with song,
Sat silent for awhile, and thus began,
One with the other, interchange of thoughts.

“I’m weary,” said the one with weakest voice,
“Of singing all night long to these dull boughs,
With none to listen to my heavenly notes.
What are to me these green insensate woods,
Yon moon and stars and the unheeding sky ?
I would have lovers wander in the shade
At twilight hour, to listen to my voice
And call it beautiful. I would have youths,
Teeming with gentle fancies, quit their books,
And bend their willing ear to my sweet strains :
I would have sages harken to my lay,
And own me poet of the pensive night.
Why should I waste my music on the winds,
Or how sing on abandoned to neglect ?
I will away, and force the callous crowd
To be delighted. Through some city vast
My voice shall sound, till busy men shall stop,
And to my floods of swelling melody
Give ear enraptured. Brother, come away !”

“No,” said the other, “I am happy here ;
To me all needless is the world’s applause.
Amid these oaks, surrounded by these hills,
Lulled by the dash of waters down the rocks,

Looked on by moon and stars, leave me to sing.
 My breast is full — my song an utterance
 Of joy, that gives me joy to breathe it out —
 My song its own reward. — Why should I court
 The ear of men, or pine in useless grief
 That hither comes no audience for my lays?
 Mine is a hymn of Gratitude and Love,
 An overflowing from my inmost heart;
 And if men listen and are pleased, not less
 My pleasure in administering to theirs.
 But if none hear, or even care to hear,
 Not the less happy would I be to sing."

"Thou poor in spirit," said the first; "not mine
 This dull contentment, this ignoble peace,
 To which I leave thee. On adventurous wing
 I take my flight to the abodes of men,
 And they shall honour and exalt my name; —
 So fare thee well!" and as he said he flew
 From his companion, scorning his low mind;
 And ere the morning reached, on pinions free,
 A vast, smoke-mantled, dim metropolis,
 With domes and columns, spires, and monuments,
 And multitudinous chimneys tall as these,
 Towering towards the ever hazy sky;
 And here, alighting on a house-top, sat,
 And looked about him. Far on every side
 Stretched the long line of streets and thoroughfares,
 Trod by a busy and impatient mass;
 Church bells rang heavily on the morning air,
 And chariots rattled o'er the dusty stones;
 Loud was the roaring of the multitude,
 Loud was the clink of hammers on the ear,
 And loud the whirling of incessant wheels,
 Pistons and pumps, revolving cylinders,
 And ever-hissing steam in factories vast.
 But, nothing daunted by the hubbub round,
 And conscious of some utterance in himself,
 The ambitious nightingale began his song.
 'Twas a forced effort, in the eye of day,
 For bird like him, by night alone inspired.
 But still he sang, and on the smoky air

Poured a full stream of no mean music forth.
 Till sunny noon, till lamp-lit eve he sang,
 But no one listened. All men were absorbed
 In the pursuit of pleasure or of gain,
 And had no time for melodies like his.
 One man alone looked upwards where he sat,
 And said in scorn, "*Yon eloquent sparrow seems
 To mourn his mate, perchance by school-boy slain
 Or ruthless cat! — I would its twittering ceased!*"
 Weary at heart the nightingale became,
 And disappointment rankled into hate; —
 "Alas!" said he, "the age of song is past!
 I'm born too late — merit has no reward; —
 The cold, unfeeling, and most grovelling crowd
 Forsakes dear Poesy for love of wealth,
 And all forlorn and desolate am I."

So saying, he outstretched his wings, and fled
 Back to his solitude, and sang no more;
 And living voiceless, angry with himself
 And with the world, he died before his time,
 And left no mourner to lament his fate.

The other nightingale, more wise than he,
 With fuller voice and music more divine,
 Stayed in the woods, and sang but when inspired
 By the sweet breathing of the midnight wind,
 By the mysterious twinkling of the stars,
 By adoration of the Great Supreme,
 By beauty in all hues and forms around,
 By Love and Hope, and Gratitude and Joy;
 And thus inspired, the atmosphere was rife
 With the prolonged sweet music that he made.
 He sought no listeners — heedless of applause —
 But sang as the stars shone, from inward light,
 A blessing to himself and all who heard.

The cotter wending weary to his home
 Lingered full oft to listen to his song,
 And felt 'twas poetry, yet knew not why;
 And lonely students, wandering in the woods,
 Loved nature more because this bird had sung.

SEA-SIDE LORE,

GATHERED BY THE MOUNTAINEER.

THE HELIGOLAND WEDDING.*

THE storm had raged out; the sea once more slept. It was Sunday; little barks bedecked with green, white, red flags rocked upon the long, lazy undulations, and swam far out to sea, till the sun went down, and the rays from the lighthouse on Heligoland flashed brighter and brighter, against the still darkening heaven. One of those joyous craft was almost surcharged with men and women in holiday trim. It lay so deep in the water that the hand could skim the surface. As the air was warm and a soft breath from the south curled the waves, nightfall brought with it the magic phenomenon of the phosphorescent sea. The leaping waters sparkled about the bows of the vessel, like diamonds in the dark, that have been previously held for some time in the sunbeams, and a broad, deep, shining wake following the keel, slowly closed in, and was lost in the general agitation.

Nigh the helm sate a young maiden, who seemed to have wedded her eyes to this fascinating glitter and dance of the main. A simple chaplet of half-blown roses, prettily twined about the half turban, which distinguishes every genuine daughter of Heligoland, marked her out as a bride. Beside her sate her youthful husband in his plain, neat pilot's dress, cheerful, gallant, happy. He joined his companions in singing old mariners' ditties, whilst his young bride, stealthily smiling, drew the name of her beloved with a little stick on the flood, and watched with delight the restless scintillations of the water, as, now for more, now for fewer moments, it hurried along the vanishing love-cyphers.

It is the custom in Heligoland, the nuptial ceremony being over, for bride and bridegroom, with all the wedding guests, to promenade the island, visiting in their tour the wider lanes of the Cliff and Lowland. Wind and weather permitting, the company will amuse them-

* **HELIGOLAND, or HELGOLAND;** a group of small islands in the North sea, belonging formerly to Denmark, now to Great Britain, and situated about twenty-eight miles from the mouth of the *Weser*, the *Elbe*, and the *Eyder*. It consists of the principal island, subdivided into the Cliff and the Lowland; the smaller island called the *Down*; and several sand-banks and rocks, of which that called the *Monk* is the most conspicuous. Heligoland has two good harbours, and to the east of the *Down* is a road where vessels may anchor in forty-eight feet of water. Population 2000, who subsist chiefly by fishing, and acting as pilots. It was taken from the Danes by the British in 1807, and rendered a depôt for merchandise. At the peace of 1814, it was retained by this country."—*Edinburgh Gazetteer*.

selves with getting on board a shallop, putting up a sail, and pushing out as far to sea, as pleasure and the humour of the hour happen to lure on the frolicsome hearts. Such a glad bridal party we behold in the skiff that rivets our observation. Already she nears the island, and the fury of the surge is distinctly heard at the foot of the cliffs which tower up in dark outlines before them. Upon the right, a singularly dazzling white strip runs, edging the horizon, in which an inexperienced observer would descry perilous mist. It is nothing but the peculiar glimmer of the white sand-hills, which, even under a gloomy sky, rise as if touched by moonlight, out of the dark waves. The steersman tacked. The foreland, besprinkled with sparkling lights, and above, the brighter points of the upper ground, came out from the dim night, clearly defined. In the distance was heard a dull roar. The crew listened, and with more and more attention, to the indeterminate sound, until they satisfied themselves that a steam-boat was approaching from one of the East Frisian islands.

The arrival of a steam-boat at Heligoland is an event of no ordinary importance there. Civilisation then sets her foot upon the remote island, and life, or its promise, returns to the desolate rock. Not a Heligolander but rejoices when the flag flies upon the FALLM. All crowd to the wooden breast-work by the stair, seeking with eyes of joy and expectation in the horizon, the on-swimming pillar of smoke, and eagerly judging from its aspect, the distance, and the duration of the suspense—to which every islander is by nature condemned at his birth.

For this reason too was the steersman of our shallop intent upon landing as soon as possible. Another sail was set, the craft was brought so near the wind that she skipped along the waters like a light-pinioned sea-mew, and she ran into port at the same instant with the panting Colossus. The beach, as usual, was thronged. The few bathing visitors were already on the shore, with no weightier business than that of seeing strangers land. Some were expecting friends; others, with good reason, or none at all, looked for letters, whilst many were enticed to the water side in the stillness of evening by the fresh sea air only; or it might be, to listen to the monotonous voice of the sea surge that falls so solemnly sweet upon the soul, affecting it ever as with a charm.

Amidst this continual fluctuation of strangers and natives our wedding party moved, till the first boat from the steam-ship came ashore, and deposited new bathing guests upon the isle. Ancient usage forbade their longer stay amongst the crowd, but called them home to spend the jocund evening in chat and song, and dance. A more vehement pressing of the multitude, and loud cheers pursuing them from the strand, neither attracted their attention, nor delayed their returning steps; for the Heligoland youth—as they well knew—have overflowing spirits, and in the fresh gladness and vigour of life, are not slow to break out, with or without occasion, into joyous uproar.

The table was already spread in the abode of the bridegroom. The sisters of the bride had seen every thing put in order, and the father

of the bridegroom, a grey-headed eighty-year-old pilot, from whom the storm had snatched all his sons but the two youngest, abandoned himself to the enjoyment of the hour. One of his sons, at least, he might now consider as the nurse of his life's last years. The youngest, it is true, was wanting in the blithe circle of guests. He had sailed several days before for Denmark, and since been hindered of his return by contrary winds.

The guests were sitting down to table when an obtrusive clamouring and calling arose without, so confused that no one could catch the meaning of the shouts, still less divine the cause of the wild tumult. The well-known voice of the crier, however, soon made itself heard above the din. Every ear was stretched to drink in the prolonged sentences of the Heligoland Mercury; and, as he ceased, every soul broke out into such unbridled expressions of joy, that a stranger might have thought that some indescribable good had that instant lighted upon the world. Even the hoary father paced through the room more actively than was his wont, and put on, mechanically, his dusty south-wester—the ordinary pilot's hat, made of canvas impregnated with wax, which, with its strange form, affords so good a protection against wind and weather.

The crier came freighted with intelligence gladdening to the heart of every Heligolander:—a large merchantman had stranded some leagues out at sea at high water:—Good news indeed for Heligoland pilots!—conjuring up in their imagination the sweetest images of life. Wealth and luxury surround them. The cares of the world flee routed. Hope, and gain, and happiness have come to their very threshold.

In spite of ancient custom, and the happy occasion, the object of the meeting was forgotten from the moment of the crier's notification. In an instant, every pilot had seized his hat, was off—and already preparing to put to sea. The tastefully-adorned room was empty—the bridegroom himself had disappeared. He returned, however, after a moment's absence, during which he had equipped himself for a long sea trip. His bride alone of all that noisy multitude was ill at ease and unable to share in the general joy. She approached her husband when he entered the deserted room.

"Erich, you will not put to sea to-day? Look, dearest, how well the roses become your Doris—the roses which you reared for her, with your own dear hand, against this day. You will not crop these buds so soon! No, Erich, not to-day! It is your duty to remain. Shall I doubt your love and constancy, and mourn already a widow's lot? You will not leave me!" And Doris strove in vain to hide the maidenly blush that gracefully overspread her finely featured countenance.

Erich was irresolute. Love for his bride, and the defying boldness of the son of the sea—the sure prospect of rich booty—and an eager love of peril were conflicting in his bosom.

"Hold me not, dear Doris," he answered. "I must be gone. Place no difficulties between me and instant departure. I go poor—I shall

return rich. Remember, my beloved, it is for you I climb the wreck ; for you I fight with the elements and with man."

"And if you are worsted ! If man and storm should overmatch your strength. Oh, Heaven !—if you return not !"

"These are gloomy thoughts !" rejoined Erich ; "desponding — uncalled for. Art thou my Doris !—the most heroic, the most intrepid of our island girls ? Fie, fie ! A hundred times hast thou seen me put to sea in weather that might have given thee fear, and thou hast shrunk not. Why so dismayed, so disheartened, and so childish to-day ?"

"Call me not childish, dearest Erich," replied the young wife of the pilot. "I think only of you, and of our grey-headed father. Do you not remember, Erich, six weeks ago, as we sat in clear moonlight on the Sathorn*, and spoke of our approaching marriage ? Can you not call to mind the promise which you gave me on that calm and lovely night ? You plighted your word not to quit me on our wedding-day. You cannot gainsay it. I will not let thee go. It was a word solemnly given, and must not be broken. Misfortune follows else. Oh, I know that you will stay. You will not refuse your wife's first prayer ! Heaven forbid—then you will not—you will not—I know you too well, my beloved." And the maiden fell half-weeping, half-laughing about the pilot's neck, and clung to it, as almost despairing of her prayer. Erich was mute ; and as he cast his eyes gloomily upon the ground, his bride relaxed her hold, and stepped back in fear-filled expectation. The decisive word yet hovered upon the firmly closed lips of her young husband.

"Father shall decide," cried the pilot, at length, in a tone of resolution ; and Doris, clapping her hands in joy, was in a moment upon her knees before the old man, raising to him a look of supplication so tender, so eager, so natural in the devoted wife, that in truth a decision ought not to have been an affair of difficulty to the referee. Nor was it. Matten was an old seaman, an islander, a son of Heligoland. His keen eye turned from the kneeling bride to the open window, through which the growling of the breakers came like music to him. Upon the flashing surface of the sea, tossed single bright lights, whilst outcry, curses, laughter, pealed up from the crowded beach.

"There, see ! see ! they are afloat already, d——n them ;" cried Erich, pointing menacingly and with clenched fists to the sparks on the water.

"Stay then with thy Doris," besought the kneeling maiden, and with both arms entwined the knees of father and son. It was then the old man spake, seized with the inveterate seaman's-passion ;—

"Quick, Erich, aboard, aboard ! and thy old father's luck go with thee !"—

"Farewell, sweet Doris !" said the pilot, stooping over his wife, who, at his father's words, had already sunk upon the ground. He

* The southernmost point of the island.

kissed her forehead and hair, and plucked a rose from her virgin garland. He plunged at once into the starlight night.

Doris recovered to find only her robust father-in-law with her in the apartment. He stood at the window, and, with a quick and animated eye, pursued the glancing lights, that, increasing and increasing in number, were fast wavering into the deep water.

"Cruel, cruel father!" exclaimed the girl. "I may never look upon him more!"—

"My son is a seaman!" was the old man's reply; "wouldst like better to have a hireling sailor for thy husband, than a free pilot?"

"No, no, father; I love Heligoland, and am her daughter!"

"Be easy, then! Heaven shall guard him, and the sea serve him!"

It was yet deep night when the little wreck-seeking fleet of the Heligolandiers discovered the stranded ship. The senses of mariners are acute like those of the American savages, and of other men who cleave to nature. But the breakers rushed with such terrific violence over the wreck, that it needed the greatest courage and address to surmount the peril of being themselves dashed in pieces. Round about, as far as their practised eyes could reach, black spots were visible, which, in countless numbers, drew gradually nearer to them. What were they?—Pilots from Cuxhaven, Husum, Tönningen, and other fishing places along the coast. The zeal for plunder drove them all out upon the turbulent main. Greediness of gain, the glee of fight, want at home, a starving family, and custom, that most potent idol of mankind, had no less their part in the general movement. The call to the wreck sounds to the pilot ever like an invitation to the highest and surest game of chance, but also like the summons to battle. Strict morality may easily hurl her anathema against his vocation, and she shall be justified, although not wholly. For there are usages in life, which, by the mere fact of their existence, have a far safer moral basis than the statute—the formula received for valid. Amongst these, one is the RIGHT OF STRAND. It touches not properly the practice to assert that the perversion of human passions has connected with it faults and crimes to be condemned and hated; but rather the immediate perpetrators of such offences. The friend of humanity, indeed, may be pardoned for preferring the utter abolition of the practice to the toleration of the horrors, which, unless singularly fortunate circumstances should intervene, must occur in the clearing of every wreck.

The operation of clearing brings with it this inevitable concomitant—the unhappy fact that every pilot in his next neighbour sees an enemy and a robber. This of itself has often sufficed to rend every tie of kindred, to annul every right of friendship, whilst the fight for the masterless property has endured. There arises amongst Clearers a bloody fight for life and death in the midst of peace. In this suspension of all human rights, this plenary indulgence of all the baser passions, this surrendering of the sceptre to crude and naked violence, lies alone the immorality of the strand-law.

But to return to the flotilla of our Heligolanders.

Erich had a swift-sailing boat; she was one of the first in the surf of the wreck. The darkness left little to be discerned. White columns of foam were seen raging up the vessel's side. Now and then the cracking of a plank was heard, — or a piece of the rigging dropping into the sea; far and near, the stroke of oars, wild outcries, threats and execrations, and upon the wreck, the pitiful whine of the abandoned domestic animals: — thick swarms of sea-gulls flew around the hull of the ship, or wildly dispersed in the air, with the wailing cry peculiar to such creatures, when any pilot discharged his piece into the living cloud, and rendered their screech more hideous. The various boats now made their violent and difficult way to the vessel. It was half-cbb — the breakers less impetuous, and here and there the white sand of the flats gleaming on single, solitary spots. Erich, furnished with ropes, hatchet, and knife, urged his boat with long oar-strokes through the hissing mountains of foam. Upon him was a host, driving one upon another — friend and foe undistinguishably. The confusion increased with every moment, and the dresses of the pilots, which corresponded, almost in all respects, did not tend to decrease it.

Erich had made fast his boat with a cable, and was on the point of clambering up the ladder-rope, when one or two dark figures shewed themselves upon the deck, and with a wild hurrah, announced their triumph to the later comers. Full of courage, confident in his strength, and never averse to combat, Erich answered the cry of victory, and with one quick bound was midway up the ship's ladder. A loud laugh of scorn, and two or three whistling hatchet strokes was the quick reply to the joyous exclamation of the rash youth, and a moment afterwards, the ladder tottered, and plunged under Erich's feet with him into the surf. The next wave carried a boatful of his own people close over him. He rose unharmed — and saved by the few friends, who helped him once more to assail the formidable fortress. The brief delay, however, had materially changed the scene. A number of wreckers had penetrated through the loosened and rent timbers into the interior of the vessel; rolled out hogsheads, chests, and boxes through the stormed breach, welcoming, amidst curses and laughter, with fearful and well-driven blows, the fresh intruders as they poured on. In a few minutes, a complete butchery had begun in the dark hollow of the wreck, and the sea accompanied the massacre with the dismal howl of its breakers. Erich scaled the planks, his knife betwixt his teeth, holding on, and swinging himself up with his axe. Already he reached an opening, which promised him spoil in abundance. With both hands grappling a plank, he was on the point of throwing himself in, when an angry threatening voice called upon him hoarsely to desist. The young Heligolander scoffed at the warning, and savagely sent back the threat. An axe glistened as he spoke, in the uncertain twilight. Two well-directed strokes bit into the timbers: his own warm blood overflowed the unfortunate Erich, and with a loud groan he fell head foremost into the billows. There were some near the mutilated man, who picked him up, lifted him

into the boat, and cared for him as well as haste, exasperation, and the thirst of plunder permitted them. The spoils of the wreck passed from hand to hand, changing masters, until break of day put an end to the wild riot. Many of the Heligolandiers with sun-rise had already hoisted sail, bringing their booty safely to land, before the rapacity of strangers should again dispute it with them. In one of their heavily laden sloops, lay, pale, covered with blood, and near to death, the unhappy Erich.

Whilst such were the turbulent doings upon the main, the deserted bride on shore had reconciled herself as well as she could to her inevitable trial. The first anguish over, she struggled successfully with her pain, and displayed more composure than could have been expected. She passed, indeed, a sleepless night, endeavouring to subdue the disquietude of her heart, by picturing to herself the happy return of her husband, and her own delight at receiving him once more back. It gave her peace and hilarity, and, ere the morn had fully dawned, Doris was about and active in her little household. Only when she passed the untouched nuptial couch, thrust deep into the wall, and beheld the wreath, which, on the evening before, she had placed upon it, did a heavy sigh escape her, and an unchecked tear start into her eye. Her father-in-law praised the demeanour of his daughter. He was gentle, kind, and affable to her, and, for him, even talkative, as they sat together, over their homely breakfast of hard black bread and a few anchovies.

"'Twas a clear night!" exclaimed the old man; "and our pilots have had a good haul, if they reached the Schaarhorns soon enough."

"And if misfortune were not possible!" added Doris, sorrowfully. "Ah father! a poor woman's heart has much to do in bearing a separation like that of yesterday. But you do not understand me. Our sufferings are little regarded when the chance of gain and a bold fight are in prospect. Heaven grant the time may soon come, when this unblest deadly work of wreck-clearing shall be no longer necessary."

"Why as to that, child, there's much to be said on both sides, good and bad, true and false," returned Matten. "A pilot has a hard life of it, and not always the best pay. Look at him — turned out when Heaven will, to wrestle on the mid sea for what those hungry landsmen call fees and perquisites. Are not the gains, I should like to know, which he snatches from the wild winds and waves, and often from wilder fellow-creatures, as honestly his own as the shrift penny which many a Christian has to pay his priest? What are *his* pence but gains got from a wretched soul cast, as it may be, unawares upon shoals and rocks! But a human soul, my dear, is worth more than a ship, though she were filled with gold dust from keel to scupper-hole. And yet all the priest cares for, and all he asks for is — for you to come as often as you can with your pence to the confessional. Quite right too! It is his trade, and, heavenly or earthly, let every man follow his trade in peace, say I. Let me alone in mine. If a poor

pilot fills his pocket in the storm, he has as great a right to his booty as the clergyman who feathers his nest in the confessional. But that is only my way of thinking, Doris, and don't you take what I say to heart."

Matten proceeded for some time in this strain, arguing for pilots' rights and seamen's doings, and contriving with no little skill to defend practices hard to excuse, as many amongst those of Heligoland assuredly are. He deserved a better auditor than poor Doris could now afford to be. The anxious wife grew every hour more apprehensive and uneasy, and sought in vain to appease the gnawing solicitude, by busying herself in the house. Matten suffered her to go about as she would. For himself, as was his wont, he sped to the projection of the *Fallm*, and made his usual observations there on sea and sky and sails.

Doris took her way to the beach to provide for the wants of her small housekeeping. Turf vessels had arrived, and were now landing their cargoes. A number of Heligoland women and girls surrounded the barks with baskets and sacks: whilst the harbourmen dragged the heavily laden vessels to the beach, and then, chewing their tobacco, gazed indolently on the assiduous coming and going of the industrious people.

This inertness of pilots ashore, which has, it must be owned, the air of confirmed laziness, presents them to the unaccustomed eye of landmen, as men abhorring labour, and unworthy of commiseration, poor as they are, and poorer as old age generally finds them. A residence amongst the people soon mitigates, and eventually takes away, the severity of such a judgment. The field of the pilot's activity and exertion is the sea. Behold him there, and be silent. What shall he do on barren Heligoland where field and fold are not? For nicer labours he lacks the light hand, and—what is of more consequence to him, more difficult to obtain—a market for his handiwork. Nothing on land is left to him but the patient awaiting: the sigh, and often too the curse, for storm and human calamity: since he is ready to venture all in the rescue of others, that he may in the act find the means of his own and his family's support. Land is the pilot's couch—his place of repose after the dangerous adventures of the sea: and hence is it that you behold his idle indifference, his phlegmatic complacency as the women pass before him ceaseless in exertion and toil,—the glad labourers to whom every species of land work is relinquished, as if by universal consent. The patience, the perseverance, the cheerfulness of Heligoland women at their heavy avocations, is admirable and touching, and commands something more than frigid respect. Early and late the Heligoland housewife is employed, and from sunrise to sunset her good humour shall not desert her. See her alone, or two, or four together, toiling with the crushing burden up the broad cliff-stair, and smiling lovingly as she goes, upon her idle mate, who leans upon the *Fallm* smoking his short clay pipe. Well she knows, and mindful is she of the knowledge, that let the storm once rage about the crumbling cliffs, and let the signal of distress be seen or heard, and the bold man is gone to earn her bread—to risk his life upon the

stormy main for days and nights, without the assurance of reward—often without the promise of a scanty pittance.

Single sails began to speck the horizon, as Doris and other women pursued the labours thus prescriptively imposed upon them. The old men who, their wrecking days over, had not joined the little fleet, and were now upon the *Fallm*, fetched their telescopes, kneeled down to get a steadier bearing, or made a curly-headed grandson hold the far-commanding *Dollond*, since age and long years of hardship had much enfeebled their own unstrung limbs and trembling hands. Amongst many strange sails, they distinguished at last vessels of their own. Impatient suspense reigned now for several hours. At length a few sloops ran into port abundantly laden with *cleared* goods. It was a moment of extravagant jubilee. Children, not ten years old, screamed and shouted in wild wantonness till the blue air rang again in witness of their exuberant joy; others stripped off their hose, and plashing through the swampy wall-like ring of seaweed, thrown up by the waves along the depressed shore of the Lowland, made their way to the discharging vessels, swung themselves aboard by the help of ropes, and once again filled the air with their yells of exultation.

One of the first arrivals was Erich's brother, Francis. Upon the point of steering "*for land*," the news that a ship had stranded, instantaneously drove him to sea again, hopeful, like the rest, of plunder. Fortune had been propitious to him. Almost the first at the wreck, promptitude, adroitness, and forward daring had placed some casks of oil and wine in his possession, which Francis, despite the arrival and pressure of his brother's wreckers, had contrived with the strength of his arm to secure. The young seaman was almost beside himself with joy at the fortunate issue of his exertions. His appearance was any thing but prepossessing. His tar-jacket that rustled at every movement was covered with dirt; and bloody streaks, the honourable tokens of his recent bravery, heightened the disfigurement.

Hardly landed, he hastened to his old father, to announce in person the glad intelligence of his success. "And now, Doris," exclaimed the vehement youth to his sister-in-law, as she entered the apartment—"call your husband quickly, that we may have our goods ashore. You look pale, child—from too warm kisses, mayhap."

"Erich!—dear Francis!—Good Heaven! Erich is out," stammered the young girl, trembling from head to foot. ..

"Out?—where?" asked Francis again.

"My son," interrupted Matten, "Erich is as true a Heligolander as thou. Think'st thou the news of a stranded ship did not set on fire his warm blood too? He went a-clearing with the rest."

"Have you not seen him?" almost shrieked Doris, clasping her hands, and pressing them to her bosom heaving with affright.

"I have not, so Heaven help me!" returned Frank, throwing his southwester upon the table, and looking disquieted—"What took the foolish fellow out? Wedding and wrecking! By all the sea dogs—the two things don't readily pair! Why did you let him go, father?"

"Because a poor Heligolander had must lay hold on luck, even if it should strip the skin from his fingers."

"Too true!" said Francis, "and if Erich has held firm, there is no reason why he should not bring home as much as I have won. Oh, it was lively work! Such scrambling! And cuffs going too, I can tell you. But Erich's no chicken; he has not let himself be keel-hauled, I warrant you!"

Doris on the first alarm had left the room. She now returned, holding the axe of her brother, and looking disturbed and reproachfully towards him. "What is this?" She timidly asked, pointing at the same time to the reddened edge of the instrument. "Have you killed a seal? — or — Francis, Francis, you look pale. Oh, you have surely not turned this deadly axe against your fellow man!"

Francis made an ineffectual endeavour to smile; and gently extricated the weapon from the hand of his young sister-in-law. "Make your mind easy, child," he said; "we cannot live upon the sea always as quietly and peaceably as here by the fire. There every man must fight for his hearth, for his life, and he that smites not is smitten. I will answer to every judge for the blood upon this axe, and to you likewise, gentle Doris, if you wish it. I have killed no one. That some insolent envious rascal is to-day short of two or three fingers, is, I grant you, likely enough. And what of that? It is but treating our young dog-fish, for once in their lives, to a savoury morsel of man's flesh."

"Fie, fie," said Doris, as her brother uttered the unseemly jest, and immediately was heard a loud cry of lamentation, that grew more distinct as it rapidly approached the dwelling. Matten looked out. A troop of young men, followed by women, weeping girls, and boys exclaiming in angry excitement, drew slowly near, bearing a litter. A few seconds brought them close upon the old pilot, and then the grey-haired man, overpowered with anguish, stared wildly and fixedly on, as if sensation and life itself were leaving him. His son Erich, faint to death, and shaken with a violent fever, had not strength enough to offer his remaining hand to his disconsolate father. His right arm terminated in an unsightly stump, mis-shapen by the burning iron with which his helpmates had quickly staunching the streaming blood.

Poor Doris caught sight of her mangled husband, so near to death, as he appeared, and her courage—like woman's courage in calamity's decisive hour—attained its highest pitch. She took the mutilated arm, and struggling with her nature for composure, cried aloud to Francis with authority and solemn earnestness—"Now, answer, if thou canst, to every judge for that which thou hast done! Miserable, unhappy man, thou hast slain thy brother!"

An appalling and oppressive silence followed the delivery of this accusation. The knees of the young impetuous Heligolander knocking together, and his teeth chattering audibly, proclaimed the fearful deed for his own. Innate integrity, remorse, and the instantaneous resolve to be from that moment the faithful protector and father of his house, forbade one expression of palliation to escape his lips. Not words, but looks, intense and supplicating looks, besought forgiveness

from the wounded brother : and kind and gentle looks, and one soft pressure of the hand, gave the assurance of forgiveness, in return.

"Doris, poor dear Doris!" faltered Francis, turning to his sister ; "he whom I have so grievously injured has forgiven me. Do not flee me as one marked and stained with his brother's blood. I have wounded Erich, — but, I believe and trust, no worse will happen. By the everlasting light of the sun, I swear to you, it happened in darkness, and in the wildest confusion."

Doris wept, and hot tears softened her pain, and rendered her deeply-wounded spirit once more accessible to tenderer emotions. She accepted the hand of her brother-in-law, and with him strove to console the still stricken parent.

It was late in the evening, and Doris and her father watched together at the bed-side of the wounded Erich, who was sleeping soundly. Placid, and animated by the improvement in her husband's condition, the young wife whispered to the mariner, —

"Can you still justify, father, this unblest calling?"

"Poor child," replied the pilot in as low a tone, "Thou hast indeed no cause to call it blessed ; but remember, not because we suffer are we to condemn the work upon which our forefathers have lived for ages. Customs must be respected ; and this is one that keeps us strong, courageous, free. When wrecks cease, my daughter, your brothers must wear chains ; and chains gall worse than the deepest wounds."

Doris did not answer. Frank shared with her the attendance upon the invalid, supplied him eagerly with all things needful for his recovery, and was soon gratified with the sight of a convalescent brother.

Erich, naturally strong, rallied, and got well. His love for Doris made life dearer to him ; and, disabled as he was for sea service, he enjoyed it perhaps more than the majority of his fellows. In a few years, merry children played about him, to whom, as often as they curiously regarded their father's handless arm, he had to repeat the tale of that unhappy *clearing*. Matten, too, lived some years yet ; and when he at length died, almost his latest words to children and grandchildren were as follows : —

"Never raise your voice, my children, against wrecking. It is an old right and a sacred : good and sure. But mark me! — if one of your youngsters is at his marriage feast, and England's whole fleet of merchantmen be stranded in your sight — keep ashore, and make merry. Such a breaking-up will bring no luck with it. But — Wrecking is RIGHT!"

THE SLEEPER OF THE MINE.

“ FROM the cavern depths of the ancient Mine
 They brought the Dead to day ;
 But long had the lonely dweller slept,
 And well had the grave its treasure kept,
 For time, in his pauseless path, had swept
 From hearth and home away
 His generation, and their place
 Was filled by another fading race :

“ But the bloom of unchanging youth was still
 In that sleeper’s form and face ;
 Like a forest tree that lately fell
 In its summer pride, but none could tell
 The name he bore, for that silent cell
 Had closed o’er every trace
 Of him ; and his luckless tale had pass’d
 From the lips of the living world : at last,

“ There came to the midst of that gazing throng
 A woman bent with years,
 And she looked on the brow of the youthful Dead,
 With an eye that told of the summers fled,
 And show’rs on life’s fruitless deserts shed,
 Of memory’s saddest tears :
 For the face that they saw with wonder now
 Was his, who had won her youth’s first vow.

“ Her youth it had left her long ago,
 Like a rose whose bloom was o’er,
 For the light of its latest charm had set :
 But the locks of the dead were golden yet,
 And no lingering shadow of life’s regret
 The young brow’s marble wore ;
 For the seal which death had imprinted there
 Shut out for ever both time and care.

- " But she, oh ! her very soul was dim,
 With the dust and stains of time ;
 And long from her fading memory
 Were pass'd, like a morning dream, away
 The fallen friends of her happier day,
 And the scenes of her summer prime.
 But the heart in its ruins still retain'd
 The shrine of that first love unprofan'd.
- " And why had the dark grave kept so long,
 To render back at last
 So fresh and fair to her aged sight,
 The face it had pined for day and night,
 Till all of life but the lingering light
 Of that early love was past ?
 Alas ! for the love that sheds the bloom
 Of its brightest roses on the tomb !
- " But life and death they had strangely wrought
 With that early parted pair
 Who met so late ; but not in vain
 Had the grave given up its dead again,
 Nor vainly was decay's dark reign
 Forbid by the poison'd air
 That dwells the guard of her hidden store
 In the earth's deep places evermore.
- " For then to that dimm'd and aged eye
 ' A holier hope was given,
 By the golden locks, and brow so smooth,
 Than ever brighten'd the dreams of youth,
 For this they said, by the fount of truth,
 In the promised towers of heaven,
 Where falls no blight, and where comes no stain,
 ' Thou wilt find the lost of thy love again.'

Several years ago, in working to establish a new communication between two shafts of a mine at Faher, the capital of Delecarlia, the body of a miner was discovered in perfect preservation. No one could identify the body; but it was remembered that the accident which buried him in the bosom of the earth had taken place above fifty years before. At length an old woman, supported on crutches, advanced, and recognised the corpse to be that of a young man to whom she had been promised in marriage more than half a century before.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

It was nearly four o'clock ; and I had not yet prepared myself to give my *lecture*. The heat was oppressive, the air heavy, the sky tempestuous ; and I felt a sensation of restlessness and nervous irritability quite unusual to me. During the last week I had not enjoyed one hour's tranquillity : several persons dangerously ill and requiring my attention had called for me. One in particular (the only support of a large family) gave me great anxiety, and excited in my mind extreme sympathy. In this state I got into the carriage to go to the University. At that moment an unsealed note was put into my hand. I opened it immediately, and found it to announce the death of poor H—, for whom I was so much interested ; and this news affected me deeply.

The stroke was the more severe as I had not foreseen the event, and, consequently, had not the consolation of having been able to prepare the family of my patient for so great a misfortune. Hitherto the chair of declamation had always been to me rather a pleasure than a labour ; the abstract theories of the science had amused my mind : but this evening I felt a degree of uneasiness on my spirits for which I could not account. The events of the day had so deeply affected me that I felt an almost insurmountable inclination to repose. When I reached the entry of the hall, I cast a look around at the unusually full audience, and as I passed through the crowd I heard the name of a celebrated Doctor, spoken of as being amongst my hearers. At another time these were circumstances that would have given me pleasure, but now they increased my confusion, which was indeed *complete*, when I discovered that I had left my notes in the carriage, which I had dismissed at the door, intending to walk home. It was too late to send for them ; and I was now in great perplexity. I opened my portfolio, and hastily ran through a number of remarks that I had thrown in there without arranging them ; happily, I fell upon some novel observations upon insanity, and I then determined to make that the subject of my off-hand lecture.

I have but a confused idea of what then followed : but I remember the applause which saluted my entrance, and which became still louder when my confusion was observed. As soon as there was silence I summoned all my courage, and began.* The first words cost me infinite pains : I hesitated and stopped continually ; but by degrees I recovered myself, and the great attention paid to me gave me confidence. I soon found the cloud that overspread my senses clearing off ; my ideas became less confused ; the words came readily, and

comparisons and expressions crowded upon me. I had only to choose them. As I went on my observations became more striking, and my demonstrations more clear and comprehensive. I was astonished at the fluency with which I expressed myself. I found great facility in treating several difficult subjects, which at another time I should hardly have dared attempt. They seemed to me clear and simple, and I got through them as trifles. Still greater became my surprise to find that my memory, which had hitherto been slow and imperfect, was suddenly become miraculously faithful, and brought back the most trifling circumstances of my long career. I cited an author, and with so much exactitude, that one might have imagined that I held the book in my hand; facts and anecdotes came to elucidate my theories and demonstrations; the cases of insanity that I had witnessed in my youth, and which I thought were effaced from my memory, rushed back upon it as if they had recently happened. I became every moment more at ease, the promptness with which one idea followed another exciting every faculty; and words came to give them expression. At that moment a great terror took possession of my mind. It seemed to me that some unknown dangers, which it was not in my power to avoid, hung over me.

The supernatural power that had hitherto supported me began to sink: my thoughts became confused; strange faces and fantastic images flitted before my eyes. The objects of which I had been speaking came to life, and I seemed like a magician who, by a word, rendered visible the living and the dead. I stopped! The most perfect silence reigned in the hall, and every eye was turned towards me. All at once a horrible thought seized me, a convulsive laugh broke from me, and I exclaimed, "*I also am mad!*" All the assembly rose instantaneously like one body. Every voice raised a cry of surprise and terror; and of what afterwards happened I knew nothing.

When I recovered my senses I was in bed. I looked around — I knew every object in the room. The sun shone upon the window-curtains, which were half closed: I was sensible that it was evening; I saw nobody in the room; and when I endeavoured to comprehend who I was, and why there, a faintness came over me, I shut my eyes, and tried to sleep, when some one entering the room awakened me: it was my friend Doctor G——, who approached the bed, and attentively examined me for the space of a few moments. Whilst he thus looked at me I perceived that he changed colour, his hand trembled whilst feeling my pulse, and in a low and melancholy whisper he said, "My God, how he is changed!" I then heard a voice at the door say, "May I come in?" The doctor did not answer, and my wife came gently into the room. She looked pale and sorrowful; her eyes were wet, and, as she bent anxiously over me, burning tears fell upon my face. She took my hands in both hers, bent her lips close to my ear, and said, "William, do you know me?" A long silence followed this question. I tried to answer, but was incapable of pronouncing one word. I wished to show by some sign that I was

sensible of her presence. I fixed my eyes upon her ; but I heard her say, amidst deep sobs and tears, " Alas ! he does not know me ! " And thus I perceived that my efforts had been in vain. The doctor now took my wife by the hand to lead her from the room. " Not yet, not yet," she said, withdrawing her hand, and I relapsed into delirium. When again I became sensible, I felt as if I awakened from a long and deep sleep. I still suffered, but less severely ; extreme weakness had succeeded to fever ; my eyes were painful, and a mist was over them : at first I was not sensible that any one was in the room, but gradually objects became more distinct, and I saw the doctor seated by my bed. He said, " Are you better, William ? " Hitherto my ineffectual attempts to make myself understood had not given me pain ; but now the impossibility of doing so was a martyrdom. I soon became aware that my strength of mind was leaving me, and that death approached. The efforts that I made to rouse myself from this sort of death-like slumber must have been very violent, for a cold sweat came all over me : I heard a rushing as if my ears were full of water, and my limbs were convulsed. I seized the doctor's hand, which I pressed with all my strength. I rose in my bed and looked wildly at him. This did not last long ; I soon fell again into weakness : I dropped the hand which I had grasped, my eyes closed, and I fell back on my bed. All that I remember at that moment were the words of poor Doctor H—, who, thinking me dead, exclaimed, " At last his sufferings are over ! "

Many hours passed before I recovered my senses. The first sensation of which I became sensible was the coldness of the air, which felt like ice upon my face ; it seemed as if an enormous weight was on it ; my arms were stretched against my body, and though I was lying in a most inconvenient position, yet it was impossible to change it ; I tried to speak, but had not the power. Some time afterwards I heard the steps of many people walking in the room, something heavy was set down, and a hoarse voice pronounced these words : " William H—, aged thirty-eight : I thought him older ! " These words recalled to my mind all the circumstances of my illness ; I understood that I had *ceased to live*, and that preparations were making for my interment. Was I then dead ? The body was indeed cold and inanimate ; but *thought* was not extinct. How could it be that all traces of life had disappeared exteriorly, and that sentiment still existed in the chilly frame that was now going to be conveyed to the grave ? What a horrible idea ! My God ! is this a dream ? No ; all was real : I recalled to my mind the last words of the doctor : he knew too well the signs of death to allow himself to be deceived by false appearances. No hope ! None ! I felt myself being placed in the coffin. What language can describe all the horror of that moment ?

I knew not how long I remained in this situation. The silence that reigned in the room was again broken, and I was sensible that many of my friends came to look at me for the last time.

My mind was awake to all the horrors of my situation: in a moment my heart became sensible of acute suffering. But what! thought I to myself; is every thing within me dead? Is the soul, as well as the body, inanimate? My *thought* nevertheless was a proof to the contrary. What is then become of my *will* to speak, to see, to live? Every thing within me sleeps, and is as inactive as if I never had existed! Are the nerves disobedient to the commands of the brain? Why do those swift messengers refuse to obey the soul? I recalled to mind the almost miraculous instances of the power of the mind directed to one purpose and urged by a strong impulse. I knew the history of the Indian who, after the death of his wife, had offered his breast to her infant, and had nourished it with milk. Was not this miracle the effect of a strong will? I myself had seen life and motion restored to a palsied limb by a mighty effort of the mind, which had awakened the dormant nerves. I knew a man whose heart beat slowly or quick as he pleased. Yes, thought I, in a transport of joy, the will to live remains. It is only when this faculty has yielded that Death can become master of us. I felt a hope of reviving, as I may express it, by the vigour of my will; but alas! I cannot even now think of it without fear! The moments were speeding fast away, and by the noises around me I comprehended that preparations were making to close my coffin. What is to be done? If the will has really the power attributed to it, how shall I direct it? During all my illness I often strongly desired to speak and move, but could not do so. I now made another effort. As the wrestler puts forth the utmost strength of every muscle to raise up his antagonist, so I employed all that my will could command, and endeavoured to impart to my nerves the impulse of that energetic volition, my last hope! *It was in vain.* In vain did I try to raise one breath within my breast—to utter one sigh. And, oh! what increase of horror! I heard the nails applied to my coffin! Despair was in the sound!

At that very instant E——, my oldest, my dearest friend, came into my room. He had performed a long journey to see me once more, to bid an eternal farewell to the companion of his childhood. They made way for him. He rushed forward and laid his hand, his faithful, fond hand on my bosom. Oh, the warmth of that friend's hand! It touched the inmost fibres of my heart, and it sprang to meet him. That emotion acted upon my whole system; the blood was agitated; it began to flow; my nerves trembled, and a convulsive sigh burst from my disenchained lungs; every fibre moved with a sudden bound, like the cordage of a vessel struggling against a mighty sea. I breathed again! But so sudden and so unexpected was the change in my frame, that an idea came to my mind that it could not be real—that I was again deprived of reason. Happily this doubt soon ceased. A cry of terror, and these words, "He lives!" uttered distinctly enough for me to hear, put all beyond doubt. The noise and bustle became general, and some voice exclaimed, "E—— has fainted: raise him up, carry him hence that he may not when he opens his eyes first behold his friend." Orders, exclamations, cries of joy and surprise, increased every instant: all that I now recall

is, that I was lifted out of my coffin, and, before a good fire, was completely brought to life, and found myself surrounded by friends. After some weeks I was restored to health ; I had seen death as near as possible, and my lips had touched the bitter potion which one day I must yet drink to the last drop.

A LEGEND OF CORFU.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ. M. P.

This story was told me by an old priest, at Corfu, and seems to refer to the period when the natives had overthrown the Genoese dominion, and were in doubt under what protection they should place themselves.

THERE'S much of earth that nature dowers
For others' glory than its own,
Surrounded by contending powers
That would possess its beauty's throne.

Who shall be lord of fair Corfu ?
Who shall repel the Genoese,
Now outcast, but in strength anew
Returning vengeful o'er the seas ?

Who shall protect this lovely land
From such vile factions as of old
By freedom seem'd to understand
Mere thirst of blood and lust of gold ?

Upon the fratricidal brink
The nation stood in senseless rage ;
Well might the reverend Patriarch shrink
From such a storm at such an age.

But in the midst his form he cast,
And to each other deaf, the crowd
Trembled before him, and the blast
Of passion ceased, and pride was bow'd.

Feeling how near was right to wrong,
 They will'd their country's fate to trust
 To Him whose justice could be strong,
 As is his strength for ever just.

The bravest galley soon was mann'd,
 And on the deck an altar raised,
 Blest by the Prelate's holy hand,
 While music rose and tapers blazed.

And to the blessed Sacrament
 Nobles and priests and people vow'd
 That they would take this chance, content
 As if God's self should speak aloud.

And all pronounced themselves accurst,
 Unless to him, whose sign should wave
 Above the ship they met the first,
 Their Island and their truth they gave.

Past Vido, past St. Salvador,
 The galley sail'd with numerous train :
 No stranger craft approached the shore,
 Until they sought the open main.

There in one line two vessels rode,
 And thus had each an equal right ;
 From this the fatal Crescent glow'd,
 From that the Lion leapt to sight.

Much marvell'd these, no doubt, to meet
 That galley like a church attired,
 Those litanies resounding sweet,
 Those tapers in the day-light fired.

To the Venetian, to the Turk,
 The Bishop the same message told,
 And none could mark within him lurk
 Or hope, or fear, so well controll'd.

Then he proclaimed — “ O rival powers, \\
 Whichever best our Isle shall woo,
 Whichever first shall touch our towers,
 He shall be lord of fair Corfu.”

All sails were braced, all row'd amain,
 On flew the ships in even chase ;
 But soon 'twas seen with bitter pain,
 The Turk was foremost in the race.

Now silence on all decks prevails,
 Silence on all yon crowded shores,
 Only are heard the changing sails
 And lashes of the struggling oars.

A booming sound the air has rent —
 From the Venetian guns a ball
 Has cleft the sky, and just when spent
 Has crash'd upon the city wall.

‘Tis thus that Venice claims her bride,”
 Shouted the bold Venetian crew,
 And echoes rose from every side,
 “ Venice is Lord of fair Corfu.”

By Heaven itself that thought inspired
 Has barr'd the Moslem from his prey,”
 The Patriarch cried, with rapture fired,—
 While shrunk the Infidel away.

So from yon close Albanian coast
 The Turk has ever gazed with greed
 On that bright Isle, and once his host
 Surprised it in its sudden need :

But God, regarding Christian men,
 Again aroused heroic aid,
 And Schullenberg who saved it then.
 Still stands upon the Esplanade.

MADAM WATERS' MAY-DAY PARTY,

A TALE OF "A HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

WHEN the Sleeping Beauty awoke from her hundred years' slumbers, we are told that excepting the supernatural length of her tresses, and the equally supernatural length of her father's beard, all around remained just the same as when she first closed her eyes. This might do very well for the 17th century, when the tale in its modernised form was first told; and for the 18th too, when it became a nursery story, for "the march of improvement" went on slowly and stealthily; and fashions and furniture, like family plate, descended from father to son. But had the Sleeping Beauty closed her eyes in the year of grace 1744, in this good city of London, and opened them in the present year, 1844, how great would have been her surprise!

Without going outside the door, even within the household limits of "up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," what unheard of, unthought of things would meet her gaze! Where are the huge high-backed chairs, adorned with wheat ears and claw and ball feet — chairs, each large enough for two good-sized people to sit in? Where is the prim grate, its four bow legs perched upon the hearth-stone, fenderless and rugless? Where the corner cupboard gay with gilt-edged shelves, the silver coffee-pot on the topmost, and the largest punch-bowl supported by the "best china," on the lowest? and where the dumb waiter of shining blackness, with its china basket of oranges at the top, and the jar of flowers, and the silver bell to be rung by the lady's own hand, and the square bottle with silver top filled with Hungary water, and the tortoise-shell and silver comfit-box, and the etcetera knick-knacks, which always found a place there? In what strange land can the Beauty have opened her eyes — in the midst of ottomans, scroll-couches, tea-tables, cheffoniers, register stoves, and steel and bronze fenders?

She looks at her repeater — two o'clock — "the dinner hour; and up comes — not Pompey, with his black face, white turban, and silver collar, — but "my pretty page," with his tight jacket studded all over with gilt buttons, and he presents, not a good-sized letter written on substantial gilt-edged post, but a little scented, satin note, inscribed in a delicate, undecypherable hand, instead of the tall, slender, "Italian hand," which Master John Seddon, of calligraphic renown, taught our great-grandmothers. She orders dinner, and the "pretty page" stares, as well he may, and returns with the sandwich tray, for lunch.

Oh, how the awakened Beauty looks at it! Where are the two-pronged forks, and the sabre-like knives, the pewter dishes, and the

choice china pie-plates? Where the thick glass bottles with narrow necks all engraved with flowers? and the long-stemmed wine-glasses, with their border of pin's-head-sized grapes and Lilliputian leaves? Oh, how every thing is changed! And what are yonder pile of books, gay in red, blue, and green cloth binding? A *few* of the new publications. And what those enormous sheets closely printed, which the "pretty page" lays before her? The *Times*, and its Supplements! Oh, days when Mr. Sylvanus Urban gave the list of new publications in his Magazine, a hundred years ago, and which, including political pamphlets, amounted to not quite one dozen a month! Oh, days when the "Craftsman," in which the Whigs rejoiced, the "London Journal," which called Walpole master, and "Fog's Journal," on which the Tories placed their faith, were the "leading papers," and yet each half sheet was little larger than the circulars placed under our knockers, or flung down our areas, announcing "dreadful sacrifices" in linen-drapery. Oh, what a change is *here*!

Ay, changes all around — above, below, withoutside, within. Poor Sleeping Beauty, how endless would be thy bewilderment! thou wouldst almost be fain to sleep again!

Well, but although external life was so different, the human mind, the human heart was much the same as now; and our great-grand-fathers joyed, and sorrowed, and gained wealth, and suffered losses, and mourned, and kept holiday, much as we do. Nay, although belonging to a most unpoetical age, they actually felt the sweet influences of spring; and when the April showers gave promise, as their old rhyme told, of "May flowers," the citizen stuck a jonquil in his button-hole, and the citizen's wife set a bowpot of primroses and daffodils on the table in her best room, and forthwith they began to "babble of green fields." Happy then was the family who had friends with country houses — happy then was the young lady, who in flowered chintz gown, and little flat chip hat, and breast-knot of bright blue, could enact "sweet Flora in the leafy shade," or "Pastora by the fountain's side," — and happier still, if some youth with a fair tie-wig, Valenciennes cravat, and blue and silver suit, with clouded cane, held crook fashion, or, better still, with German flute, stood respectfully gazing, prepared to enact Pastor to Pastora. Yes, "the merry month of May" was still rejoiced in, although not in quite so poetic a manner as when Chaucer hymned the daisy, or Herrick poured forth his sweet numbers to the blossoming white-thorn.

Was it the sweet influence of spring? Was it recollections of her birth-day? Was it the persuasion of Miss Mercy Evelyn, who of late had been a frequent visitor, that induced Madam Waters to determine to give a grand dinner party on the first of May 1744, at her house on Newington Green? I cannot tell, nor could "her woman," Mistress Betty, who was much surprised thereat, as indeed were those who were invited, although they did not busy themselves about the motives; and, perhaps, we may as well leave conjecturing, and go on with our narrative. Well, Madam Waters (that was the style for ladies who kept their carriage) was the widow of the great Turkey merchant, who lived in the tall house in Old Broad Street, two doors

from Wormwood Street. An honourable merchant was Jasper Waters, Esquire, and twice had he been solicited to become member for the City, and thrice had an alderman's gown been offered him; but Jasper Waters, Esq. loved quiet, so he purchased a house on Newington Green, and taking his nephew into partnership, almost retired from business, ten years before his death. And a lady of good family and fortune was Madam Waters; and a stately lady still, although the first of May would witness the completion of her seventy-fifth year. Indeed some people remarked how greatly she resembled the portrait of her father, which in carved oak frame hung over the chimney-piece in the parlour—her father, Colonel Scudamore, a stern Puritan soldier, and friend of the great Protector, "one who never changed his principles," as she proudly said—and truly there was a great resemblance.

Now, for the last eight years, which were those of widowhood, Madam Waters had kept but little company: a grand dinner was therefore quite an event in that formal, quiet household, and it was quite edifying to see the preparations.

And quite as amusing, if not as edifying, was it to see the preparations of the invited. How old Mr. Fleming sent his wig to be recurred, and how his housekeeper dipped and redipped his Brussels ruffles and cravat in the bluest of blue water, and hung them out on the leads to bleach; how Mr. Mayhew ordered a bran new suit of Paris brown, and a white satin waistcoat embroidered with rosebuds; and how Mr. Samuel Waters, the nephew, sent his puce-coloured coat to be refaced with amber satin, and purchased a new pair of blue silk stockings in the Poultry. But what was all this to the excitement among the invited ladies? How Mrs. Lawson stood in anxious suspense between her blue satin mantua, and her chintz gown, and green silk quilted petticoat,—which she should wear; and whether the etiquette of a dinner party required white kid gloves, or black silk mittens. How, too, Miss Peggy, her daughter, toiled at the Indian muslin apron, that the sprigging might be finished against this important first of May; and how each night she stood before the toilet glass absorbed in contemplation of her own charms, and those of a bunch of damask roses which looked "so vastly pretty," in the gauze fly cap. But perhaps the most busy of all were Miss Delia and Miss Chloe Waters, the daughters of the aforesaid Mr. Samuel Waters, who, together with the business, had inherited the tall house in Old Broad Street. Not, indeed, that they cared for their great-aunt, but a dinner party at the old lady's,—what could it portend? Surely there must be something about to happen:—perhaps there were some nice young gentlemen to whom she wished to introduce them; perhaps the old lady was going publicly to declare to whom she intended to leave her property, and would point them out as her heirs,—who could tell? So Miss Delia worked like a sempstress at her point ruffles, which she remembered Madam Waters had commended; while Miss Chloe, who patronised the pastoral style, busied herself in trimming her little chip hat with puffs of pale pink ribbon, choosing rather to fascinate the charming swains to whom she might be intro-

duced than to do the amiable to old ladies, although with a full thousand a year.

A busy afternoon was that of the thirtieth of April, and from shop to shop went the two Miss Waters—to Mistresses Nurden and Hackshaw's for three yards of cherry-coloured ribbon to lace Miss Delia's boddice, and a yard of black for their father's tie-wig; besides leaving strict orders that the point ruffles which had been sent to those capital milliners to be "got up" should be returned before eight that night; and then they set off to our friend Monsieur Dubois in Crooked Lane about Miss Chloe's fan which required touching up; and then, to Mr. Griffiths the glover, whose little shop with unglazed window occupied the corner of Sweeting's Alley, and tossed over half his stock in their anxiety to obtain a neat fit. The longest shoppings, however, like the longest day, will at length come to an end; so the young ladies finally returned home, to receive a lecture for their being so late, and an exhortation to be in time on the eventful morrow.

It was near eight o'clock when in came old Mr. Fleming with two pretty little nosegays of violets and jonquils, for the young ladies. Now old Mr. Fleming was a jewel of an old gentleman, for he was always bringing some little present or other to the ladies of his acquaintance, in exchange for a quiet gossip,—not about the stocks, or the South Sea Company, or about Mr. Pelham and the Opposition, or even about Admiral Anson's return from his voyage round the world, but about more lady-like matters, and now he was come to talk over the guests and the arrangements of the morrow.

"And so Mr. Mayhew will be there," said Mr. Fleming, taking out his snuffbox, and handing it to Mr. Waters; "truly I am surprised at it, for he scarcely ever goes out."

"And I am surprised too," replied Mr. Waters, "for I have often asked him here, and he would not come."

"Ah, but the country jaunt,—well, I trust the day will be fine. And, young ladies, I hope we shall have a pleasant day, though as Mr. Edward Brent and young Pemberton cannot come, I fear you will be short of beaux."

Poor Miss Delia, how she looked! young Pemberton had been her partner at two Christmas balls; and the fine painted valentine with Cupid spitting two golden hearts upon his dart, which last Valentine's-day had been sent to her, was unquestionably from him. The great M and the D, she was sure, were his handwriting; and as to "Broad Street," it was his penmanship to a certainty. How pleasant would a May-day party have been with him!

"However, there is Mr. Mayhew," said Miss Chloe with an arch smile.

"A bear, an old bear," pouted Miss Delia.

"Nay, my good young lady," said Mr. Fleming, "rather rough or so, but a worthy gentleman—one well to do in the world too."

"That he is," said the father, musingly.

"But a great bear for all that," retorted Miss Delia.

Had the said Mr. Mayhew been a small tradesman, Miss Delia might have called him what she pleased; but Mr. Mayhew, the great

American merchant, was "somebody," and nobody better than Mr. Samuel Waters knew the difference between "somebody and nobody." "Miss Waters," said he, sternly, "I desire that my most worthy neighbour may always be treated with due respect. To my certain knowledge," continued he, turning to Mr. Fleming, "he is worth twelve hundred a year."

"Well," resumed old Mr. Fleming, "we gentlemen have cause to be pleased, for there will be plenty of ladies. Let me see — Mrs. Lawson and Miss Peggy."

"A couple of prosing plagues," said Miss Delia, who seemed now determined to see nothing, — "*couleur de rose*."

"And Madam Winfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanders."

"With her everlasting crimson brocade and silver-laced stomacher, — an odious fright," interposed Miss Delia.

"And our two fair ladies here," continued the old gentleman, politely bowing; "but my good friend—who could have thought it? — you will never guess who is also to be there. I can scarce believe it myself; but Mr. Heywood, ay, Mr. Heywood, has been invited, and actually will *come*."

"Mr. Heywood,—why, 'twas said that he made a vow never to go again into company, after his son ran away to America."

"Ah, he was so enraged; but he is calmer now, and so Madam Waters said perhaps he might be persuaded to come and keep her birth-day. By the way, his nephew comes with him, so there is another beau, Miss Delia."

Miss Delia again pouted. "A mere sheep," said she. As Mr. Heywood's nephew only held a place in the South Sea House, Miss Delia's remark passed unproved, although a frown was gathering on her father's brow. But this frown was not awakened by his daughter's remark, but because Madam Waters, "my most respected aunt," as he was accustomed to call her, should have not even hinted this to *him*. "And how did you hear it?" said he.

"O, my good friend, I called in on Mrs. Lawson this morning, and found that she and the Sanders's will go together; and then I saw Miss Mercy Evelyn."

"Is *she* to be there?" cried both the young ladies at once.

"O, surely — she is to go with Mr. Heywood, and Madam Waters will send her chariot to fetch them."

The father and the daughters looked equally blank. The nice yellow chariot, with its dappled greys, sent all the way to town, but not for them! Mr. Samuel Waters almost began to think that "his most respected aunt's" faculties were failing; while his daughters, who seldom troubled themselves to think much, looked most indignant.

"It's all through that mischievous minx, Mercy Evelyn," said Miss Delia.

"But surely *she* will not meet us," said Miss Chloe, looking almost aghast.

"And why not? Miss Evelyn is of an excellent family, poor lady."

"Poor lady, indeed — riding in aunt Waters's chariot! Did you ever hear of such a thing? And what gown has she to go in? Why,

nothing but that grey ducape, that I've seen three summers, and *that* I verily believe Bray in Little Moorfields scoured last autumn."

"Well, perhaps she will exhibit a new gown," simpered Miss Chloe; "they say chintzes will be the vogue, and some are really cheap. She has no time to lose, so she must not mind a little expense." Both the sisters laughed loudly. "I'll ask her when she intends to change her name," said Miss Delia; "but, Chloe, to think of that shabby, stiff, frumpish old maid riding in aunt's chariot!"

Alas! all the grumbling was in vain; so, it was, and so the young ladies were enforced to make the best of it.

When did ever a more brilliant morning dawn than on this first of May? It was as though in especial honour of Madam Waters's grand party. How noisy were the streets even before dawn, with people going up to the Rosemary Branch, to Hornsey Wood, or to Primrose Hill, not to fetch May, for it was only in bud — but whitethorn, which did quite as well. And then, when these came home, dusty and tired, how merrily did the music sound, and how gaily danced Jack-in-the-Green, and the cherry-checked milk-maids with their ribboned boddices; and then the prettiest part of the pageant, the beautiful white cow, with gilded horns, and decked with blue ribbons, who walked so meekly along, gazing with her large eyes at the houses, and marvelling as much as a cow can marvel, why on this particular morning she was forced to leave her green field.

Well, up rose the sun, and up rose Miss Delia and Miss Chloe, and all the rest, — we need not enumerate, — but breakfast was eaten, and the toilet duties commenced. Meanwhile, great was the bustle at Madam Waters's. Mrs. Betty, who was the very personification of order and punctuality, had taken care to set the 'larum at four; so by six o'clock the chickens were trussed, the pigeons picked, the grand pudding ready beaten up, and the gardener had brought in the spinach and the asparagus, and now set about rolling the great gravel walk, and giving the last snip to the yew trees; and the housemaid and footman were rubbing away with wax cloths at the oak-doors of the best parlour and the huge round mahogany table in the dining parlour, while Mrs. Betty went with paste-board and rolling-pin into the cellar, to make pie-crust "before the heat of the day."

Everything proceeded well; and when Mrs. Betty carried up the cup of chocolate and the two rusks on the little silver waiter to her mistress, she brought so good a report, that the old lady quite smiled. "I have longed to see this day, Betty," said she, "and I hope all will turn out well; but now it is come I feel as though I wished it were over."

Mrs. Betty stared; she uncorked the bottle of Hungary water, and gave it into Madam Waters's hand. "I'll warrant the dinner shall be dressed to a nicety, ma'am," said she, "and the sparrow grass is the finest I ever saw, and I am sure the chickens are tender."

Madam Waters smiled gravely. "I was not thinking of the dinner, Betty, but of those who are coming."

Mrs. Betty made no reply, for Madam Waters eschewed all gossip-

ping, and Mrs. Betty would never have remained eight and thirty years in her service, had she not been staid and quiet.

It was now noon; and the handsome glass coach stood right before the great house in Old Broad Street; and there were peepings out of windows and behind half-opened doors, to see Samuel Waters, Esquire, and "the young ladies" in their holiday array. And down they came—Miss Delia, who was tallest and darkest, in a sea-green brocade, striped with red, cherry-coloured ribboned boddice—the point ruffles, a point "head"—that is, a kind of tight cap—fastened in front with a diamond pin, black velvet clasped ditto round her neck, and white kid gloves, and white silk slippers. Miss Chloe followed, in an almost bridal attire of white ducape, trimmed with white gauze; her little fly cap decked with blush roses, and her little chip hat dangling by its pale pink strings from her arm; while, new combed, and washed, and scented, Fidele, the fat, asthmatic lap-dog, stood beside. "Wait a moment, girls," said the father with gold repeater as big as a turnip in his hand; "I like to be neighbourly; so, as there are only three of us, I have sent over to Mr. Mayhew to take a corner."

Miss Delia pouted, Miss Chloe laughed, but the footman returned with "Mr. Mayhew's compliments, but could not avail himself of Mr. Waters's kindness." There was now no farther need of waiting; so in went Miss Delia; and in went Miss Chloe, her little chip hat still hanging on her arm, and Fidele daintily borne on the other. And very pretty she looked, and so thought the young gentleman in light blue, who stood silver-laced, hat in hand, just beside the doorway. "Mr. Frederic Wilmington," cried Miss Chloe.

"I thought I would just come round and wish the fairest a May as bright as her charms," lisped the young gentleman. "Mr. Waters, how are you?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," said Mr. Waters, taking his seat in the coach,—"fine day, sir,—got a long way to go,—good morning."

"Good morning, sir," simpered Miss Chloe, "we are going to aunt's."

The charming young man bowed so gracefully, laid his right hand on his left side so pathetically, that the shepherd in the pea-green coat that stood on the mantel-piece in the best room was nothing to him, and off drove the coach.

"What is this ugly beast here for?" said Mr. Waters, with a very surly look at Fidele.

"La, pa, all ladies carry their lap-dogs," said Miss Chloe.

"I don't see any."

"No, surely, pa, not *here*; but 'tis quite the vogue about court—Miss Chudleigh carried a great spaniel to Ranelagh last week. I'm sure I thought you liked us to be in the mode."

"Well, well, only don't let it be troublesome."

"No, pa."

Here they are at Newington Green, at the large red brick house, enclosed with iron palisades, and where two stone pillars supporting two solemn-looking eagles guard the gate. Here they are, and the

sun is shining, and the tall elms look bright, and even the poplars less formal ; and here, as they proceed up the black and white diamonded path, the crocuses and wall-flowers and crown imperials in the octagon beds seem to have put on their best appearance to welcome them.

The best parlour is reached, and there, beside the farthest window that looks into the garden, sits Madam Waters, in her huge arm-chair, in her raven grey satin mantua, and long black mittens, and Brussels ruffles and lappets, and short cape of black velvet, and gold watch hooked on one side of her stomacher, and gold *étui* case on the other. Mr. Waters advances with reverential bows, the young ladies follow, and the old lady whom etiquette does not permit to rise and meet her juniors, holds out her diamond-ringed hand to Mr. Waters ; and as the two young ladies approach with their lowest curtesies, she takes a hand of each, and presses her lip on each brow.

Mr. Waters is first, as relations should be ; but now come Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, — he with a new tie-wig, — she with her everlasting crimson brocade, at which nevertheless she glances with no little pride ; next follow Madam Winfield, a quiet, stupid old lady, and Mrs. Lawson, in her chintz gown and green silk petticoat, holding a huge bunch of flowers in her hand, and Miss Peggy, her daughter, in amber silk, with the sprigged muslin apron and a most murderous stomacher worked with a splendid parrot in green and silver, holding twin cherries in his beak.

Again the door opens and admits Miss Mercy Evelyn, and, true enough, in her grey ducape, but it is beautiful point lace that shades her neck, and those are real pearls that encircle it, and she looks quite a lady in her old gown. And there is old Mr. Heywood, looking almost pleased, and his nephew, who looks round as though he wondered how he came there. But how kindly does Madam Waters greet the old gentleman. "I thought we should see you," says she ; "friends of fifty years' standing should not forget each other."

"Oh no," says Miss Mercy ; but the feeling of that "no," and the sweet smile that accompanied it, makes it more pleasant than many a "yes."

All are come except Mr. Mayhew, "like a bear as he is," whispers Miss Delia. So the wine is handed round by Mrs. Betty, while James hands the cut pound cake and Savoy biscuits, and now the company all adjourn to the garden for a walk.

A pleasant garden was it — not too natural, to shock our great grandfathers, who did not like to see even Nature herself in an undress. Neither sweet briar nor woodbine was allowed to "wander at its own sweet will ;" and as to the yew trees and box, they were turned into peacocks, and great lumbering black things they looked. But then the garden had a nice large summer-house, with a weathercock at the top, and a fountain with a leaden swan, and two wooden figures — a shepherd and shepherdess, who simpered at each other from each side the wide gravel walk. Ere long the dinner bell rang, the guests returned to the best parlour, where Mr. Mayhew stood apologizing to his hostess for his late appearance ; and in solemn procession, — old Mr. Heywood offering the tips of his fingers to Madam Waters, while each

couple slowly follow, — do they enter the dining room, and take their seats at the huge round table.

O, Frederika Bremer, sweet Frederika Bremer! would that I had thy pencil to paint only the first course of Madam Waters's grand dinner. The noble salmon, garnished with barberries and bay leaves, with its accompanying china basons, filled with lobster sauce — for tureens as yet were not — that stood before the hostess; the boiled chickens and asparagus, garnished with parsley and lemon, that graced the other end, the ducks fricasseed "French fashion," that is, in claret, and the dish of roasted eels; while the middle displayed that elaborate dish, composed of raisins, chicken, anchovies, lemon, almonds, capers, and twenty other strange ingredients, all minced, and laid in rounds, with an artificial tree stuck in the middle, and which was termed "a grand sallet." Well, justice was done to this course, and then came the next — fillet of veal, stuck through with its silver dirk-like skewer; the large pigeon pie, in its round pewter dish; larks in a silver dish, dressed "Lady Butler's way," that is, with wine, cinnamon, and sugar; sweetbreads with currant sauce, and half a dozen other delicacies, in side dishes of silver. And lastly the marrow pudding, so sweet with rose water, and strowed with comfits, — the tansy, looking green as the fresh grass — the almond custards and florentines, in all manner of fanciful shapes — the boast of Mistress Betty, who peeped in at the door, to see that they were set on the table properly, and returned, holding her head higher than ever at the praises bestowed upon them.

Little time was there for talking; not even when the cloth was removed, and the tall, stout decanters, and the beautiful china dishes, with "the banquet," consisting of oranges and dried fruits, set on. But after the hostess had filled her glass, and drank to the company, and they had drank their "service" to her and each other, conversation became brisk.

"I hoped to have seen another friend here, a neighbour," said Madam Waters, "but he cannot come in till tea-time, when he will bring a young friend with him."

The two Miss Waters smiled at this, — there was still some chance of doing a little execution; but an audible sigh escaped Miss Mercy.

"Who is this young man?" said Mr. Mayhew sarcastically, — he had sat beside Miss Mercy during dinner, and observed how provokingly absent she was.

"A gentleman who has been very unfortunate, and has lately returned from America," said she in a low voice: "but let us say no more lest poor Mr. Heywood should hear."

Mr. Mayhew looked at the dark eyes of Miss Mercy: they were filled with tears, but there was no blush on her cheek, no faltering of her voice. — "She is certainly not handsome," said Mr. Mayhew, as he slowly turned away his gaze, "but she is interesting. Well, but Miss Mercy," continued he, "does Mr. Heywood know this young man?"

"Hush, I pray you," was the whispered answer: "this poor young man ran away from his friends, years ago — like young Heywood —

so let us say no more, lest the old gentleman should think we are talking of *him*."

There was a pause ; and old Mr. Fleming, who had fortified himself for his important duty with an additional glass of Mountain, now rose with the refilled glass in his hand, to propose in a neat speech, — so very neat indeed, that the ladies "never heard so vastly nice a one," — the health of their kind hostess, Madam Waters, "with many happy returns of the day." This toast was drank with becoming solemnity, all the company standing ; while Mr. Sanders, on whom a good dinner always produced a marvellous effect, could scarcely refrain as he drained his glass, and held it upside down, from flinging it, Jacobite fashion, over his shoulder. A glance at the stern Puritan colonel over the mantel-piece happily reminded him of the old lady's principles, and thus saved the glass from destruction.

There was another pause, and then Madam Waters slowly filled her glass (there were no gentlemen supporters of the lady in those days, but they all sat at the lower end). "I thank you, my kind friends," said she : "much have I to be thankful for ; nor least, that I can still enjoy the company of those whom I value, and would gladly serve. May the good Providence which has watched over me these seventy-five years, watch over you and yours." The old lady touched the glass with her lip, set it down, and folded her hands in silence.

"And surely that Providence will still watch over *you*, dear lady," cried Mr. Heywood in great agitation ; "would that ten years ago I had taken your kind advice ! — but oh, it is too late !"

"We know not the future, so we know not that," said Miss Mercy's low sweet voice. Mr. Mayhew again turned, and looked at her. "She has sweet eyes," said he to himself ; but Miss Mercy seemed not to like to be stared at, even by a merchant with twelve hundred a year ; so she turned her head quite away, and began talking with Miss Peggy.

But people a hundred years ago did not go into the country to sit over their wine all the afternoon ; so a walk was proposed, and to Queen Elizabeth's walk, to see the prospect. "May I have the honour?" said Mr. Mayhew as Miss Mercy slipped on her black hood over her neat little lace cap.

"Pray excuse me, I am going yonder," said she, pointing to the opposite side of the Green, and away she went.

"Very well, madam ; here are plenty of young ladies to walk with," thought the vexed gentleman, to whom refusal was a novelty ; but although Miss Peggy stood dangling a bunch of violets in her hand, and lisped out something about the charms of the country, and Miss Delia, on whom his splendid diamond ring had produced an impression, seemed willing enough, he walked on, and began talking with the crimson-brocade-gowned Mrs. Sanders. Happily the ladies had a beau apiece, for Madam Winfield, Mrs. Lawson, and Miss Mercy did not join them ; so on walked the four couple, across the quiet Green, across the beautiful fields—how beautiful even within twenty years !—through the churchyard, to that noble avenue of trees. Oh, what a romantic surprise awaited Miss Chloe ! There was her beau in blue and silver,

sitting under a branching elm, like some Philander or Thyrsis ; and, oh ! there was his German flute beside him ! How sweetly Miss Chloe smiled — how surly Miss Delia looked — how Miss Peggy, who stood now just beside Mr. Mayhew, sighed forth, " Oh ! these lambs, how sweetly pastoral ! " and how Mr. Mayhew replied, " Pastoral nonsense ! — what have *we* to do with your Phillis's and Sylvias, and such stuff ! " Ay, it might be stuff to an old bachelor of forty, who seemed to care about nothing and nobody ; but it was not to Miss Chloe when she seated herself beside the shepherd, and pulled Fidele close to her by the blue ribbon, that she might repose lamb-fashion at her feet. And a pleasant half hour did they all, except Mr. Mayhew, spend ; for Mr. Frederick Wilmington played " Babbling Echo " and " Lovely Flora, " and sang a song too about a shepherd and shepherdess in Arcadia ; and when old Mr. Fleming pulled out his watch, and told them it was time to return, the charming musician was overwhelmed with thanks.

Across the fields, even to the limits of the Green, did that charming flute-player accompany Miss Chloe ; and when he left her she smiled most sweetly, and in she went with the others to tea.

The expected guests had not yet arrived ; but there was a beautiful little boy in the best room, playing with old Mr. Heywood, and Madam Waters and Miss Mercy were exchanging significant smiles. The guests still came not, but the " tea things " were brought, and the little round table, and the silver kettle and spirit lamp. " Let the child go away now, " said Miss Mercy ; " he will trouble you. "

" No, no, " said the old man ; " he says I shall be his grandfather, poor child. "

" Yes, Sutton's grandpa, " lisped the child.

" Sutton ! is his name Sutton ? " cried Mr. Heywood.

" It is not so very uncommon a surname, " said Miss Mercy, quietly.

Well, the tea was made, and by Miss Mercy, to the serious offence of the great-nieces, and there was much pleasant conversation. At length there was a knock at the door, and a gentleman was announced. " Miss Mercy rose in great agitation from the tea-table. " Shall he come in ? " said she to Madam Waters.

The old lady smiled ; she rose from her chair, and took Mr. Heywood's hand. " You have just now told me you should be happy to see *any* friend of mine ; my good old friend, I am going to put your word to the proof. "

" Do so, my dear lady, " said he ; " whoever is your friend ought to be mine. "

" Call in your father, Sutton, — grandpa wants to see him, " said Miss Mercy ; — but before the little one had toddled to the door, Mr. Heywood's long-lost son had rushed in, and was at his father's feet.

" Pray forgive him, Mr. Heywood ; pray, good friends, " continued Miss Mercy, looking round, " pray join with us — Mr. Heywood cannot refuse so many old friends. "

No, he could not ; so he took his grandchild in his arms, and wrung

the hand of his son. "Oh, Madam Waters," said he, "what do I not owe to you?"

"Nay, thank Miss Mercy Evelyn," said the old lady; "it was she who found out your son when, sick and poor, he returned with his wife and child from America; and she planned this meeting, for you vowed he should never enter your doors; so we invited him here."

"Oh, my kind Miss Mercy, what amends can I make you?" cried the old man.

The reconciled father and son retired, for their hearts were too full for company; and pleasantly did the time pass until half-past eight o'clock. Then Madam Winfield's glass coach and Mr. Waters's drew up, and all prepared to depart. But how vexatious! one of Madam Waters' horses had become lame; so Madam Winfield was forced to make room in the glass coach for Mr. Heywood and his grandchild; and as to Miss Mercy, perhaps Mr. Waters would give her the vacant corner. Not so; Mr. Waters was politely offering it to Mr. Mayhew. "I had rather walk this fine evening," said he; "and if Miss Mercy would honour me," continued the "bear," with a bow of deepest humility. Madam Waters smiled—one of her plans had succeeded, and the other was in the fairest possible way. So off set the walking party—Mr. Sanders and Mr. Heywood, junior, first; Mr. Mayhew and the lady next; while, to guard against the perils of the way, the footman and gardener brought up the rear, and escorted them as far as the Thatched House on their road to town.

"Many thanks for your delightful company, madam," said Mr. Mayhew, hat in hand, when arrived at Moorfields: the elderly servant opened the door, and Miss Mercy smiled, and curtsied her farewell.

Oh, what a beautiful evening it was! Mr. Mayhew wondered how he ever could have been bearish; and so good-humoured was he, that when, as he passed Bedlam wall, a drunken man half pushed him down, in reply to the hiccupped apology, he actually replied, "No offence." Alas! poor Mr. Mayhew! when he got home he discovered he had lost his gold repeater: but alas! this was a trifle, for he had also lost his heart.

"Well, Mrs. Sanders, and here I am, with as much news as the 'Evening Post,'" said old Mr. Fleming, about three months after. "Good Mr. Heywood, how well and happy he looks! but then, poor Mr. Waters!—Miss Chloe ran off yesterday morning, and was married at the Fleet to our young flute-player, who has scarcely a penny; and Miss Mercy Evelyn—who could have thought it!—yes, the broken merchant's daughter, is going to be married to Mr. Mayhew, who settles on her six hundred a year, and the wedding will be kept at Madam Waters's."

THE BIRTH-DAY PROPHECY.

It was a Prince's natal day,
 And Windsor's ancient halls were gay ;
 For many a noble knight and dame
 With fair and joyous greetings came ;
 And many a bard with harp, and strain
 Most welcome to the courtly train,
 Poured forth his sweetest numbers there,
 In praise of royal Edward's heir.

They sang in proud and lofty lays
 The glory of his future days,
 The love bestowed, the conquest won,
 And all that mightiest kings have done ;
 And lengthen'd life, and peaceful age,
 Each loyal harp could well presage :
 And every listening courtier there
 Confirm'd the prophecy with prayer.

Oh ! well might bard and courtier deem
 Such prophecy no idle dream,
 For he was fair in form and face,
 The flower of all his royal race,
 And in his air and eye there shone
 A spirit worthy of a throne.
 His father's pride, his country's hope,
 What destiny with his could cope ?

There came, amid that festive scene,
 A bard of foreign gait and mien,
 With lyre of rude and massive mould,
 Like these by Druids woke of old ;
 But when the harps were hush'd at last,
 And song and greeting, all were past,
 Its strings the stranger minstrel woke,
 And thus in song prophetic spoke : —

" Prince of the Isles, thy birth hath been
 The theme of many a lyre,
 And well might such a brow as thine
 Less feeble strains inspire;
 Thy country's song around thee swells,
 And high its hopes may be,
 But oh ! my stranger harp foretels
 A happier fate for thee :
 For more than all that life can bring,
 And more than mortal breath
 Can ever promise to thy spring,
 Is thine — an early death !

" Thy glance is proud, thy face is fair,
 Thy flowing locks are bright;
 But time will never blanch that hair
 Nor dim that dark eye's light.
 Thy step, that moves so stately now,
 Will ne'er grow faint with years;
 Nor earth's deep streams of music flow
 Less sweetly to thine ears.
 Thou ne'er shalt see thy laurels fade
 Before a greener wreath,
 For life's best boon beneath their shade
 Is thine — an early death !

" It may be that the darkest cloud
 Flits o'er the brightest day,
 And leaves the form of youth unbow'd
 When e'en the soul grows grey;
 And oft, while brows their smoothness wear,
 The spirit's youth departs;
 But ev'ry furrow wanting there
 Is deepen'd in our hearts.
 And thou may'st linger in the dust
 With all thy love beneath,
 But hope to find that holy trust
 Restor'd by early death !

" Then go in fearless valour forth,
 Thy destined faith pursue,
 With many a deed of knightly worth,
 And knightly glory too :

As a long promis'd heritage
Thy land awaits thy fame,
And far through many a future age
Her bards shall sing thy name :
But time can never waste away
The gems of hope and faith
That shall enshrine thy memory —
Thou seal'd for early death !”

As wind that in the forest moans,
So sunk the harp's decaying tones ;
But, ere their latest murmurs died,
That stranger bard was seen to glide
In silence from the Castle gate,
Like one who fled approaching fate ;
Nor ever more his path was found,
Though sought beyond broad Europe's bound :
But British annals testify
How time fulfill'd his prophecy.

Tradition states, that a banquet given by Edward the Third, at Windsor, to celebrate the tenth birthday of his son, the Black Prince, was attended by a minstrel of strange appearance, who, in a song, predicted the future fame and early death of the boy ; but he left the Castle immediately, and was never seen after.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE ELECTION.

BY SUUM CUIQUE, Esq.

' Nul ne sait si bien où le soulier blesse, que celui que le porte.'
OLD PROV

CHAPTER I.

"YAW-AW-AWH!" uttered I at the completion of the tale that Tom toll'd last.

"What do you mean by that—do you wish to insult me? I'll call you out," said Tom.

"I wish you would," said I, internally; "for I see no other chance of getting out."

"I can stand fire, I can tell you. Witness my excessive coolness when our house was in a blaze, and my old friend on the right—the Hall and its neighbours—were burnt down. I was rather alarmed, I confess to you, when they turned me into an alarm bell; but though my clapper went faster than ever it did before or since, and I made a deuce of a clamour, I can assure you I am no coward. What is your objection to my last tale?"

"Too much fighting in it," said I; "whack, whack—rap, rap; you understand me, of course."

"Of course I do; but I strike so often myself that I rather admire the propensity when displayed by others. It is not unnatural surely that I, Great Tom, should have an attachment to *bell-a, horrida bell-a*. Eh? If I ever marry I shall choose an *Isabella*: that is not unnatural, either. Eh?"

"Not at all," said I; "but pray don't pun; especially in Latin; I am so cold and uncomfortable, that I shall be glad of a translation."

"I twig," replied Tom; "but you have not a chance. It is not often that I get a friend to pass the night with me, and when I do I must make the most of him. You are a capital listener—an invaluable acquisition to a story-teller. Just fancy yourself Lalla Rookh and me Fadladeen in the book written by my namesake, Tom——."

"No more of that, pray," said I; "but if you have any thing worth hearing, begin."

"Don't be in a hurry—here comes the hammer—a relation of Hammer Lane, no doubt, he hits so hard; but it's only a little quarter—blow—there—'bom!'—it's all over. Make yourself as cozy as you can while I my tale unfold."

* * * * *

On the coast of Suffolk stands a church so conspicuously placed on a hill that it is a most useful landmark to sailors: by bringing it in a line with the steeple of another church which is built upon the very

verge of the marshes, the navigator is enabled to avoid a most dangerous bank of sand, on which many a vessel with its crew has perished.

The name of these parishes, which boasted of these churches, was Darrington; but to distinguish them, the one was called Darrington Major and the other Darrington Minor in the records of the diocese. The rurals who dwelt around them designated them, to save time and breath I presume, as Great Darr. and Little Darr. If a stranger inquired for Darrington Major or Minor, he was answered by a stare and an "Anan, Sir?" and on repeating his inquiry, was gravely told that there was no such place thereabouts. Neither of these churches could claim what is legitimately called a village. The congregations who attended them came from some scattered farmhouses and a few labourers' cottages. The only house within a convenient distance of either place of worship was the rectory of Great Darr. and a small cottage which served as a lodge to the rectory, in which dwelt the man—a common farm labourer—who officiated as the parish clerk. The nearest house to the rectory and this official's abode was situated at the distance of a mile at least.

Both of these parishes were in the gift of the Crown. The income arising from the larger one was good—say, some five hundred pounds per annum; but the smaller one, in olden times, was barely worth one hundred and fifty pounds, and had no residence attached to it. As a set off to this, however, the duties were lighter than the income; for, except in the very driest days of a very dry summer, the church was not approachable except by a boat. As all the parishioners of Little Darr. lived nearer to Great Darr. church than to their own parish church, it was an understood thing between them and their Pastor that the church of Little Darr. should be closed during nine months of the year, and that they should attend the service in the more convenient and approachable church of Great Darr.

From custom—the rector of Great Darr. was always appointed to the curacy of Little Darr., because the incumbent of the latter parish could not by any possibility become a resident. There was no glebe whereon to build, and no residence to be obtained in the parish. Oddly enough, an instance had never been known, even in the traditional annals of the oldest inhabitant, of the two livings having been held by the same individual; and, still more oddly, the two livings had never, in the memory of man, fallen vacant in the official lifetime of any one Lord Chancellor.

Little Darr. was always looked upon as the last object of an aspirant's hopes. If it was vacant, every applicant for the Crown's favours, in the way of church preferment, happened to be from home, and did not answer the letter in which he was told that the Lord Chancellor had fortunately an opportunity of obliging Mr. So and so, by offering him a small living in the gift of the Crown. It was the most agreeable thing possible for the gentleman who held the seals that Little Darr. should be at his disposal—or rather for his private secretary, for he had fewer letters to write in answer to applications for preferment, when this vacancy occurred, than at any other period.

When Great Darr. "fell in," as it is called, the applications

were numerous, and every prudent seal-bearer gave it away immediately to the first man on his list. The house was good, the situation delightful, and the duties very light. It insured also, as I have said before, the curacy — nearly a sinecure — of the adjoining parish of Little Darr. It had, moreover, attached to it a snug glebe — some sixty acres of the best land in the parish — which was rented, above its value, by the principal landowner, because it was the only bit of really good pasture land for miles round.

Darrington Major was therefore looked upon as what is termed one of the Chancellor's best things.

As I have described the parish, it will now be necessary for me to give a brief sketch of the incumbent thereof, and a short account of how he was lucky enough to obtain so desirable a living.

CHAPTER II.

DEMETRIADES FINNEY was a Cambridge man, and by unparalleled exertions succeeded in getting, what Cambridge men call, the "wooden spoon." This spoon exists not materially; "shape it hath none;" but it is metaphorically used to illustrate what members of the sister university term "a close shave." The man who so narrowly escapes "a pluck," as to wonder at his luck in getting his *testamur*, and is placed in the lowest depth of the examination list, is, by a figure of speech peculiar to the Cantabs, said to carry off the wooden spoon. This piece of luck befell Demetriades Finney. He had really worked hard, and hoped to be placed in a respectable part of the list; and when he saw that he was the "shy man" of the year, he was so disgusted, that he only stopped to take his *Artium Baccalaureus* degree; and resigning all thoughts of honours in the Church, in which his paternity wished him to "push his way," he resolutely insisted upon being put to the desk in the attorney's office in which his respectable governor was the principal partner.

"Thirteen hundred and forty-four pounds fifteen shillings and ninepence halfpenny have I spent on your university education," said old Finney, "and now you will not enter into the Church."

"I am a spoon—a wooden spoon," said the dejected Demetriades.

"Gracious goodness!" said mamma, "to think of your giving up the Church and turning lawyer,—consider what *caste* you will lose."

"I am a spoon, mother, a wooden spoon," replied the son.

"Demmy, dear Demmy," cried two sisters, "*do* be a parson; it will help us off."

"I am a spoon, girls; a—a wooden spoon."

"Demmy, it's too bad of you, upon whom the old one has consumed such lots of money, to turn round and floor him at last, and me too," said the brother, the younger brother; "for if you go into the office, of course I've no chance. It is not behaving handsome."

"I am a spoon, William; a mere wooden spoon," said Demetriades.

"Spoon, you mean," said the brother, turning away disgusted.

"I only wish I had had your chance, that's all."

"You'd have been a ladle—a wooden *ladle*," shouted Demetriades; "you have not brains enough for a wooden spoon."

In spite of the entreaties of his father, the supplications of his mother, the endearments of his sisters, and the sulky remonstrances of his brother, Demetriades Finney would not return to Cambridge to take his M. A. degree. He entered the office, and worked hard. Nature, or the accident of having been born an attorney's son, qualified him for the business, into which he entered heart and soul. He was so indefatigable in his attendance, so sedate in his method of conducting a case, and so beautifully heartless in his views of proceeding against an unfortunate, that even old Finney expressed an opinion that if Demmy had entered the church, the world would have gained a bad parson and lost a good lawyer.

William Finney was so annoyed and irritated by his brother's success, that he eloped with the proceeds of a long and very interesting Chancery suit, and having turned the cheque into coin, he took a passage in an American liner, and settled in Canada. He might perhaps have prospered there; but whisky was so cheap, that to drown his vexation at his brother's success in the office, he imbibed every day, and all day, and was found one evening in an apoplectic fit from which he could not be recovered, although the nearest medical man rode twenty-seven miles and a half to bleed him, as soon as he heard of his attack; of which he did hear by a pedlar's cart which passed through his purchase of land some three days after the fit occurred.

The sisters of Demetriades were happily married, and as their brother was intrusted with the duty of settling their settlements, they were not sorry that he had not listened to their remonstrances, and gone into the Church. He had done justice to his family as far as the juvenile female branches of it were concerned. His mother soon forgave him for the disappointment to which he had subjected her—of not being able to talk of "my son in the Church;" for, by his exertions in the law, the family finances were so much improved, and her daughters so very comfortably settled, that she was enabled to set up a carriage and pair, and return the visits of the squires, who had been in the habit of not asking her to dinner, under the plea of not wishing to put her to the expense of hiring a chaise, in a turn-out every whit as well appointed as their own.

Old Finney forgave his son, too. He was tired of business; and as he had set up in the political line, and taken it into his thick head that he excelled in speech-making, he found the leisure which his son's attention to quill-making and bill-making afforded him very convenient. He devoted the hours that had been occupied in putting the acts of parliament into force, to abusing the framers and passers of those acts, unless they happened to be of the same way of thinking as himself. If the new enactments chanced to be the result of some Radical's motion, Old Finney praised them, and told his hearers, over their pipes and ale at the Free and Easy meetings, that "they were the very *nipplusultrum* of what Acts of Parliament ought to be, and altogether very different from the namby-pamby aristocratic acts passed by the other side of the house;" for which admirable and acute observ-

ations, his health was invariably proposed and drunk with three times three, to stop the long speech which was reckoned upon as a rider to the act, and to promote the circulation of the beer which was paid for by the liberal member for the borough in which Old Finney dwelt.

CHAPTER III.

THUS did Demetriades Finney reconcile, every twig of his family branch by his desertion of the Church in favour of the law. But was Demetriades satisfied himself? No. He had been rather a gay man at Cambridge, and had courted the best society, though the best society had not returned the compliment, but had bestowed upon him the cognomen of tuft-hunter; and though it condescended to eat his dinners, swallow his wines, and use his horses — it did all those things as if it conferred a favour on the giver of the feeds and the keeper of a better stud of horses than is usually found in an undergraduate's stables.

Demetriades, too, had rather bragged of his prospects in the Church, and used, over his cups, to hint at the chance of his being able one day or other to have it in his power to bestow preferment on his aristocratic friends — would throw out certain inuendoes against the bench of bishops for pursuing a mode of conduct towards their clergy which he deemed objectionable; and which he should certainly endeavour to alter, by his example, as soon as he took his station amongst them. All this was listened to with grave faces by his guests; but, of course, when the feed was over, it caused no little fun among the feeders, and the donor of the feed was soon dubbed "Bishop Finney that is to be." Of the acquisition of this nickname Demetriades was not in the least aware, for it was only bestowed upon him behind his back; and many a laugh did he join in which was raised solely at his own expense, and which made his aristocratic friends by so much the merrier that he, the laughed at, thought his evening party had gone off more delightfully than common when they were louder before him than usual.

As this intimation of his hopes — or rather certainty — of gaining the lawn sleeves and uttering the *nolo*, was always accompanied by a delicate allusion to his prospects of being ranked high in the examination lists when those lists came out, and in clear type showed him to his little world in Cambridge as the spoon of his year, he did not let his friends see his disgust at so disagreeable a circumstance; but boldly told them that his interest was so good, and his contempt for university honours so profound, that he had merely gone in to be examined to fulfil a necessary part of his duties to the university, and would not put himself to the trouble and inconvenience of reading for what was not worth gaining after all. As he accompanied this speech — or rather these speeches, for the same tale was told to every man that he knew — by an excellent champagne supper in his lodgings, his story was a little more believed than not: but when the men were getting sober on the following day the truth of it was not even

a matter of argument. "Bishop Finney that is to be" was pronounced a despiser of truth *nem. con.*: but of this he knew nothing whatever. He therefore left Cambridge after giving one of the most correct B. A. spreads that had ever been given, under the false impression that he had imposed upon his friends, and left them to fancy him capable of getting the *senior optime* if he had chosen to try for it.

In his correspondence with his friends after he had left the University, he did not think it necessary to inform them of his having resigned the desk of a church in favour of the desk in an attorney's office. He merely said that he thought it a bore to be reading after he had taken his degree, and finished by asking after the news of Cambridge, and relating any little incident that had occurred in his own neighbourhood amongst the great people, whom he knew by name, or sight only, but talked of as if they were his most familiar friends. His letters were rarely answered—for he had only been tolerated for the sake of his breakfasts, dinners, and suppers—and the correspondence first languished, and then died a very natural death.

It happened, once or twice, when business called him to London, that he ran against—I merely mean met with—some one or other of his former brother collegians. He immediately dropped the man of business; and assuming the air of an independent gentleman, presumed to ask, and generally succeeded in persuading, the man whom he had so fortunately encountered, to dine with him at Long's, and gave such liberal orders for the wines, that the client, whose business had called him to London, found his bill for that particular journey enlarged into a beak.

To any and every question put to him touching his pursuits in the country, and the cause of his visit to town, Demetriades Finney was prepared to put in his answer. "The country was dull, he allowed; but the old people liked him to be with them, and they could not last for ever. As to his pursuits, he rode and drove about the country, and wrote a little for his own amusement, but did not publish; and as to town, he did run up now and then, but it was more to oblige others than to amuse himself."

As this speech, or others similar to it, was delivered in a cool pick-tooth sort of manner, and the wine was passed rapidly, the invited guest retired to his party or his bed, convinced that Bishop Finney was comfortably off, but horribly bored by being obliged to live with the old people in some out of the way place or another. Oddly enough no one knew where the wooden spoon came from; for if the question was ever put to him, he cleverly shirked it by a sudden rush to the window or door, under the pretext of having something very important to see or do.

These dinners at Long's did not produce the effect upon those who partook of them which the donor intended they should. He was invited to a breakfast in the Albany, or at some hotel; but he did not find any one worth knowing who had been asked to meet him, nor was he invited to the family mansion, into which his great object was to gain the *entrée*.

To compensate himself for the disappointments he met with in his attempts to keep up a connection with those men whose society he had cultivated at so great an expense at college, he devoted himself entirely to his profession, and resolved to acquire wealth enough in a short period to enable him to leave his native town, dispose of the goodwill of the business, and set up in London in the capacity of private gentleman.

CHAPTER IV.

For some ten years Demetriades Finney went on prosperously, and, as every one but himself fancied, contentedly. His practice was much increased and very profitable; but still he could not command the sort of society into which he wished to be admitted. He dined with Lords and Esquires, but he did not experience at their tables the same sort of feeling as he did when he sat down with his University friends, who were of a much higher grade than his present entertainers. He was not looked upon as "one of us," although every attention was paid to him which his talents as a lawyer, and his respectability, both personal and professional, demanded.

Finney liked these parties on one account only; he was not likely to meet at any of them his old college set. There was, therefore, no fear of his situation in life, which he foolishly thought degrading, being made known to those for whom he still entertained the greatest respect, and with whom he would gladly have given all his professional profits to be enabled to associate on the same footing as he had done at Cambridge.

All this may seem strange, and not understandable, to those who have not been at one of our two Universities, or at Trinity College, Dublin; but in my long experience from this commanding situation, I never knew an instance of a college man, whom circumstances forced to enter into a path of life different to that which he had meant to pursue, and which separated him from those with whom he had been educated, that did not deem the loss of their society the severest drawback on his success in whatever pursuit he was compelled to engage. There is a sort of freemasonry in the signs, words, and grips of all who have been educated at public schools and in the Universities, into the secrets of which those who have not been initiated into the mysteries of public schoolism and college life can never penetrate. If I, great Tom, were in the deserts of Arabia, or in the back settlements of America, or in any other equally undesirable locality, I know that if I met with a Christ Church man, he would be delighted to see me — even if he had passed his undergraduate days in Tom's staircase.

"Hilloah! old fellow," said I, "this is a digression."

"I am aware of it; but lie still, and I will proceed. I am apt to be warm on University matters, and cannot help giving vent to my feelings when they are excited."

Well, it so happened that old Finney, before his death, by his as-

siduous attendances at Free and Easy meetings, and by his liberal distribution of malt liquor and spirituous compounds, had impressed the little voters — I do not mean the little men, bodily speaking, but those who had “a most sweet voice” from having a very little bit of property in the borough — with a notion that the admission of what he called an unliberal member into — would insure their and its ruin. Under this impression he left them when he died, which he did of apoplexy, solely resulting from persevering in drinking the strong beer of a brewer whose vote he wished to secure.

It also happened that at this period a dissolution of parliament was expected. The gentleman who had represented — on the radical interest had sent a letter to old Finney, conveying his wish to retire from public life and introduce his eldest son, whom he pronounced a most fitting person, from similarity of sentiments and liberality of ideas, to succeed himself. Old Finney read the letter to the members of the free and easy, went home, and was found a corpse the following morning.

My “hero,” Demetriades Finney, had hitherto never been engaged in politics in any way. He had not prohibited his father from doing his best to forward the views of his party, because he thought that it amused the old gentleman and did no harm to the firm, though it caused him to be looked shyly upon by the opposite party around —. This shyness was not extended to the son; because, as I have said, he had not taken any decided part in the electioneering proceedings of the borough. His mind and body were both too much engaged in the attempt to fulfil his wish of realising enough to justify him in retiring from business, to allow him to waste a thought or a moment upon anything that did not tend to the immediate furtherance of that object.

When the vacancy had actually occurred, it struck Demetriades that he might add largely to his store by getting up an opposition to the expectant successor of the former candidate on the Radical interest. With his usual business-like caution, before he ventured to hint at such a thing as turning the tables on the party by whom the firm had been hitherto engaged, he carefully examined his deceased parent's papers. He looked himself into his private office, and, after secluding himself for some five hours, was heard by the senior clerk to say, as he emerged from his den — “All right — I have them in my power — there is not one of them that does not stand indebted to the firm.”

A consultation with his partner, who had been elected from a senior clerkship to an eighth share in the business, followed; and it was soon settled that the most paying part to take in the approaching struggle would be to throw over the old party and carry the new candidate triumphantly.

But who was to be the new candidate? that was the question. It was a difficult question too; for the agents *in prospectu* did not mean to support a man who had not the means of supporting them with a liberal supply of cash to defeat the Radical and fill their pockets too. Several names were proposed and rejected; and the more they thought

of all the likely men, within a circle of fifty miles, the less they seemed to be able to hit on one likely to suit their views, as the "perfection of a candidate" for a seat in the House.

They were puzzled and bewildered; but, luckily, their bewilderment was terminated by the senior clerk, who, after giving a mesmeric rap, popped his head inside the private office door, and, in a whisper, asked if either of the firm was at home to a gentleman, who evidently was such, though he declined to give his name, or state his business.

Finney was not certain whether he was at home or not. His partner rather thought he was not at home. To settle whether either of them was at home, the partner peeped through a little glass window into the outer office where the gentleman who wished to know if they were at home was standing.

"Yes, I rather think we are at home," said he, after a careful survey; and when the clerk had retired to convey the pleasing intelligence, he added, in answer to the inquiring looks of the senior partner, "A new candidate, I'll bet a new hat or a silk umbrella — blue coat, *buff* waistcoat, white ducks, and a white tie — a Tory, I'll bet a white felt for summer wear."

The gentleman was introduced. He took off his hat, laid down his riding-stick, and pulled off a pair of yellow Woodstocks, before he took the seat which was placed for him by the junior partner. All the while these operations were going on Demetriades surveyed the stranger. He was certain that the face and figure had at one time been familiar to him; but both were considerably enlarged. It was, if it was an old friend, an octavo reprinted and brought out in quarto.

"Gentlemen, I am here to—"

"That voice! Fitznoodleby — I am sure it is," said Demetriades. "Johnson, oblige me by retiring: this is an old friend of mine."

The partner of one-eighth of course gave way to him who retained the seven-eighths.

"Fitznoodleby, don't you remember Finney at King's?"

"What, the Bishop? it cannot be," said the stranger. Finney looked astonished at first, but after a moment's thought, said—"Oh! I see your error. I was meant for the Church, but the governor wished me to supply his place in the office, and so—I—I—did not think it worth while to disappoint him, and let a lucrative business go to the dogs."

"I am delighted to meet an old college friend," said the Honourable Mr. Fitznoodleby; "especially as I think we are likely to be of mutual service to each other."

"You are a candidate for the borough then?"

"I am come down on purpose. I am connected with the present administration, and — I may as well speak out — came here to sound the rival candidate's agent before I ventured into the field; but little expected to find in him a brother collegian, and a man with whom I once lived on such very intimate terms."

Finney recollected that this intimate friend had dined with him twice, and never returned the invitation; but he smiled as he replied,

that he was not the agent of the opposing party — that he was quite at liberty to act for any one — and that, of course, he should feel more pleasure in forwarding the views and wishes of an intimate college friend, than those of one for whom he felt no ties of early friendship.

I need not dwell on what passed during a two hours' talk between the college friends, as this is not the election with which my little tale is principally concerned. Suffice it to say, that after a week's sojourn in —, Fitznoodleby was informed in a polite note that his opponent, finding, by some miraculous means for which he could not account, that he had lost a majority of the liberal voters, did not mean to go to the poll.

Soon after Fitznoodleby's election and departure from the borough which he was to represent in parliament, Demetriades Finney was missing from his desk and offices. The junior partner carried on the business, and to all inquiries for his missing senior, his only reply was, "He'll trump up some day, I'll bet a new hat or a silk umbrella."

CHAPTER V.

"YOU'LL be ill, Sir, I know you will, if you read so hard and drink nothing but green tea, and sit up so late o' nights with nothing for a night-cap but a damp towel — and you that took your Bachelor's before you came up;" said Tom Cooke, one of our oldest scouts, to a gentleman rather far advanced in life not to be an A. M.

"Never mind, Tom, wet the gunpowder and put in a strong charge, then leave me to read, for I have much to do in a very short time. I am to be ordained on Trinity Sunday."

These words were spoken by our old acquaintance Demetriades, who had been removed by a *licet* from King's, Cambridge, *ad eundem gradum*, at this house — a difficult thing to effect; but easy in his peculiar case — backed by the influence of the Honourable Mr. Fitznoodleby with an obliging Dean.

Finney read very hard, but did not allow his reading to prevent him giving very excellent dinners and wine parties to the best men in Ch. Ch., to whom the letters given him by his obliged friend the member for — introduced him.

Three weeks sufficed to keep what is called his master's term; and as he had not removed his name from the books of his Cambridge College, until he removed it to our books, he was admitted to his master's degree as soon as his residential term was kept. He did not "go down," however, but remained in his lodgings, nearly opposite my gateway, under the scoutship of Tom Cooke, until Trinity Sunday arrived, when he was ordained by letters demissory on the curacy of Little Darr. In a few weeks afterwards he returned to the borough of —, made every arrangement with his former partner, and went down to his curacy. The Vicar of Great Darr. immediately gave up his house to him; and, after he had obtained priest's orders, the living. The patron had taken care that the former incumbent should lose nothing by obliging him, and, through him, the Honourable Mr. Fitznoodleby.

Another fleeting year saw Demetriades Finney a pluralist. For the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, Great Darr. and Little Darr. were in the possession of the same individual, and both given away by one Lord Chancellor.

A few more fleeting years saw Finney a Doctor of Divinity, and saw him riding about his two parishes in a shovel hat, and Archdeaconal-cut coat, elastic knees, and long untopped riding boots. They also saw him entertaining a large assemblage of aristocratic friends, and among them, when the House was not sitting, the Hon. Mr. Fitznoodleby, who began to think that it "was upon the cards" that the man at whom he used to laugh at Cambridge for even hinting at the possibility of such an event, might be Bishop Finney after all.

To effect this object Demetriades left nothing untried. He made himself honorary secretary to every society that was then in existence, connected, in the remotest way, with the Church; was liberal in his donations to schools and new churches, and took care that his name should appear in the papers, when he did subscribe, not as "D.D.," or "A Friend to the Church," 100*l.* — but as "Doctor Demetriades Finney, Rector of Darrington Major and Vicar of Darrington Minor, 100*l.*" He also knew no distinction of persons or parties in his invitations to the dinners at Great Darr. — the excellency of which was proverbial; but carefully selected such men for his guests, and such only, as were likely to be of benefit to him hereafter.

He also made a point of spending three months in London in the season, and cultivating those friends to whom he was introduced by his friend Mr. Fitznoodleby, and by his other friends, whose interest he had insured by his very capital dinners and his obliging manners — for he was always ready to preach charity sermons, propose resolutions on the platforms at public meetings, or do anything else to promote the interests of — himself, and to keep his name before the public. He published a volume of sermons, and as he paid all the expenses of printing and advertising, and gave them away, they went off with astonishing rapidity. He even advertised a second edition, and then a third, but took care not to have any more than the first impression "pulled off."

CHAPTER VI.

It so chanced, about five years after his appointment to the livings of Great and Little Darr., that Demetriades Finney found himself in a very awkward *fix*, as our friends over the Atlantic call it. A question of vital importance, as it affected the Church, had been brought into parliament, and the part taken by one of the members for the University was so much disapproved of by the majority of the members of Convocation, that they proposed and carried the very unusual motion that he should be called upon to resign his seat. He did so at once, and after stating his reasons for the part he had taken, and appealing to his constituents, announced himself as a candidate to represent the University, and solicited a renewal of their support. A

rival candidate appeared in the field, and a severe contest was expected.

Before Dr. Finney could make up his episcopally-inclined mind how to act, he received two notes, one from each of his most influential friends, which caused him much uneasiness. The first which he opened he knew by the hand-writing was from the Honourable Mr. Fitznoodleby. Its contents were these :—

Downing Street, April 2d.

“ Dear Finney,

My friend Sir Ernest Meanwell starts again for Oxford University. I know you will oblige me by giving him your vote and all the interest which so popular a man as yourself can secure. *We*—you will understand me—shall not be unmindful of those friends who assist us at this *most important* crisis.

“ Your faithful friend,

“ ARTHUR FITZNOODLEBY.”

“ I *must* vote for Meanwell,” said Finney, as he laid down the note, “ gratitude demands it of me.”

The other letter ran thus :—

“ My dear Doctor Finney,

“ I am obliged to you for a copy of your very excellent, I may say superior, sermons. We have read them with great pleasure, and, I hope I may add, advantage. I am happy to see that you have arrived at a third edition—a sure testimony to their merits; by the by, have you heard that Mr. Swillsby Slowe means to oppose Sir Ernest Meanwell at Oxford? Your name is still on the books of Christ Church, I believe; and if you will support Slowe, who is a second man, you will oblige me. There are strange rumours afloat, and it is believed that *we*—you will see my meaning—are not unlikely to replace the present *administration*. I need scarcely say that we shall not be *slow* in seconding those who support our friend Slowe.—Excuse the bad pun, and believe me,

“ My dear Doctor Finney,

“ Your sincere friend and admirer,

“ PURPLETON.

“ P. S. If you can spare me one copy more of your excellent sermons, do oblige me by sending it to the——. He is with *us*, I assure you.”

“ Very polite and considerate of Lord Purpleton, I think—but it is very unpleasant to vote against Fitznoodleby. I really think that Slowe has strong claims—very strong claims. I will go up to Oxford, at all events, and see how my college stands affected, and inquire into the truth of Lord Purpleton's postscript.”

As soon as Doctor Demetriades Finney had finished reading those letters and eating his breakfast, he ordered post-horses and set off for Oxford.

His first care was to call upon the Dean, the Subdean, and Tutors. The approaching election was the only thing talked of, after the usual

exchange of compliments and observations on the state of the barometer and thermometer.

Dr. Finney was cautious, and made a capital listener, as he made no remarks, but merely asked questions and nodded or shook his head by way of reply. He found opinions so much divided, even in our house of Ch. Ch.—an unusual circumstance, as my men generally, as a coachman would say, work well together. Upon this momentous occasion, however, they each pulled 'different ways; some bolted, and others seemed inclined to kick over the traces. The Dean double-thonged them; the Censor tried to curb them up tighter; but they would not answer to the whip, and reared and plunged frightfully. Dr. Finney was as much in the dark as to the course which it was most for his interest to pursue, after listening to the sentiments of the Dean, as he was before his arrival in Oxford. The Dean and two of the Tutors were evidently in favour of Sir Ernest Meanwell; he had been a good representative, and although they allowed that he had made a great mistake in yielding to the popular cry on a subject of such vital importance, they quoted the *humanum est errare* in his favour, and resolved to support him, because he belonged to the administration that was *in*. On the other hand, the Junior Tutors were all for Mr. Slowe; for he was wealthy, carried weight with him in the House, he was eighteen stone and a half, talked much and well; but his hobby-horse subjects, the Church, and education on church principles, and was moreover sure of holding office in the administration—was *out*, but almost sure of shortly coming *in*. As to Lord Purpleton's postscript—each party claimed the — as its staunch supporter, so that the poor doctor, not knowing how to act, resolved to ask the opinion of Tom Cooke, his scout, who, he was fully aware, was well-informed on all University matters.

Tom, as he put out the dress-suit just before dinner, in reply to Finney's inquiry on which side the majority was likely to vote, shook his head, and confessed that he should be sorry to back either party, even though the general opinion was the odds were in favour of the new horse. When Tom had given this, which was the only opinion he had to give, he, in his turn, endeavoured to obtain a little information, and find out how the doctor meant to vote. He might as well have tried to find out which way the wind would blow that day week, for the doctor merely coughed, nodded, or shook his head.

"Meanwell is, I believe, Sir, a great friend of your friend Fitznoodleby?" said Tom.

The doctor nodded.

"And Slowe is a great friend of your friend Lord Purpleton?"

Another nod.

"Ah! I see how it is — don't promise either party, eh? perhaps not vote at all? If so — take my advice, and leave the 'varsity' as soon as possible, or your morality will be seduced."

The doctor was half inclined to take this advice, and not risk the seduction of his morality; but he knew that if he did not vote, he should offend both parties, and — he was invited to dine with the Dean.

The dinner was remarkably good for an Oxford Don's dinner, and

those only were asked to partake of it who were staunch Meanwellites. Dr. Finney, by implication—for he had given no sign—was supposed to be so favourably disposed to their views, that, after his coffee, as he took his leave, the dean said, “We may reckon upon your vote, of course?” The doctor was so confounded, that he nodded his head and rushed out of the room. The dean, of course, *booked* him.

On the following day the doctor, after calling upon every man whom he knew in the University, to find out the true state of the opposing parties, dined with one of the Junior Tutors, who was the leader of the Sloweites. So much did he seem to favour the views of the new candidate—by implication—for he was as guarded as ever—that he was booked for a sure vote for Slowe, because he had nodded his head when some one said he thought him sure to carry the election.

CHAPTER VII.

THE day of the election arrived, and with it some of the strangest-dressed individuals from remote regions that had ever been seen in Oxford. It was great sport for the young men to see the extraordinarily cut coats, oddly shaped hats, and old-fashioned boots that were uncoached at the various inns by the public conveyances that came from the north and the principality. “What a set of guys, gigs, or quizzes!” were the remarks, accordingly as the remarkers were Etonians, Westminster, or Carthusians.

It was a curious but a painful sight, to witness men bowed down by weight of years and the infirmities of age, meet in the streets or in the convocation house, and, after gazing at each other intently with their eyes shaded by their hands, exclaim,—“Why, it must be—Brown, don’t you recollect Thompson?” or, “Thompson, you cannot have forgotten Brown?” and then to see them grasp each other’s hands, and hold them as if they would never part again if they could help it; and then, after a lengthened inquiry as to their state in life, their fortunes and their families, each would reluctantly drop his old friend’s, and turning to a bystander, observe, “Poor Brown! how very old he looks! cannot last long;” or, “Poor old Thompson! to think what a fine young man I remember him; and to think that, with his talents, he is merely a curate now!”

It was a curious and a painful sight, and many a tear was shed in the convocation house that day, and fell unobserved down the withered cheeks, or was silently wiped away by the hands of those who had met then after a separation of many years, and who were never likely to meet again. Some had prospered and were wealthy; others had drunk deep of the cup of affliction, and were poor in worldly goods, but still rich in the warm affections of the heart. The joy of meeting levelled all distinctions; and the man who had travelled to Oxford in his own snug carriage warmly greeted his poorer brother, who had been indebted to some charitable parishioner for the means of reaching the University, on the outside of a public conveyance.

It was truly a curious and most painful sight. Doctor Finney’s

entrance caused no little stir ; his bulky person and flowing robes over his very Archdeaconal-cut clothes, gave rise to the question, " Who is he ? " The answer — " The celebrated Dr. Demetriades Finney, of Darrington Major and Minor," would at any other time have given him great pleasure. At that moment, however, he was too much engaged with his painful position to dwell upon the celebrity his name had obtained.

He had not made up his mind yet for whom he should vote ; but as he approached the table in his turn, and got a sight of the mode in which each person voted — by writing his name on a long sheet of paper, which was covered with another sheet, so that he could not see how his immediate predecessor voted — it gave him courage ; and as he heard a whisper just before he was admitted within the bar that Mr. Swillsby Slowe was eighteen a-head of Sir Ernest Meanwell, he took up the pen and boldly voted for Lord Purpleton's friend, fully confident that his treachery to his friend Fitznoodleby would never be discovered.

He dined with the dean that day ; and just as they had sat down to table, word was brought in that the votes had been cast up, and the Vice-Chancellor had announced Mr. Swillsby Slowe the successful candidate by a majority of sixty-one.

The faces of the Meanwellites were immediately elongated. They were afraid that they should be beaten, but never dreamed of being so shamefully beaten.

" It is very odd," said the Dean, " pausing after he had helped the salmon, and pulling out a red pocket-book. I thought I had calculated too nicely to be so much deceived : here is my list — let me see — you voted, — and you, — and you, — and you, — and you, Dr. Finney, you voted for our friend Meanwell, of course ? "

All the others said yes, plainly. The doctor seized on a port-wine decanter, poured out a large glass, and held it up between the light and his face, that the blush which overspread his cheeks, as he nodded affirmatively, might be mistaken for the purple glow of the wine.

" Some one has deceived me, certainly — I am sure I reckoned very accurately, and I know how all our men polled but one. I shall find him out and expose him. Dr. Finney, a glass of wine," said the Dean.

The looks of every one in the party were turned upon the Doctor. He felt very red in the face, and very hot and uncomfortable. A smile, a very meaning smile, went round ; and instead of accepting the Dean's challenge, the Doctor pretended that he had a fish-bone stuck across his epiglottis, and putting his handkerchief to his mouth, coughed violently, and left the room.

He even went through the farce of sending for a surgeon to examine his throat ; and, whilst he was endeavouring to find what was not there, a note was brought in by Tom Cooke from the dean, which briefly stated that it was now known who it was that had pretended to favour Sir Ernest Meanwell's cause, and had voted for his opponent, and that the sooner the person who had been guilty of such an act explained his conduct or retired into the country, the more agreeable it would be to every one of his brother collegians.

Dr. Finney took the hint and a postchaise and pair. He returned to Great Darr., and waited with no little anxiety the result of his discovered duplicity. Two letters arrived — one from the Honourable Arthur Fitznoodleby, simply telling him that he had acted in such a manner that all further acquaintance must be at an end between them; the other was from Lord Purpleton, thanking him for voting for his friend Mr. Swillsby Slowe; but regretting that in doing so he should have broken a sacred promise given to another party.

Doctor Finney explained; but no further notice was taken of him. He was cut by all his aristocratic friends; and, although he went up to London in the season, as usual, he was not called upon to spout on a platform or to preach charity sermons.

This treatment had such an effect upon his temper that when he returned to Great Darr. he offended the singers, quarrelled with the ringers, and had an action brought against him by the parish clerk. His farmers refused to take his tithes; and when he proceeded to take it up himself, they sent him notices of actions for trespass if he went upon their lands. He did so; and, as his former profession led him to delight in law actions, he had so much amusement in that way that, to use a common phrase, he made the place too hot to hold him.

His diocesan, when appealed to, advised him to absent himself for a year or two. He adopted the advice, and was rung out of his parish by the men, and hooted and screeched out by the boys and women — merely because he had been to vote at an OXFORD ELECTION.

AN EXPLANATION.

BY ONE OF THE LIVERY.

Says Blue-and-Buff, to Drab-and-Pink,
 "I've heard the hardest word, I think,
 That ever posed me since my teens,
 I wonder 'what As-best-os means!"

Says Drab-and-Pink, to Blue-and-Buff,
 "The word is clear, and plain enough,
 It means a Nag wot goes the pace,
 And so *as best os* wins the race."

OUR FAMILY:
A DOMESTIC NOVEL.
BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

WE ARE BORN.

THE clock struck seven -

But the clock was a story-teller; for the true time was One, as marked by the short hand on the dial. The truth was, our family clock — an old fashioned machine, in a tall mahogany case, and surmounted by three golden balls, as if it had belonged to the Lombards — was apt to chime very capriciously.

However it struck seven just as my father came down stairs from the bed-room, rubbing his hands, and whistling in a whisper, as his custom was when he was well pleased, and walking along the passage somewhat more than usual on his tiptoes, with a jaunty gait, he stepped into the sitting-room to communicate the good news. But there was nobody in the parlour except the little fairy-like gentleman, who walked jauntily to meet him, rubbing his hands, and silently whistling, in the old mirror, — a large circular one, presided over by some bronze bird, sacred perhaps to Esculapius, and therefore carrying a gilt bolus, attached by a chain to his beak.

From the parlour my father went to the surgery: but there was nobody there; so he repaired, perforce, for sympathy into the kitchen, where he found the maid, Kezia, sitting on a wooden chair, backed close against the whitewashed wall, her hands clasped in her lap, and her apron thrown over her head, apparently asleep and snoring, but in reality praying half aloud.

“Well, Kizzy, it’s all happily over.”

Kezia jumped up on her legs, and having acknowledged, by a bob, her master’s presence, inquired eagerly “which sects?”

“Doublets, Kizzy, doublets. A brace of boys!”

“What, twins! O, gimini!” exclaimed the overjoyed Kezia, her cheeks for a while glowing both of the same colour. “And all doing well, missis and babes?”

“Bravely — famously — mother and all!”

“The Lord preserve her!” said Kezia with emphatic fervour — “the Lord preserve her and her progeny,” pronouncing the last word so that it would have rhymed with mahogany.

“Progeny — with a soft *g*,” — muttered my father, who had once

been a schoolmaster, and had acquired the habit of correcting "cakeology."

"Well, prodge, then," murmured Kezia, her cheeks again looking, but only for a moment, both of a colour. For, by a freak of nature, one side of her face, from her eye to the corner of her mouth, was blotched with what is called a claret-mark — a large irregular patch of deep crimson, which my father, fond of odd coincidences, declared was of the exact shape of *Florida* in the map. Be that as it might, her face, except when she blushed, exhibited a diversity of colour quite allegorical, one side as sanguine as Hope, and the other as pallid as Fear.

Now, a claret-mark is generally supposed to be "born with the individual;" whereas Kezia attributed her disfigurement to a juvenile face-ache, to relieve which, she had applied to the part a hot cabbage-leaf, but gathered unluckily from the red pickling brassica instead of the green one, and so by sleeping all night on it, her cheek had extracted the colour. An explanation, offered in perfect good faith; for Kezia had no personal vanity to propitiate. She had no more charms, she knew, than a cat — not any cat, but our own old shabby tabby, with her scrubby skin, a wall eye, and a docked tail. But in moral Beauty — if ever there had been an annual Book of it — Kezia might have had her portrait at full length.

Her figure and face were of the commonest human clay, cast in the plainest mould. Her clumsy feet and legs, her coarse red arms and hands, and dumpy fingers, her ungainly trunk, and hard features, were admirably adapted for that rough drudgery to which she unsparingly devoted them, as if only fit to be scratched, chapped, burnt, sodden, sprained, frost-bitten, and stuck with splinters. And if sometimes her joints stiffened, her back ached, and her limbs flagged under the severity of her labours, was it not all for the good of that family to which she sacrificed herself with the feudal devotion of a Highlander to his clan? In short, she combined in one ungainly bundle of household virtues, all the best qualities of our domestic animals and beasts of burthen — loving and faithful as the dog, strong as a horse, patient as an ass, and temperate as a camel. At nineteen years of age she had engaged herself to my mother as Servant of All Work; and truly, from that hour, no kind of labour, hot or cold, wet or dry, clean or dirty, had she shunned: never inquiring whether it belonged to her place, but toiling, a voluntary Slave, in all departments; nay, as if her daily work were not enough, sleep-walking by night into parlour and kitchen, to clean knives, wash up crockery, dust chairs, or polish tables!

To female servants in general, and to those in particular who advertise for small families, where a footman is kept, the advent of two more children would have been an unwelcome event: perhaps equivalent to a warning. Not so with Kezia. Could one have looked through her homely bosom into her heart, or through her plain forehead into her brain, they would have been found rejoicing beforehand in the double, double toil and trouble of attending on the twins. My father's thoughts, were turned in the same direction, but with a

gravity that put an end to his sub-whistling, and led him, half in jest and half in earnest, to moralize aloud.

"Two at once, Kizzy, two at once — there will be sharp work for us all. Two to nurse — two to suckle — two to wean — two to vacillate (he was sure not to forget that!) — two to put to their feet —"

"Bless them!" ejaculated Kezia.

"Two to cut their teeth — two to have measles, and whooping-cough —"

"Poor things!" murmured Kezia.

"Ay, and what's worse, two more backs to clothe; and two more bellies to fill — and I can't ride on two horses, and pay two visits at once."

"You must double your fees, master."

"No, no, Kizzy, that wo'n't do. My patients grumble at them already."

"Then I'd double their physicking, and order two draughts, and two powders, and two boxes of pills, instead of one."

"But how will they like such double drugging, Kizzy — supposing that their constitutions are strong enough to stand it?"

Kezia was silent. She had thrown out her suggestion for the benefit of the family; and beyond that limited circle her mind never revolved. Her sympathies began, and, like Domestic Charity, ended at home. Society, and the large family of human kind in general, she left to shift for themselves.

The conversation having thus dropped, my father crept up stairs again, to see how matters were going on overhead; whilst the maid proceeded to answer a muffled knock at the front door, followed by an attempt to ring the night bell, but which had been completely dumb-founded by Kezia with paper and rag. The appellant was Mr. Postle, the medical assistant.

"A nice night for a ride through the Fens," grumbled the deputy-doctor, shaking himself in his great coat, like a wet water-dog, before he followed the maid into the kitchen, where he seated himself in his steaming clothes before the fire.

"Mr. Postle!"

Mr. Postle looked up at the speaker, and saw her hard features convulsively struggling into what bore some distant resemblance to a smile.

"Mr. Postle!" and her voice broke into a sort of hysterical chuckle. "You don't ask the news?"

"What news?"

"What! Why, there's an increase of the family!" said Kezia, her face crimson on both sides with the domestic triumph. "We've got twins!"

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Postle. "Better one strong one, than two weakly ones."

"Weakly!" exclaimed Kezia; "why, they're little Herculeses. Our babbies always are."

A suppressed laugh caused the assistant and Kezia to look round and they beheld, close beside them, the nurse, Mrs. Prideaux. It was

one of her peculiarities that she never shuffled about slipshod, or in creaking leather; but crept along, noiselessly as a ghost, in a pair of list mocassins: and thus taking advantage of my father's visit to the bed-chamber, she had descended for a little change to the kitchen.

A very superior woman was Mrs. Prideaux: quite the attendant for an aristocratic invalid, lying in down, beneath an embroidered quilt, and on a laced pillow. She was never seen in that slovenly dishabille, so characteristic of females of her profession; no, you never saw *her* in a slatternly coloured cotton gown, drawn up through the pocket-holes, and disclosing a greasy nankeen petticoat with ticking pockets — nor in a yellow nightcap, tied over the head and under the chin with a blue and white birds-eye handkerchief — looking like a Hybrid, between a washerwoman and a watchman. A pure white dainty robe, tied with pale green ribands, was her undress. Her personal advantages were very great. Her figure was tall and genteel; her features were small and regular — so different to those dowdy Dodo-like creatures, bloated, and ugly as sin, who are commonly called “nusses.” Then she did not take snuff; nor ever drank gin or rum, neat or diluted: a glass of foreign wine or liqueur, or brandy, if genuine Cognac, she would accept; but beer, never. No one ever heard her sniff, or saw her spit, or trim the candle-snuff with her fingers. And if ever she dozed in her chair, as nurses sometimes must, she never snored: but was lady-like even in her sleep. Her language was not only free from vulgarisms and provincialisms, but so choice as to be generally described as “book English.” You never heard Mrs. Prideaux blessing her stars, or invoking Goody Gracious, or asking Lawk to have mercy on her, or asseverating by Jingo. She would have died ere she would have complained of her lines, her rheumatiz, her lumbargo, or the molligrubs. Such broad coarse words could never pass those thin compressed lips. But perhaps the best test of her refined phrasology was, that though the word was so current with mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, gossips, and servants of both sexes, that it rang in her ears, at least once in every five minutes, she never said — babby.

In nothing, however, was Mrs. Prideaux more distinguished from the sisterhood, than the tone of her manners: so affable, yet so dignified — and above all, that serene self-possession under any circumstances, supposed to accompany high breeding and noble birth. Thus, nobody ever saw her flustered, or non-plush'd, or at her wit's ends, or all in a twitter, or nervous, or ready to jump out of her skin; but always calm, cool, and correct. She hinted, indeed, that she was a reduced gentlewoman, deterred by an independent spirit from accepting the assistance of wealthy and titled connexions. In short, she was a superior woman, so superior, that many a calculating visiter who would have tipped another nurse with a shilling, felt compelled to present a half-crown, if not a whole one to Mrs. Prideaux, and even then with some anxiety as to her reception of the offering.

Such was the prepossessing person, whose presence notwithstanding was so unwelcome to the medical assistant, that her appearance in the kitchen seemed the signal for his departure. He rose up instantly

from his chair, but halted a moment to ask Kezia if there had been any applications at the surgery in his absence.

"Yes, the boy from the curate's, for some more of the paradoxical lozenges: he says he can't preach without em."

"Paregorical. Well?"

"And widow Wakeman with a complaint ——."

"Ah! in her hip."

"No, in her mouth, that she have tried the Scouring Drops, and they won't clean marble."

"I should think not — they're for sheep. Well?"

"Only a prescription to make up. Pulv. something — aqua, something — summon'd, and cockleary."

"Any thing else?"

"O yes, a message from the great house about the Brazen monkey."

"Curse the Brazil monkey!" and snatching up a candle, Mr. Postle yawned a good night apiece to the females, and with half-closed eyes stumbled off to bed.

"A quick-tempered person," observed Mrs. Prideaux, as soon as the subject of her comment was beyond earshot.

"Yes, rather caloric," she meant choleric. As an exception to her simple habits Kezia was fond of hard words, perhaps because they were hard, just as she liked hard work.

"Well, Kezia, you observed the clock?"

"The clock, Ma'am?"

"Yes. The precise date of birth is of vast importance to human destiny."

"O, for their fortune telling! I never thought of it — never!" And the shocked Kezia began to heap on herself, and her sieve of a head, the most bitter reproaches.

"No matter," said the nurse. "I *did* mark the time exactly." And as she spoke she drew from her bosom, and gazed at, a handsome enamelled watch, with a gold dial, and a hand that marked the seconds.

"You are aware that one of the twin infants was born before, and the other after, the hour of midnight?"

"No, really!" exclaimed Kezia, her dull eyes brightening at the prospect of a double festival. "Why then, there will be two celebrated birthdays!"

"The natal hour involves matters of much deeper importance than the keeping of birth days," replied the nurse, with a startling solemnity of tone and manner. "Look here, Kezia," and returning the watch to her bosom, she drew forth a little blue morocco pocket-book, from which she extracted a paper inscribed with various signs and a diagram. "Do you know what this is?"

"I suppose," said Kezia, turning the paper upside down, after having looked at it in every other direction, "it is some of Harry O'Griffis's characters."

"Not precisely hieroglyphics," said the nurse. "It is a scheme for casting nativities. See, here are the Twelve Houses, — the first,

the House of Life; the second, of Riches; the third, of Brethren; the fourth, of Parents; the fifth, of Children; the sixth, of Health; the seventh, of Marriage; the eighth, of Death; the ninth, of Religion; the tenth, of Dignities; the eleventh, of Friends; and, the twelfth, of Enemies."

"And in which of those houses were our two dear babbies born?" eagerly asked Kezia.

Mrs. Prideaux looked grave, sighed, and shook her head so ominously, that Kezia turned as pale as marble, her very claret-mark fading into a scarcely perceptible tinge of pink.

"Don't say it — don't say it!" she stammered, while the big tears gathered in her eyes: "What! cut off precockshiously like blighted spring buds!"

"I did not say death," replied the nurse. But there are other malignant signs and sinister aspects, that foretel misfortunes of another kind — for instance, poverty. But hush —" and she held up a warning forefinger whilst her voice subsided into a whisper.

"I hear your master. Leave your door ajar, and I will come to you presently in your own room." So saying, she rose and glided spectre-like from the kitchen — where she left Kezia staring through a haze, damp as a Scotch mist, at a vision of two little half-naked and half-famished babes turning away, loathingly, from a dose of parish gruel, administered by a pauper nurse, with a work-house spoon.

CHAPTER II.

OUR HOROSCOPE.

A LONG hour had worn away, and still Kezia sate in her attic with the door ajar, anxiously expecting the promised visit from the mysterious nurse. Too excited to sleep, she had not undressed, but setting up a rushlight, seated herself on the bed, and gave full scope to her foreboding fancies, till all the round bright spots, projected from the night shade on the walls and ceiling, appeared like so many evil planets portending misfortunes to the new-born. From these reveries she was roused by a very low, but very audible whisper, every syllable clear and distinct as the sound of a bell.

"Whose room is that in front?"

"Mr. Postle's."

"Can he overhear us through the partition?"

"No, not a word."

"You are certain of it?"

"Yes, I have tried it."

"Very good." And Mrs. Prideaux having first carefully closed the door, seated herself beside the other female on the bed. "I have left the mother and her lovely twins in a sound sleep."

"The little cherubs!" exclaimed Kezia. "And must they, will they, sink so low in the world, poor things! Are they unrevocably marked out for such unprosperous fortunes in life?"

"They must — they will — they arc. Listen Kezia! I have not

been many days, not many hours under this roof; but my art tells me that the wolf already has more than looked in at the door—that the master of this house knows, by experience, the bitter trials of a poor professional man—the difficulties, the cruel difficulties, of one who has to keep up a respectable appearance with very limited means.”

“The Lord knows we have!” exclaimed Kezia, quite thrown off her guard. “The struggles we have had to keep up our genteelity! The shifts we have been obliged to make—as well as our neighbours,” she added hastily, and not without a twinge of mortification at having let down the family by her disclosures.

“I understand you,” said Mrs. Prideaux, with a series of significant little nods. “Harrassed, worried to death, for the means to meet the tradesmen’s bills, or to take up overdue acceptances. I know it all. The best china, and linen parted with to help to make up a sum (Kezia uttered a low inward groan), the plate in pledge (another moan from Kezia), and the head of the family even obliged to absent himself, to avoid personal arrest.”

“She is a witch, sure enough,” said Kezia to herself. “She knows about the baileys.”

“Yes—there have been sheriff’s officers in this very house,” continued the nurse, as if reading the secret thought of the other. “Nor are the circumstances of your master much mended even at the present time,”—and she fixed her dark eyes on the pale blue ones, that seemed to contract under their gaze like the feline organ under excess of light—“at this moment, when there are not six bottles of what, by courtesy, we will call sherry, in his cellar, nor as many guineas in his bureau.”

“Why, as to the wine,” stammered Kezia, “we have had company lately, and I would not answer for a whole dozen; but as regards the pecuniery, I feel sure—I know—I’m positive there’s nigh a score of golden guineas in the house, at this blessed moment—let alone the silver and the copper.”

“Your own, perhaps?”

Kezia’s face seemed suddenly suffused all over with claret, and felt as hot too as if the wine had been mulled, at being thus caught out in an equivocation, invented purely for the credit of the family.

“In a word,” said the nurse, “your master is a needy man; and the addition of two children to his burthens will hardly improve his finances.”

“But our practice may increase,” said Kezia. “We may have money left to us in a legacy—or win a grand prize in the lottery.”

“I wish it was on the horoscope,” said Mrs. Prideaux, looking up at the ceiling, as if appealing through it to the planetary bodies. “But the stars say otherwise. Rash speculations—heavy losses by bad debts—and a ruinous Chancery suit, as indicated by the presence of Saturn in the twelfth house.”

“Satan!” ejaculated Kezia, with a visible shudder. “If he’s in the house, there’ll be chancery suits no doubt, for he is in league they say with all the lawyers, from the judges down to the ’turneys.”

"And with litigation," said the nurse, "will come rags and poverty, ay, down to the second and third generations."

"What, common begging—from door to door?"

"Alas, yes—mendicity and pauperism."

"Never!" said Kezia, with energy, starting up from the bed, and holding forth her clumsy ~~coarse~~ hands, with their ruddy digits, like two bunches of radishes to tempt a purchaser—"Never! whilst I can work with these ten fingers!"

"Of course not, my worthy creature, only don't be quite so vehement—of course not. And, as far as my own humble means extend, you shall not want my poor co-operation. I have already devoted my nursing fee and perquisites, whatever may be the amount, towards a scheme that will help to secure the little innocents from absolute want. There is a society, a sort of masonic society of benevolent individuals, privately established for the endowment of such unfortunate little mortals. For a small sum at the birth of a child, they undertake to pay him, after a certain age, a yearly annuity in proportion to the original deposit—a heavenly plan, devised by a few real practical Christians, who delight in doing good by stealth; and especially to such forlorn beings as are born under the influence of a malignant star. Now the year that threatens our dear darling twins is the seventh; a tender age, Kezia, to be left to the charity of the wide world!"

Poor Kezia turned as white as ashes; and for some minutes sate speechless, writhing her body and wringing her hands, as if to wring ~~tears out~~ of her finger ends. At last, in a faltering voice, she inquired how much seventeen guineas would grow into, per annum, in seven years.

"Why, let me see;" and Mrs. Prideaux began to calculate by the help of a massive silver pencil-case and her tablets; "seventeen guineas, for seven years, with interest—and interest upon interest—simple and compound—with the bonus, added by the society—why, it would positively be a little fortune—a good twenty pounds a year—enough at any rate to secure one, or even two persons, from absolute starvation."

Kezia made no reply, but darted off to a large iron-bound trunk which she unlocked, and then drew from it a little round wooden box, the construction of which, every one who has swallowed Ching's worm medicine, so celebrated some thirty or forty years ago, will very readily remember. Unscrewing one half of this box with a shrill screeching sound, that jarred the nerves of Mrs. Prideaux, and set all her small white teeth on edge, Kezia poured into her own lap, from a compartment formerly occupied by oval white lozenges, ten full weight guineas of the coinage of King George the Third; then turning the box, and opening the opposite half, with a similar *skreek*, and a fresh shock to the nerves and teeth of the genteel nurse, she emptied from the division, once filled with oval brown lozenges, eight half guineas, and nine seven shilling pieces, in all, seventeen guineas, the sum total of her hoarded savings since she had been at service.

"Then, take them," she said, holding out her apron by the corners, with the precious glittering contents, towards the nurse.

"Bless you—bless you, for a true Samaritan!" replied Mrs. Prideaux, passing her hand lightly across her eyelashes—whilst something like a tear glistened upon one of her fingers, but the radiance came from a brilliant ring. "I will add this bauble to the stock," said the nurse, drawing it off, and throwing it into Kezia's apron. "But, my good girl, I am afraid you have contributed your all. You ought to consider yourself a little—you may be ill—or out of place. At any rate, reserve a trifle against a rainy day."

"No, no—don't consider me—take it, all—all, every penny of it," sobbed Kezia. "The poor dear innocents! they are as welcome to it as my own little ones—at least, if I had any."

"To be sure it is for *them*,—one, two, three," said the nurse, counting the pieces separately into a stout green silk purse with gilt rings: "seventeen guineas exactly. With my own poor mite, and the ring, say twenty, or five and twenty, to be invested for the dear twins in the Benevolent Endowment Society, for children born under Malignant Planets."

"Oh! I do wish," exclaimed Kezia, with the abruptness of a sudden inspiration, "I do wish I knew the fortune-teller that prophesies for Moore's Almanack!"

The nurse turned her keen dark eyes on the speaker, and for a minute regarded her, as if, in the popular phrase, she would have looked her through and through. But the scrutiny satisfied her; for she said in a calm tone, that the name in question was very well known, as Francis Moore, physician.

"But people say," objected Kezia, "that Francis Moore is only his alibi," she meant, alias.

"It is *not her* name," replied Mrs. Prideaux, with a marked staccato emphasis on the negative and the pronoun. "But that is a secret. And now, mark me, Kezia—not a syllable of this matter to any one, and least of all to the parents. The troubles we know are burthensome enough to bear, without an insight into futurity. And to foresee such a melancholy prospect predestined to the offspring of their own loins."

"Oh! not for the world!" exclaimed Kezia, clasping her hands together. "It would kill them outright—it would break both their hearts! As for me, it don't signify. I'm used to fretting. Oh! if you knew the wretched sleepless hours I've enjoyed, night after night, when master was in his commercial crises, with unaccommodating bills—he'd have had that money long and long ago, if I had had the courage to offer it to him, but he's as proud on some points as Lucifer. And, to be sure, we've not been reduced more than our betters, perhaps, at a chance time, when they could not get in their rents—or the steward absconded with them—or the stocks fell suddenly—or the bank was short of cash for the dividends, or the key of the bureau —"

She stopped short, for Mrs. Prideaux had vanished. So after an exclamation of surprise, and a thoughtful turn or two up and down her chamber, the devoted Kezia threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and prayed fervently for her master, her mistress, and the dear little progeny, till in that devout posture she fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

WE ARE NAMED.

It is assuredly a mercy for humankind that we are born into this world of folly as we are, mere puff-blind, sprawling, oysterly squabs, with no more *nous* than a polypus, instead of coming into it with our wits ready sharpened, and wide awake as young weasels! Above all, it is providential that we are so much more accessible to lachrymose than ludicrous impressions; more prone to tears, squallings, sobs, sighs, and blubberings, than to broad grins or crowing like chanicleer. For, while at a royal or imperial establishment, one Fool has generally been deemed sufficient; at the court of a Lilliputian Infant or Infanta, it seems to be held indispensable that every person who enters the presence must play the zany or buffoon, and act, talk, sing, cut, and pull, such antics, gibberish, nonsense, capers, and grimaces, that nine tenths of the breed of babies, if their fancies were at all ticklesome, must needs die of ruptured spleen, bursten blood-vessels, split sides, or shattered diaphragms. Yes, nine tenths of the species would go off in a guffaw, like the ancient who lost his breath in a cachinnation, at seeing an ass eating figs. For truly that donkey was nothing to the donkeys, nor his freak worth one of his figs, compared to the farcicalities exhibited by those he and she animals who congregate around the cots and cradles of the nursery.

Thus, had our own little vacant goggle eyes at all appreciated, or our ignorant sealed ears at all comprehended, the absurdities that were perpetrated, said and sung, daily and hourly, before and around us, my Twin-Brother and myself must inevitably, in the first week, have choked in our pap, and died, strangled in convulsion fits of inextinguishable laughter, or perhaps jaw-locked by a collapse of the overstrained risible muscles.

It would have been quite enough to shatter the tender lungs and midriff of a precocious humourist, to have only seen that ungainly figure which so constantly hung over us, with that strange variegated face, grotesquely puckering, twisting, screwing its refractory features to produce such indescribable cacklings, chucklings, and chirrupings; — to have heard her drilling that impracticable peacocky voice, with its rebellious falsetto, and all its mazy wanderings, from nasal to guttural, from guttural to pectoral, and even to ventral, with all its involuntary quaverings, gugglings, and gratings, — into a soothing lullaby, or cradle hymn. It must have asphyxiated an infant, with any turn for the comic, to have seen and heard that Iö-like creature with her pied red and white face, lowing —

“There’s no ox a-near thy bed;”

or that astounding flourish of tune, accompanied by an appropriate brandishing of the mottled upper limbs, with which she warbled —

“’Tis thy Kizzy sits beside thee,
And her harms shall be thy guard.”

It was ten thousand mercies, I say, that the stolid gravity of babyhood was proof against such sounds and spectacles: not to forget that domestic conclave, with its notable debate as to the names to be given to us in our baptism.

"For my own part," said my mother, enthroned in a huge dimity covered easy chair, "I should like some sort of names we are accustomed to couple together, so as to make them out for a pair of twins."

"Nothing more easy," said my father. "There's Castor and Pollux."

"Was Castor the inventor of castor oil," inquired my mother, in the very simplicity of her heart.

"Why, not exactly," replied my father, suddenly rubbing his nose as if something had tickled him. "He was invented himself." An answer, by the way, which served my other parent as a riddle for the rest of the day.

"And what was their persuasion?"

"Heathen, of course."

"Then they shall never stand sponsors for children of mine," said my mother, whose religious sentiments were strictly orthodox. "But are there no other twin brothers celebrated in history?"

"Yes," replied my father. "Valentine and Orson."

"Why one — one — one of them," exclaimed Kezia, stuttering in her eagerness — "one of them was a savage, like Peter the Wild Boy, and sucked a she-bear!"

"Then *they* won't do," said my mother, in a tone of great decision.

"And Romulus and Remus are equally ineligible," said my father, "for they were suckled by a she-wolf."

"Bless me!" exclaimed my mother, lifting up her hands, "the ferocious beasts in those days must have been much tamer and gentler than in ours. I should be sorry to trust flesh and blood of mine to such succedaneums for wet-nurses."

"And what would be your choice, Kizzy?" inquired my father, turning towards the maid of all work, who, by way of employing both hands and feet, had volunteered to rock the cradle, whilst she worked at the duplicate baby-linen, so unexpectedly required.

"Why then," said Kezia, rising up to give more weight to the recommendation, "if that precious pair of infants was mine, I'd christen them Jachin and Boaz."

"The pillars of the temple" — said my father. "But suppose, Kizzy, the boys chose to go into the army and navy?"

"They would fight none the worse," said Kezia, reddening, "for having Bible names!"

"Nor better," said my father, *sotto voce*. "And now, perhaps Mrs. Prideaux will favour us with her opinion?"

But the genteel nurse, with a sweet smile, and in her silvery voice, declined advising in such a delicate matter; only hinting, as regarded her private taste, that she preferred the select and euphonious, as a prefix. Her own son was named Algernon Marmaduke Prideaux.

"Perhaps," said my father, leaning his head thoughtfully on one

side, and scratching his ear, "perhaps Postle could suggest something. His head's like an Encyclopædia."

"He have," said Kezia, suspending for a moment her needlework and the rocking of the cradle. "He's for Demon and Pithy."

"For what!!!" exclaimed my mother, —

"Demon and Pithy."

"Phoo, phoo—Damon and Pythias," said my father, "famous for their friendship, like David and Jonathan, in the classical times."

"Then they're heathens, too," said my mother, "and wo'n't do for godfathers to little Christians."

A dead pause ensued for some minutes, during which nothing was audible but my father's ghost of a whistle, and the gentle creak, creak, of the wicker cradle. The expression of my mother's face, in the meantime, changed every moment for the worse; from puzzled to anxious, from anxious to fretful.

"Well, I do wish," she exclaimed at last, just at the tail of a long sigh, "I do wish, George, that you would think of some name for our twins. For, of course, you don't wish them to grow up anonymous like Tobit's dog!"

"Of course not," replied my father. "But I can hit on only one more suggestion. Supposing the infants to be remarkably fine ones —"

"And so they are!" put in Kezia.

"And of an uncommon size for twins —"

"They're perfect Herculuses," cried Kezia.

"What think you of Gog and Magog?"

"Fiddle and fiddlestick!" exclaimed my mother in great indignation. "But I believe you would joke on your death-bed."

"Rabelais did," said my father. "But come," he added in his genuine serious voice, for he had two, a real and a sham Abraham one, "it is my decided opinion that we could not do better than to name the children after your brother. He is wealthy, and a bachelor; and it might be to the advantage of the boys to pay him the compliment."

"I have thought of that too," said my mother. "But my brother doesn't shorten well. Jinkins Rumbold is well enough; but you wouldn't like to hear me, when I wanted the children, calling for Jin and Rum."

"Pshaw!" said my father, "I am philosopher enough to bear that for the chance of a thumping legacy to our sons."

The genteel nurse, Mrs. Prideaux, backing this worldly policy of my father's with a few emphatic words, my mother concurred; and, accordingly, it was decided that we should be called after Jinkins Rumbold; the Jinkins being assigned to my twin brother, the first-born, and the Rumbold to my "crying self."

It is usual, however, in dedicating works, whether of Art or Nature, in one or two volumes, to ask previously the permission of the dedicatee. To obtain this consent, it was necessary to write to our Godfather Elect: and accordingly my father retired to the parlour, and seated himself, on epistolary deeds intent, at the old escrutoire. But

my parent was an indifferent letter-writer at the best; and the task was even more perplexing than such labours usually are. His brother-in-law was a formalist of the old school; an antiquarian in dress, speech, manners, sentiments, and prejudices, whom it would not be prudent to address in the current and familiar style of the day. The request, besides, involved delicate considerations, as difficult to touch safely, as impossible to avoid. In this extremity, after spoiling a dozen sheets of paper and as many pens, my father had recourse, as usual, to Mr. Postle, who came, characteristically at his summons, with a graduated glass in one hand, and a bottle of vitriolic acid in the other. It was indeed one of his merits, that he identified himself, soul and body, with his business: so much so, that he was reported to have gone to an evening party with his handkerchief scented with spirits of camphor.

"Mr. Postle," said my father, "I want your opinion on a new case. Suppose a rich old hunk of a bachelor uncle, whom you wished to stand godfather to your twins, what would be your mode of treatment, by way of application to him?"

The assistant, thus called in to consultation, at once addressed himself, seriously, to the consideration of the case. But in vain he stared at the Esculapian bronze bird with the gilt bolus suspended from its beak, and from the bird, at the framed sampler, and thence to the water-colour view of some landscape in Wales, and then at the stuffed woodpecker, and in turn at each of the black profiles that flanked the mirror. There was no inspiration in any of them. At last he spoke.

"If it's all the same to you, sir, I think if we were to adjourn to the surgery, I could make up my mind on the subject. Like the authors, who write best, as I have heard, in their libraries, with their books about them, my ideas are always most confluent, when, in looking for them, my eyes rest on the drawers, and bottles, and gallipots. It's an idiosyncrasy, I believe, but so it is."

"So be it," said my father, gathering up his rough composing drafts, and hurrying, with Postle at his heels, into the surgery, where he established himself at the desk. The assistant in the mean time took a deliberate survey of all the wooden earthenware, and glass repositories for drugs, acid, salt, bitter, or saccharine; liquid, solid, or in powder.

"Now then, Postle," said my father, "how would you set to work to ask a rich old curmudgeon to stand sponsor to your children?"

"Why, then, sir," replied Postle, "in the first place, I would disclaim all idea of drawing upon him"—(and he glanced at a great bottle apparently filled with green tinsel, but marked "cantharides")—"or of bleeding him. Next I would throw in gentle stimulants, such as an appeal to family pride, and reminding him of your matrimonial mixture. Then I would exhibit the babies—in as pleasant a vehicle as possible—flavoured, as it were, with cinnamon"—(he looked hard at a particular drawer)—"and scented with rose water. As sweet as honey"—(he got that hint from a large white jar)—"and as lively as leeches." (He owed that comparison to a great fact on the counter.)

"Very good," said my father.

"After that," continued Mr. Postle, "I would recommend change of air and exercise, namely, by coming down to the christening: with an unrestricted diet. I would also promise to make up a spare bed for him, according to the best prescriptions; with a draught of something comforting to be taken the last thing at night. Say, diluted alcohol, sweetened with sugar. Add a little essential oil of flummery; and in case of refusal, hint at a mortification."

"Capital!—Excellent!" exclaimed my father. And on this medical model he actually constructed a letter, before dinner time, which might otherwise have puzzled him for a week!

CHAPTER IV.

THE bed in the spare bed-room had been aired for my father: who between his attendance on my mother, and another lady in the same predicament, had never been out of his clothes for three successive nights. But the time for repose had arrived at last; he undressed hastily, and was standing in his night-gown and night-cap, his hand, with the extinguisher just hovering over the candle, when he heard, or thought he heard, his name called from without. He stopped his hand and listened—not a sound. It had been only the moaning of the wind, or the creaking of the great poplar at the end of the house; and the hollow cone was again descending over the flame when his name was shouted out in a peremptory tone by somebody close under the window. There could be no mistake. With a deep sigh he put down the extinguisher—opened the casement, and put forth his head. Through the gloom he could just perceive the dark figure of a man on horseback.

"Who is there?"

"Why the devil," grumbled the fellow, "have you muffled the night-bell? I've rung a dozen times."

"Why?"—replied my father—"why, because my mistress is confined."

"I wish mine was," growled the man, "in a madhouse. You're wanted."

"To-night?"

"Yes: I'm sent express for you. You're to come directly."

"Where?"

"At the great house to be sure."

"Well, I'll come—or at any rate Mr. Postle——"

"No—you must come yourself."

My father groaned in spirit, and shuddered as if suddenly struck to the lungs by the night-air.

"Who is ill?" he asked; "is it Prince George?"

"No—it's the little"—the rest was lost in the sound of the horse's heels as the messenger turned and rode off.

My father closed the casement with a slam that nearly broke the jingling glass; and for some minutes stood ruefully looking from the candle to the bed, and from the bed to the chair with his clothes. But there was no remedy; with his rapidly increasing family he could

not afford to slight a patient at the great house. So he plucked off his nightcap, threw it on the floor, and with both hands harrowed and raked at his hair, till every drowsy organ under it was thoroughly wakened up; then he dressed hastily, crept down stairs, wiped a bandana round his throat, struggled into his great coat, thrust on his worst hat, and, pocketing the door-key, stepped forth into the dark, damp, chill air. He thought he never felt so uncomfortable a night in his life, or encountered worse weather; but he thought a mistake. He had met with inferior qualities by fifty degrees. However there were disagreeables enough, wind and fog, and his road lay for half a mile on the border of a Lincolnshire river, and through a dreary neighbourhood, — for out of Holland or Flanders, there was not such another village, so low and flat, with so much water, running and stagnant, in canals and ditches, amidst swampy fields growing the plant cannabis, or hemp — or with so many windmills, and bulrushes, and long rows of stunted willows, relieved here and there by an aspen, that seemed shivering with the ague. On he went, yawning and stumbling, past the lock, and over the bridge, and along by the row of low cottages, all as dark as death except one, and that was as dark as death too, in spite of its solitary bright window. For the doctor stopped as he went by to peep in at the narrow panes, and saw one of those sights of misery, that the eye of Providence, a parish doctor, a clergyman occasionally, and a parliamentary commissioner still more rarely, have to look upon. On the bed, if bed it might be called, for it was a mere heap of straw, matting, rushes, and rags, covered by a tattered rug, sat the mother, rocking herself to and fro, over the dead child, wasted to a skeleton, that was lying stark across her lap. Beside her sat her husband, staring steadfastly, stupid with grief at the flame of the rushlight, his hollow cheeks showing yellow, even by the candle light, from recent jaundice. Neither moved their lips. On the floor lay an empty phial, with the untasted medicine beside it in a broken tea-cup; there was a little green rush basket near the mother's feet, with a few faded butter-cups — the last toys. My father saw no more, for the light that had been flickering suddenly went out, and added Darkness to Sorrow and Silence.

In spite of his medical acquaintance with similar scenes of wretchedness, he was shocked at this startling increase of desolation; and for a moment was tempted to step in and offer a few words of consolation to the afflicted couple. But before his hand touched the latch, reflection reminded him from his experience, how inefficacious such verbal comfort had ever been with the poor, except from sympathisers of their own condition. In the emphatic words of one of his pauper patients, "When a poor man or woman, as low down in life as myself, talks to me about heaven above, it sounds as sweet-like as a promise of going back some day to my birth-place, and my father's house, the home of my childhood; but when rich people speak to me of heaven, it sounds like saying, now you're old and worn out, and sick, and past work, and come to rags, and beggary, and starvation, there's heaven for you — just as they say to one, at the last pinch of poverty — by way of comforting — there's the parish."

So my father sighed and walked on: those two wretched, sickly,

sorrow-stricken faces, and the dead one, seeming to flash fitfully upon him out of the darkness, as they had appeared and vanished again by the light of the flickering candle. And with this picture of human misery in his mind's eye, he arrived at the Great House: and still carrying the dolorous images on his retina, across the marble hall, and up the painted staircase, and through the handsome antechamber, stepped with it, still vivid, into the luxurious drawing-room, that presented a new and very different scene of distress.

On her knees, beside the superb sofa, was the weeping lady of the mansion, bending over the little creature that lay shivering on the chintz cushion, with its arms hugging its own diminutive body, and the knees drawn up to the chest. Its dark almond-shaped eyes rolled restlessly to and fro: its tiny mouth seemed puckered up by suffering, and its cheeks and forehead were deeply wrinkled, as if by premature old age. The nurse, a young woman, was in attendance, so exhausted by watching that she was dosing on her feet.

As my father advanced into the room, he could distinguish the low moaning of the afflicted lady, intermixed with all those fond doting epithets which a devoted mother lavishes on her sick child. The moment she became aware of his presence she sprang up, with a slight hysterical shriek, and running to meet him, exclaimed,

"Oh! doctor, I am so glad you are come! I have been in agonies! My poor dear darling, Florio, is ill—going—dying;" and she sobbed aloud, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

My father hastily stepped past her, to the sofa, to look at the patient: and, at the risk of bursting, suppressed an oath that tingled at the very tip of his tongue. A single glance had filled up the hiatus in the groom's communication—the sufferer was a little Brazilian monkey.

My father's surprise was equal to his disgust, aggravated as it was by a vivid remembrance of the domestic distress he had so recently witnessed through the cottage window. His head, filled with that human bereavement, he had totally forgotten the circumstance that once before he had been summoned to the Great House on a similar errand—to prescribe for a sick lap-dog, named after an illustrious personage, at that time very popular, as Prince George. But the whispers of Prudence stifled the promptings of Indignation, reminding him, just in time, that he was a poor country practitioner, the father, within the last eight and forty hours, of a pair of twins. Accordingly he proceeded with all gravity to feel the pulse and examine the skin of the dwarf animal; laying his hand on the chest to estimate the action of the heart; and even ascertaining, at the expense of a small bite, the state of the tongue.

The weeping lady in the meantime looked on with intense anxiety, uttering incoherent ejaculations, and putting questions with unanswered rapidity. "Oh, the darling!—my precious pet!—is he hot—is he feverish? My little beauty!—Isn't he very, very ill? He don't eat, doctor—he don't drink—he don't sleep—he don't do any thing—poor dear! Look how he shivers! Can you—can you—do any thing for him—my little love of loves! If he dies I shall go distracted—I know I shall—but you'll save him—you will, won't

you? Oh do, do, do prescribe — there's a dear good doctor. What *do* you think of him — my suffering sweet one — tell me, tell me, pray tell me — let me know the worst — but don't say he'll die! He'll get over it, won't he — with a strong constitution? — say it's a strong constitution. Oh, mercy! look how he twists about! — my own, poor, dear, darling little Flora!"

My father, during this farrago, felt horribly vexed and annoyed, and even looked so in spite of himself: but the contrast was too great between the silent, still, deep, sorrow — still waters are deep — for a lost child, and these garrulous lamentations over a sick brute. But the hard, cold, severe expression of his face gradually thawed into a milder one, as the idea dawned upon him of a mode of extracting good out of evil, which he immediately began to put in practice.

"This little animal," — he intended to have said my little patient, but it stuck in his throat — "this little animal has no disease at present, whatever affection may hereafter be established, unless taken in time. It is suffering solely from cold and change of climate. The habitat of the species is the Brazils; and he misses the heat of a tropical sun."

"Of course he does — poor thing!" exclaimed the lady. "But it is not my fault — I thought the Brazils were in France. He shall have a fire in his bed-room."

"It will do no harm, Madam," said the Doctor. "But he would derive infinitely more benefit from animal heat — the warmth of the human body."

"He shall sleep with Cradock!" exclaimed the lady, looking towards the drowsy young woman, who bit her lips and pouted: "and mind, Cradock, you cuddle him."

"I should rather recommend, Madam," said my father, "a much younger bed-fellow. There is something in the natural glow of a young child peculiarly restorative to the elderly or infirm who suffer from a defect of the animal warmth — a fact well known to the faculty: and some aged persons even are selfish enough to sleep with their grandchildren, on that very account. I say selfish, for the benefit they derive is at the expense of the juvenile constitution, which suffers in proportion."

"But where is one to get a child for him?" inquired the lady, perfectly willing to sacrifice the health of a human little one to that of her pet brute.

"I think I can manage it, Madam," said my father, "amongst my pauper patients with large families. Indeed I have a little girl in my eye."

"Can she come to-night?" asked the lady.

"I fear not," said my father. "But to-morrow, Ma'am, as early as you please."

"Then for to-night, poor dear, he must make shift with Cradock," said the lady, "with a good tropical fire in the room, and heaps of warm blankets."

(Poor Cradock looked hot, at the very thought of it.)

"And about his diet?" asked the lady — it's heart-breaking to see his appetite is so delicate. He don't eat for days together."

"Perhaps he will eat," said my father, "for monkeys, you know, Madam, are very imitative, when the child sets him the example."

"I'll stuff her!" said the lady.

"It can do her no harm," said my father; "on the contrary, good living will tend to keep up her temperature. And as her animal warmth is the desideratum, she must be carefully guarded against any chill."

"I'll cloth her with warm things," said the lady, "from head to foot."

"And make her take exercise, Madam," added my father: "exercise in the open air, in fine weather, to promote the circulation of the blood, and a fine glow on the skin."

"Cradock shall play with her in the garden," said the lady; "they shall both have skipping-ropes."

"I can think of nothing else," said my father; "and if such careful treatment and tender nursing will not cure and preserve her, I do not know what will."

"Oh, it must, it will, it shall cure her, the darling precious!" exclaimed the delighted lady, clapping her jewelled hands. "What a nice clever doctor you are! A hundred, thousand, million thanks! I can never, never, never, repay you; but, in the meantime, accept a slight token of my gratitude," and she thrust her purse into my father's hand.

For an instant he hesitated; but, on second thoughts, he pocketed her bounty, and with due thanks took his leave. "After all," he thought, as he stepped through the antechamber, "I am glad I was called in. The monkey may live or die; but, at any rate, poor little Betty Hopkins is provided for one while with a roof over her, and food, and raiment."

The night was finer; the weather, as he stepped into it, was wonderfully improved: at least he thought so, which was the same thing. With a light brisk step he walked homewards, whistling much above his usual pitch, till he came abreast of the cottage of mourning. There he stopped, and his sibilation sunk into silence, as the three melancholy faces, the yellow, the pale, and the little white one, again flashed on his memory. Then came the faces of his own twin children, but fainter, and soon vanishing. His hand groped warily for the latch, his thumb stealthily pressed it down; the door was softly pushed a little ajar, and the next instant, something fell inside with a chinking sound on the cottage floor. The door silently closed again, the latch quietly sunk into the catch; and my father set off again, walking twice as fast, and whistling thrice as loud as before. A happy man was he for all his poverty, as he let himself in with the house key to his own home, and remembered that he had under its roof two living children, instead of one dead one. Quickly, quickly he undressed, and got into bed: and, oh! how soundly he slept, and how richly he deserved to sleep so, with that delicious dream that visited him in his slumbers, and gave him a foretaste of the joys of heaven!

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC VERSES.*

BY DELTA.

WE have taken the following beautiful stanzas from a little volume, at first privately distributed, and now given to the public, by the amiable author. It is verily a book which no family should be without that calls itself domestic, or professes a taste for Poetry.

CASA WAPPY.*

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
 Our fond, dear boy —
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,
 Where life is joy?
 Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
 Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
 Casa Wappy !

Despair was in our last farewell,
 As closed thine eye ;
 Tears of our anguish may not tell,
 When thou didst die ;
 Words may not paint our grief for thee,
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
 Of our unfathom'd agony,
 Casa Wappy !

Thou wert a vision of delight
 To bless us given ;
 Beauty embodied to our sight —
 A type of heaven :
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art
 Even less thine own self, than a part
 Of mine, and of thy Mother's heart,
 Casa Wappy !

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline —
 'T was cloudless joy ;
 Sunrise and night along were thine,
 Beloved boy !
 This morn beheld thee blythe and gay ;
 That found thee prostrate in decay ;
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy !

* The self-appellative of a beloved child.

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled,
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died
 Our dear, sweet child !
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,
 Thou meet'st my sight ;
 There dost thou glide before me still —
 A form of light !
 I feel thy breath upon my cheek —
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak —
 Till oh ! my heart is like to break,
 Casa Wappy !

Methinks, thou smil'st before me now,
 With glance of stealth ;
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow
 In buoyant health :
 I see thine eyes' deep violet light —
 Thy dimpled cheek carnation'd bright —
 Thy clasping arms so round and white —
 Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
 Thy bat — thy bow —
 Thy cloak and bonnet — club and ball :
 But where art thou ?
 A corner holds thine empty chair,
 Thy playthings idly scatter'd there,
 But speak to us of our despair,
 Casa Wappy !

Even to the last, thy every word —
 To glad — to grieve —
 Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
 On summer's eve ;
 In outward beauty undecay'd,
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
 And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
 Casa Wappy !

We mourn for thee, when blind blank night
 The chamber fills ;
 We pine for thee, when morn's first light
 Reddens the hills :

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
 All — to the wall-flower and wild-pea —
 Are changed, — we saw the world through thee,
 Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
 Of casual mirth,
 It doth not own, whatever may seem,
 An inward birth:
 We miss thy small step on the stair; —
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer; —
 All day we miss thee — every where —
 Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go
 In life's spring-bloom,
 Down to the appointed house below —
 'The silent tomb.
 But now the green leaves of the tree,
 The cuckoo, and the "busy bee,"
 Return — but with them bring not thee,
 Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be — (while flowers
 Revive again) —
 Man's doom, in death that we and ours
 For aye remain?
 Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
 The grass renew'd should yearly wave,
 Yet God forget our child to save? —
 Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
 Thus man could die,
 Life were a mockery — Thought were woe —
 And Truth a lie; —
 Heaven were a coinage of the brain —
 Religion frenzy — Virtue vain —
 And all our hopes to meet again,
 Casa Wappy! •

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
 With beam of love,
 A star, death's uncongenial wild
 Smiling above!
 Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod
 The skyward path, the seraph's road,
 That led thee back from man to God,
 Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
 Fond, fairest boy,
 That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
 With him in joy;
 There past are death and all its woes; —
 There beauty's stream for ever flows; —
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
 Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then — for a while, farewell —
 Pride of my heart!
 It cannot be that long we dwell,
 Thus torn apart:
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
 And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
 Beyond the grave, I'll meet with thee,
 Casa Wappy!

ETCH'D THOUGHTS.*

BY THE ETCHING CLUB.

THE process called Etching, although patronised and practised by the highest personage in the kingdom, is little known or understood by the public in general, who commonly suppose the term to be synonymous with engraving. It may be briefly defined as drawing on copper with a steel point or needle, for the shape of which see a representation of the "sharp thing" in the title-page of the work itself. The design thus scratched through a waxen coat on the metal, is corroded or bit in with *aqua fortis*; the finest lines of all being afterwards scratched on the copper with the tool without the use of the acid, or, as it is called, with the dry point. The roughness at the sides of the slight furrows thus made in the metal, is called the burr, which, in printing, retains some of the ink that would otherwise be wiped off the surface of the plate, and produces that soft smeary tint so much admired by the initiated. An etching, properly, is never touched by the *graver*, a sharp cutting tool that makes deep lines in the copper, as the surgeons would say, by the first intention, without the help of the *aqua fortis*. And in etchings, painters' etchings at least, the effect is produced, more artistically, and less mechanically, than in engravings where the various tints are obtained by ruled lines of different degrees of closeness and thickness, according to the shade required.

The vulgar eye, accustomed to the sleekness of modern engravings,

* Longman and Co.

and especially those executed on steel, will be very apt to take fright at what would probably be called the scratchy appearance of an etching by a painter — just as some foreigners would object to a coat of English broad-cloth, compared to those glossy ones to be seen abroad, shining as if fresh from a drenching shower of rain. Nevertheless, as fine or finer tints and tones of colour are produced by the hand, than by the ruler or machine — as in the plates called the Burial Place and the Village Church, both by Creswick, in the handsome work before us.

In one essential particular the etching point brings the power of the artist to the test, namely drawing, in which our native painters are generally supposed to be somewhat deficient. There is no striking the outline with the sharp decisive needle as may be done with a soft pencil, a crayon, or a brush-full of colour. All deformities or disproportions are glaringly apparent: a glance shows whether the designer can or cannot draw, however he may affect a careless execution and a disregard for details. Every touch is visibly good or bad, right or wrong; and judging from the book before us, we are rather disposed to concur in the opinion above alluded to as to the character of our countrymen as draughtsmen. In colouring they are unrivalled in modern times and masterly at effect, of which there are some favourable examples in the "Etch'd Thoughts," as well as of the besetting sin of painter-etchers in exaggerated light and dark, positive white opposed to blacker shadows than are at all consistent with nature, except during severe thunder-storms and awful conflagrations. As illustrating the reverse of this fault, and the mock-heroical clare obscure, let the reader refer to the gem called the Chase, by Frederick Townshend, breathing the very cool, dewy, breezy freshness of nature, shining with the tender, pearly light of the young morning! On the other hand there are exceptions where blackness is a merit and even aids the sentiment. Witness the beautiful plate by Cope, called the Wanderer's Return, with that yew of a sable hue overhanging the grave-stone like a *tree in mourning*. But surely again a little colour might have been spared from the face — looking as if it wanted shaving all over — of the English Peasant, so named, but mistaken by us, at first, for Mr. Wordsworth, in the character of his own Waggoner. There is fine truth of colour in the face of Knight's Gipsy Boy.

These last mentioned subjects induce us to remark, *en passant*, on the title of the work, "Etch'd Thoughts" — clearly, as regards nine-tenths of the illustrations, a misnomer, inasmuch as it implies a collection of what the old writers called conceits, only expressed graphically instead of verbally. A mere half length of a countryman in a smock frock, or a gipsy boy drawn literally, are no more thoughts than our bare description in words of the same objects. Neither are Mr. Lewis's two trees, or rather stems of trees, flanking a brook, however naturally depicted — a thought. But Mr. Redgrave's Fairies are a thought — more substantial than such gossamer creatures ought to be. The Love's Enemies, of Mr. Cope, are however a thoughtful allegory; and so is the Devill's Webbe of Bell, who has also rung out his thoughts on the matter in a quaint sonnet.

THE DEVILL'S WEBBE.

Thys Webbe our Passions bec, and eke the Flies
 Be wee poore Mortals; in the centre coyles
 Old Nicke, a Spider grimme who doth devyse
 Ever to catch us in his cunninge Toyles.
 Look at his Claws, how long they are and hooked!
 Look at his Eyes, and mark how grim and greedie!
 Look at his horrid Fangs, how sharp and crooked!
 Then keep Thy Distance so, I thus arrede ye.
 Oh sillie Flie! an thou would'st keep thee whole,
 For, an he catch thee, he will eate thy Soule.

Severn's idea of a *Step-Lover* in the Neapolitan Vintage, is quite a new thought: but, generally, there is an absence of *that*, for want of which Cymon whistled on his way. By the way, we would give a trifle to know what that young Damsel and the Page, drawn by Frank Stone, are really thinking of, besides the Lesson. It is a very pleasing plate, and a sample of good sound etching, and no trickery, to boot.

On the whole, spite of a rather unequal collection of plates, good, bad, and indifferent, the "Etch'd Thoughts" have some very good points about them, and form a very handsome and desirable book, (the typography, from the Chiswick Press, is splendid) and fit to set before the Queen, to whom it is dedicated.

THE ECHO.

THE Editor regrets that he cannot avail himself of the following contributions, which will lie at the Publishers ready for application after the 1st of May:—

"E. S. W." "A. D. 147." "Margery." "W. D." "Touchstone." "G. J." "A Word to Teetotallers." "L. D. C." "A few Hints to Poets." "Wild Flowers and Weeds." "Z. V." "The Three Graces." "X. L." "Rosa." "A Recollection of Past Times." "A Mediator." "A. N." "A Farewell to Fairs." "A Looker-on." "A Day at the Zoological." "Socrates." "D. E. Z." "True Blue." "Count S. D." "Lines on Primrose Hill." "Traits of Truth." "O. L. C. 8." "A Tale of Woe." "The Romance of an Hour." "A Fairy Tale." "A Free Translation from the German." "Six Sonnets, by J. M." "Mentor." "Domesticus." "Eliza."

The Editor is sorry that the Epigrams of G. R. are not available for the Magazine.

Several articles have come to hand, but are far too late for perusal this month.

A. A. W., who enquires whether we intend to give any more illustrations, is informed that in our next Number we propose to give several Woodcuts, of a kind that were popular a year or two ago, in a periodical work called the Comic Annual.

HOOD'S MAGAZINE

Comic Miscellany.

THE LABORATORY.

(ANCIEN RÉGIME.)

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Now I have tied thy glass mask on tightly,
May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy,
Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

He is with her ; and they know that I know
Where they are — what they do : they believe my tears flow
While they laugh — laugh at me — at me fled to the drear
Empty church to pray God in for them ! — I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
Pound at thy powder — am I in haste ?
Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,
Than go where men wait me, and dance at the king's.

That in the mortar — call you a gum ?
Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come !
And yon soft phial, the exquisite blue,
Sure to taste sweetly — is that poison too ?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures —
 What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures —
 To carry pure death in a earring, a casket,
 A signet, a fan-mount, a filagree-basket !

Soon, at the king's, but a lozenge to give,
 And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live !
 To light a pastille, and Elise, with her head,
 And her breast, and her arms, and her hands, should drop dead !

Quick — is it finished ? The colour's too grim ;
 Why not like the phial's, enticing and dim ?
 Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,
 And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer !

What a drop ! She's not little — no minion like me ;
 That's why she ensnared him : this never will free
 The soul from those strong, great eyes : say, " No !"
 To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought
 My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought,
 Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she'd fall
 Shrivelled : she fell not ; yet this does it all !

Not that I bid you spare her pain !
 Let death be felt and the proof remain ;
 Brand, burn up, bite into its grace —
 He is sure to remember her dying face !

Is it done ? Take my mask off ! Be not morose !
 It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close —
 The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee —
 If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me ?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,
 You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth, if you will !
 But brush this dust off me, lest horror there springs
 Ere I know it — next moment I dance at the king's.

SEA-SIDE LORE,

GATHERED BY THE MOUNTAINEER.

TRUE-MAN'S CRAG.

THERE are gay doings in the inn of "THE RED WATER," and the young people dance as if their hearts were in the pastime. It is a numerous company too, as well as a happy one, for admittance is denied to none, and irksome ceremonies and formalities do not disturb the social cheerfulness. Round the low room, upon rough wooden benches, sit the slim Heligoland lasses, their hair encircled by the becoming half turban — their pretty figures adorned, after the good old fashion, by the national red gown, edged with green and yellow, and relieved by the dazzling white apron that falls over it. The difference of rank is unknown in Heligoland. In such places, at least, where all the natives of the small island are accustomed to meet, the poorest visitor is as well considered as the highest; and thus at the jovial dance which twice a week takes place at "*The Red Water*," the wealthy daughter of the trading Heligolander finds herself at ease, and on the kindest terms with the poor fisher's daughter who chances to sit beside her. The more nice and particular dwellers upon the mainland can hardly appreciate the cordiality awakened by such unaffected intercourse — the result of pure neighbourly goodwill and love; and would find it as difficult perhaps to account for the natural grace and noble bearing of the humble island-youth whose best teachers are inborn heroism, and an adventurous life spent upon the sea.

In the middle of the ball-room, thickly crowded, stood a number of mariners and pilots. Boys were amongst them who had not yet outgrown school, eagerly intent upon securing from among the fair country lasses a partner for the giddy Heligoland swing, — for a *dance* it is impossible to call that strange and giddy whiff which the distant island claims for its own. As in all other things, however, so in this, the impress of the national mind is distinctly stamped; for if the couple clasp each other, and impetuously spin, regardless of time, round and round in the large human circle, still, as they proceed, they oscillate with remarkable elasticity, and maintain without a certain and not unpleasing rhythm. Daring, hazardous, turbulent yet graceful — should be the dance of the brave Heligolander, who blends in his character a bold, imposing self-dependence, and an air of natural and undeniable good-breeding.

The orchestra was somewhat inefficient. A bass viol out of tune, a hoarse fiddle, and a squeaking clarinet, made up a musical band that could not be said to answer the demands of harmony. The illumination however kept the music in countenance — for it was quite as poor. A species of chandelier was suspended from the ceiling, spreading over the numerous company four ancient naked-looking wooden arms, each of which held a thin tallow candle. Here and there, in the wall gleamed likewise a solitary, melancholy looking candle-end. The light obtained by these contrivances — comparatively large as the ball-room was — hardly sufficed to do justice to the really many handsome faces present. But a happy cheerfulness nevertheless prevailed. Every pilot paid for his dance, took a damsel on his arm, and, passing by, placed his hat or cap upon the orchestra — a proceeding, by the way, which at the close of every set caused no slight commotion, since the greater number, involuntarily, or for sport, possessed themselves of wrongful property.

There was no end to fresh arrivals. To those already assembled there continued flowing in still more : — the room was at length crowded, and the latest comers were obliged to find room behind the bar of mine host. The older men sat together in the small tap-room, immediately opposite that appropriated to the dance. The youngest visitors of all — mischievous urchins, always happiest where there is something to see and to hear — pushed boisterously about the door of the tavern, now banging one another, now bantering the somewhat tardy maidens, from whom they tried hard to force a penny, before allowing them, unmolested, to reach the door of "THE RED WATER."

Whilst the young folks grew more animated and riotous in the ball-room, the older pilots, in the opposite room, like true mariners, made their remarks, over a glass of port wine, upon the state of wind and weather. The latter, indeed, had, for many days past, been unfavourable enough to the islanders ; for a thick heavy fog had lain upon the sea, rendering every attempt at getting out impossible. At the same time the wind blew, by fits and starts, so dismally round the cliff, that even the boldest fishermen, after many well-meant and hazardous essays, hauled their boats ashore again, and reluctantly returned to their humble dwellings.

" Say what you will, Hakers," exclaimed a pilot, in reply to another older pilot who sat next to him — " say what you will, the old sea cat makes a crooked back of it ! Devil take it, man, haven't you heard her snarling and growling the whole day, and isn't the fog every where as thick as a blanket ? I'm a popinjay, if there isn't a downright fit of it coming on." And the coarse seaman, grinning, emptied off his long-shanked glass, and fixed a small scanning eye upon the window, about which the mist wavered, up and down, like so much thick smoke.

The speaker was a stout and hardy man, with a frame bespeaking rare muscular power. His face was shockingly disfigured by a hare lip, which had become more hideous under the attempts made to cure it ; and gave him, when he laughed, or grew excited in conversation, an aspect that was truly satanic. Moreover he was for ever

drinking grog or port wine, and chewing tobacco, so that his voice had grown as disagreeable and offensive as his countenance.

"You needn't break out, Jans!" replied the other. "A little wind and fog may bring us work and money, and both are welcome enough just now, God knows!"

"Ah, God knows little about you and me," answered he of the hare lip, mockingly. "Don't be going upon your knees now, Hakers! What can we do in such weather as this? 'Zounds, you may cut stockings out of this fog. I wouldn't put to sea in it if all the East Indiamen in the world were running upon the cliff."

"Well, if you are too lazy, Jans, others are ready enough. There are plenty of brave fellows ashore, who are not to be frightened by a little sea and mist."

"The Thornback stick their smooth cheeks! I should like to see the man that will outdo wild Jans. D—n the storm; I'd ride through her, whilst you are, every one of you, choking your way to the bottom."

The company laughed: but Hakers gave the daring Jans to understand that it was not well to indulge in such wicked speech: Jans, nevertheless, went on his own way, tossed off glass after glass, and grew, by degrees, madder than ever, and then his companions suffered him to rhodomontade and rail as he thought proper, without interrupting him.

Jans was well known to be ready at all times to get up a quarrel, and there were, besides, reports afloat, respecting him, at which every conscientious Heligolander knit his brows, to say the least—and yet Jans was a gallant seaman. He had often placed his life in jeopardy whilst endeavouring to save others, and in the hour of need had been known to do more than the deliberate prudence of a wary pilot, strictly speaking, could approve.

When the conversation was at its height, a heavy hollow sound in the air—gradually dying away after its first report—suddenly suspended it, and caused the playing and dancing to cease as quickly. "The sea moans!" said Hakers. "We shall have a storm to-morrow."

"Ay, ay, the cat's up to mischief!" added Jans. "She has got a stomach for a couple of land rats!"

He had scarcely spoken before one of the young men, rushing from the dancing-room, broke in upon the old pilots.

"Did you hear it?" he exclaimed. "It was a signal of distress."

"You mean a singing in your ears, Peter?" answered Jans. "Go back again, my boy. You have left your wits with Gretchen in the ball-room."

"You have forgotten, Jans, to bring yours out with you," said the youth impetuously. "Shall I give this youngster here a penny to go home and fetch them?"

"Devil take your impudence!" replied the hare-lip, starting up, and shaking his doubled fist at the young man; but at the same instant another hollow roar was heard in the air—the fog appeared to have received a shock—the boys screamed aloud for joy, and the whole crowd rushed from the tavern into the open air.

"Jans, do you put to sea with us?" inquired the same young pilot, now seriously and decidedly.

"*A signal of distress!*" — "*A ship in danger!*" — "*Down to the strand!*" cried a hundred voices in confusion. The guns fired heavily and at the shortest intervals — a sure sign of the imminent danger with which the distressed vessel was threatened. In spite of the moonlight, the night was awfully gloomy, without being actually pitch dark. All objects swam in a quivering steam, restlessly moving backwards and forwards; nothing could be discerned at a distance of six feet. Even the lantern of the lighthouse gleamed only like a fire-ball through the thick clouds, and, from the sea, might readily be mistaken for the rising moon.

This fluctuation between night and day greatly increased the difficulties of the pilots hastening to the relief of the distressed ship, and indeed deterred the majority of them from the undertaking. Jans swore by heaven and earth that it was madness to think of putting to sea in the fog; for he plainly saw by its drawing and wavering that in less than no time a heavy gale would be upon the back of it. In the mean while the reiterated and rapidly succeeding signals of distress touched the humanity of several. Peter declared himself resolved to put out, and contented to die in his calling, if he were doomed to perish. Two young pilots instantly joined him in his perilous determination: — there was a short leave-taking, which cost more than one unhappy maiden sad and bitter tears, and then the daring adventurers were aboard of their good sea-boat, and striking resolutely out to sea. In a very few minutes they were lost in the fog — nothing was heard but their uniform oar-strokes — nothing seen but the light — made dim and opaque by the mist — which they had fixed up to the mast. It glimmered there like a veiled star. As well as could be judged from the booming of the guns, the ship lay westward from the southern point of the island. To that quarter the pilots directed their small boat; whilst the whole joyous company of dancers broke into groups on the western side of the cliff to follow, as far as was permitted them, the track of both pilot-boat and vessel.

The night was inauspicious even to dismaying. At the foot of the cliff, the advancing tide was heard to roar, and all around the desolate rock the solitary fastened sheep bleated monotonously and piteously through the mist. The gulls, too, cried moanfully, and shot so closely by the margin of the rock, that their snow-white plumage shone like a ray of light suddenly sweeping the black and vaporous ground. In the far distance the guns still pleaded for assistance, and the excited imagination of the listeners converted the sound into human voices and groans.

After a time, the wind veered from south-west to west: there was a sensible motion in the air, and the sea began to growl and to top the hidden breakers with its up-eddying froth.

"They would make a little way yet if the fog did but fly up a bit," exclaimed Jans; "they'll drive else into Möhrmershole before they can lay hold upon the sea. It is whirling up there already like a funnel."

The mist rolled over the lighthouse in dark balls, so that for the space of a second the flame of the lantern shone with a bright gleam; then, instantly overpowered by the dismal vapour, it grew black and dingy as before. Hakers, in accordance with other experienced pilots, proposed to kindle a fire on the brink of the cliff. "The flames will scare the fog," said he; "and if the men can only catch a glimmering of the fire, they will be able to steer their course a little by it."

"Yes," replied the hare-lip, "if the cursed wind would only keep steady and stiff—but look, lads!—yonder, towards Hamilton Point—there's a furious squall coming on there, or I am much mistaken." Every pilot turned like lightning to the point mentioned. Suddenly the fog rolled in a mass over the cliff into the sea; the beacon-tower poured its magical light over the island and yet sullen ocean; in the sky the stars twinkled brightly, and the moon, swept by swiftly flying clouds, seemed to stagger in the dull horizon. There was a howling in the fissures of the rock, and the wind beat up from below with such fearful violence, that, at its brink, not a soul could withstand the assault.

"There, there!" cried at the same instant one or two poor girls—many of whom had accompanied the pilots to the cliff—and, as they spoke, pointed to the billows.

A bright star rose unexpectedly above the waves, but soon vanished again in the abyss; to re-appear, however, at a considerable height, where it looked as if it had been flung into the air.

"It is Peter, with Andrew and Bork," said Hakers. "They have hard work of it. But where, in Heaven's name, has the ship worked herself to? Can no one see a vessel?"

"Thousand sea-dogs!" cursed Jans. "I'll play at billiards with a whale this minute, if I see a rag of sail flying!"

There ensued an anxious pause. A fire had been kindled, and the high blazing flames were still a-feeding with pieces of a tar barrel, so that the jags of rocks, naturally red, glowed redder still, and the reflexion glittered in the swelling waters. For a long time the spectators, accustomed in all weathers to see further than the majority of people, were able to track the boat of the pilots in its own dancing light. At length they lost sight of it altogether, and their attention was once more fixed solely upon the guns, which continued their repeated and most piteous fire.

"A strip of fog has run between us and the boat," said Hakers. Jans shook his head, laid himself flat upon the ground; and thus, protected from the driving wind, crawled to the uttermost verge of the cliff. He looked with straining eyes into the sea for a minute or two, and then crept back again. He gave a hollow and half savage laugh, as he exclaimed:—

"There'll be work to do, lads! Peter must go to pieces!"

The men stepped involuntarily back, as he spoke, and the women and maidens uttered a loud and heart-rending shriek. They were, one and all, aware of the danger, and knew too well that to wreck upon the coast of Heligoland was to sink past all recovery. One of the girls—she who had the deepest interest in the safety of one

at least of those brave fellows — advanced with unnatural calmness towards the pilots.

“Can you save them?” she asked in a voice trembling with apprehension. “Oh! neglect nothing. Strain every nerve to rescue the brave but unhappy lads. We will assist you. We will do any thing — every thing. — Say, will we not?”

The last words were addressed to a group of Heligoland women, who, anxiously listening, watched the countenances of the men, and, in answer, nodded their silent and terrified assent to the offer of the speaker. She herself had fallen unconsciously upon her knees before Jans; and at this moment, as the unruly wind carried off her turban, and the slenderly entwined tresses escaped from their bondage, looked like a beautiful penitent imploring grace with eyes upraised and beaming with love.

“Thousand seals!” exclaimed the pilot. “Do you think we are wild heathens that your young blood must set our pity aflow through tears and wringing of hands! By all the flounders, if your Peter is to be saved, girl, he shall not be allowed to perish. Havn’t I myself sworn to succour him, and what ugly Jans once promises does he not perform? Yes, though he is cried down for an unsanctified earl, with the stain of blood upon his hands. Come, child, up, and out of the way. And you lads,” he continued, addressing those near him, “run quickly home and get some cables, iron rammers, and stout stakes; and mind me — don’t forget your hatchets.”

Sea-faring men are accustomed to obey quickly and blindly; and fortunately so, since the least delay may often cause incalculable mischief. It was on this account, perhaps, that the orders of Jans found ready executors, little as he was favoured in general. His resoluteness, too, carried with it a kind of command; and all felt, that if there existed any possibility at all of saving the unfortunate men, it was, above all things, necessary to act decidedly and promptly.

The sea, dug up by the storm, ejected cries like the blood-thirsty, hunger-tormented roaring of irritated beasts. As far as the eye could penetrate into the obscurity, there was discerned a snow-white ridge of mountains, rising higher and higher, until now erecting themselves into perpendicular walls, they at length burst mast-high, and whirled their silvery hissing froth upwards to the clouds. Upon one of such advancing watery avalanches glistened, at intervals, the lamp of the pilot’s skiff, which irresistibly grasped, as it were, by the storm, and by the surf-torrent, was furiously impelled towards the rent and gigantic island crags. The rays of light from the tower, and the unsteady blaze of the kindled beacon, enabled the pilots ashore to discover at the same time the insulated rocks below, around which the white sea froth eddied, until caught by huge billows, it was hurled far away over them, to rage itself out at last in a hundred spouts against the firmer stone of Heligoland itself.

The pilots, dexterously maintaining their balance against the aggressions of the wind, staggered to the extreme verge of the cliff in order to obtain a position for the serviceable employment of their apparatus; and they saw, with beating hearts, the boat running quicker

and quicker towards the fatal rock. Judging from the direction in which the surf struck against the island, it was supposed that the poor fellows must wreck near the spot where the *Bellevue* now stands. Thither, holding together by ropes, and battling with the storm, the whole pilot corps ran. Their flaming torches threw a bright glare over the wild group, and heightened the grand effect produced by the spiteful elements, to which the ceaseless screeching of the sea-mews, terrified, and circling uneasily around the flames, formed but a too appropriate music.

Not far from the *Bellevue*, the cliff jutted out in a narrow slope very far into the sea, and then sunk perpendicularly into the deep. This was the point from which the rescue of the pilots was most likely to be effected. The whole length of the island, from north to south peak, could be overlooked from that dizzy top, and the many fires revealed every small low-lying rock.

The storm had been so far friendly that it had entirely dispersed the fog, and now enabled a few of the most practised mariners to desery a shallop wrestling against the billows with enormous effort, all her sails reefed, and yet utterly helpless and at the mercy of the storm, which drove her still onward.

"The shallop will rush into the devil's throat, if a miracle does not save her!" said Jans, driving iron rammers into the rock with such prodigious blows of his hatchet, that the cliff shook again. "You have avoided the loose ground, have you not?" asked Hakers, apprehensively, crouching at the same time, and listening, to make sure.

"Bah, man!" replied Jans, with a horrid hoarse laugh. "Do you think I am in a hurry to join the mermaids and nixes? Thousand sea-dogs! I'll first swill a hogshead of port wine, and, what is more, *cleared* with my own hand — my time has not come yet to drown in salt water. But, I say, youngsters, look at our three jolly fellows: they are flying over the snowy mountains there, as though they loved the rocking!"

The pilots advanced, as near as they dared, to the edge of the cliff, waved their torches, and called to the seamen in a shrill and quivering tones, giving them to understand that they were seen. Jans lay flat upon the ground, looking down into the boiling surf, cable in hand, and ready to hurl it instantly below, in case the boat should fortunately be carried upon one of the rocky platforms, in the heaving of the sea-swell.

"South! south!" screamed Hakers to them, pointing in that direction with his hand.

"For the Church!"—"Modrikstak!"—"The Lighthouse!"—"Speathorn!" cried twenty voices, outdoing the howl of the gale.

The boatmen attempted, as far as they were able, to avail themselves of their instructions. Peter, who sat at the helm, steered the boat right for a piece of rock which every now and then he caught peeping through the foam of the breakers. The rest were apparently inactive, and had resigned themselves entirely to the roll of the long high billows.

"Bork, Andrew!" exclaimed the steersman to his mates. "Let

the boat run slant upon the pulpit, and — do you hear? — fasten like tigers into the ground. The surf will wash the shattered skiff back to sea again directly.

A mute nod of the head denoted the acquiescence of his comrades. A wave, as high as a house, lifted the boat in bold mountains over the dangerous lower rocks—a fearful shock dashed it to pieces—but the perilous manœuvre had succeeded completely.

The pilots were saved for the instant, but were immediately afterwards in the no less imminent danger of being swept away by the next advancing wave, if not previously crushed by the loosened pieces of rock which fell about them in deadly masses. They cleaved to the precipitous rock with life-loving tenacity; and as they crouched there, doubled up, covered with foam, and wreathed in sea-weed, they looked more like sacrificial animals about to be conducted to slaughter, than human beings. Providentially, the stranded men did not, for an instant, lose their presence of mind. They replied with loud calls to the halloos and hurrahs of their countrymen, and saw with gladdened eyes the life-preserving cable running down the cliff to them. After many ineffectual efforts to seize the rope, they grasped hold of it at the peril of their lives. Amidst the acclamations of the multitude, a second and a third slid down the thin bridge, followed by as many weighty stakes. The youths dexterously wound the ropes about their chests, secured themselves by a safe knot, seized each of them a stick, and thus, spinning in the air—whirled often like a top by the angry wind and storm—were happily pulled up and landed safely on the island.

One universal cry of joy welcomed the exhausted and half-dead mariners. The poor girl who had pleaded on their behalf was beside herself for gladness. She kneeled down at the side of her betrothed Peter, laid his head upon her bosom, cried, laughed, sprang up, prayed, and endeavoured to restore her beloved with her own warm and healing kisses.

“Now, let us away!” said Hakers. “Out with the rammers, lads, and off! There is no chance of saving the crew of yonder ship. Look at her!—she is driving upon the island—she must strike, and go down, mare and mouse!”

“Not yet!” cried Jans. “D—n it, man, do you think when I have once put out a hand to save, that I’ll content myself with just three Heligolandiers. Let us have a few more rammers here—and, to it, quickly—wedge them in well to the chinks. The cliff will carry us all safely enough for to-night. I shall keep here to direct the sailors, as well as I can. If they can’t steer, as I shall bid them, still it is likely enough, in going to pieces, that one or another may have a chance for it—and if any do—thousand sea-snakes!—I’ll haul them up, like so many sugar loaves!”

Several of the pilots tried hard to dissuade him from his project, pointing out to him the impossibility of the rescue. But he was not to be moved.

“At least,” said Hakers, “don’t do business here upon the peak like a madman. You know our island takes treacherous freaks. Only last year, a whole side of rock gave way near the cone; and it

was but the day before that a happy bridal pair had sat and laughed there. Look here—the rents are wide and deep. This ramming in of wedges shakes the deceitful rock, and if the crust should chance to be rotten inside, Heaven help us all, I say!”

Jans would pay no attention to the entreaties of the by-standers. Active and bigoted in all things, he would think of nothing but the on-swimming ship. He was confident in himself, and not without cause; for up to this very time he had surmounted difficulties, as well in his schemes for the preservation as in those for the destruction of others, which none but himself could have overcome. He might have been incited, too, by the thirst for glory; or, more likely still, by the prospect of gain, which would certainly be his, if, after all, his unheard-of enterprise should succeed.

“Ship ahoy!” he cried in a voice of thunder from the cliff, “larboard—larboard—north by nor-east!” Then quickly to the Heligolandiers, “Make the rope fast, for the Donna wont get away without a flaw! Zounds, she is a Spaniard! Thousand sea-devils, a spicy-smelling Spaniard!” And the colossal pilot sprang up, sung, danced and shouted, as if he had already got a thousand doubloons in his pocket. In the mean while the wind had shifted a few points to the south. “Closer to north by nor-east!” cried Jans once more from the cliff, which gleamed blood-red as it reflected the fire of many torches.

The ship attempted to obey the instructions of the grim pilot; but she was powerless. The waves carried her at their pleasure, and she came faster and faster on to her destruction. The Heligolandiers stood speechless and impotent, with a burning and a longing desire to save. Alas! they could do nothing but stare into the wild flood beneath, which, in a few minutes, was to swallow up, for ever, the noble ship and her unhappy crew. Once more boomed through the howling of the wind and waters—a gun; the last anguishing cry of despair. The gulls moaned and fluttered round the vessel in countless flocks, as though they would instil consolation to the crew in the moment of their certain destruction. Jans sprang again to the extreme verge of the narrow ridge. “Three more wedges into the ground,” he exclaimed, “and let the rope be slung below! Quick, give me the end of it! Wave the torches! I’ll call, and cast the rope! He that is a good hand at a founder now may run up to us still like a sea-cat!”

The orders of Jans were again obeyed; but whilst the wedges perforated the stony earth, and the waved torches shed a brilliant light around, there resounded from beneath—a hollow crash. It came as if from the very bowels of the earth. Every man leaped back, as though he had been shot; and Hakers, in a voice of desperation, cried,—“Jans, Jans, save yourself, for God’s sake!”

But the warning came too late. The entire cliff, long since rotten, and only loosely cohering to the body of the island, had given way beneath the repeated drivings of the stricken rammers—had suddenly cracked, and divided itself from the remainder of the rock. Jans, it is true, bounded back, but the cliff was already tottering and inclining

in its descent, and it carried the helpless pilot down with it into the deep. A thick mist of reddish dust rose from the crumbled rock : — the sea bellowed louder than ever, and foamed mountains high, as, met by the pressure of the immense mass of fallen cliff, it was driven wave upon wave, back again into the open ocean. The fight of sea and rock was salvation to the galliot. The backward rolling surf gave the ship another tack, and carried her, like a child, beyond the reach of danger. A sail was hoisted with the speed of lightning — for the storm had somewhat remitted — and the merchantman, with her hull and mast shaking again — sailed proudly past the shores of Heligoland.

“Poor Jans !” said Hakers, after the first consternation. “We cannot help thee more ! Thy memory, however, shall not perish amongst us. Children, and children’s children shall remember thee, and thy brave heart.” This cliff is thine, and shall, from this day forth, be called “TRUE-MAN’S CRAG.”

Every Heligolander confirmed the christening of the cliff ; — and to this hour, when a stranger makes the tour of the island, and beholds, not without dismay, the jagged ends of broken rocks threatening down upon him, the pilot lays his oar across his boat, and says, significantly, —

“Ay, ay, sir ! That is TRUE-MAN’S CRAG, sir !”

ROCHE ROCK, CORNWALL.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

WHEN all these order’d fields were one wet moor,
 The Rock, that is for us a single sight
 Of wonderment and picturesque delight,
 Was the salvation of the wandering poor ;
 The hermit here supported to his door
 The tottering steps invited by the light
 That, as a lower star, transpierced the night,
 And gave a blessed rest on that hard floor ;
 Yet have we now a compensating gain —
 The Rock has long return’d to nature’s use,
 Dismantled of its humanising power ;
 But mid the civilised and fertile plain
 We gaily climb, or pleasurably muse
 On God’s protection of each opening hour.

CLARET AND TOKAY.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

1.

My heart sunk with our claret-flask,
 Just now, beneath the heavy sedges
 That serve this pond's black face for mask ;
 And still at yonder broken edges
 Of the hole, where up the bubbles glisten,
 After my heart I look and listen.

2.

Our laughing little flask, compelled
 Through depth to depth more bleak and shady ;
 As when, both arms beside her held,
 Feet straightened out, some gay French lady
 Is caught up from life's light and motion,
 And dropped into death's silent ocean !

Up jumped Tokay on our table,
 Like a pigmy castle-warder,
 Dwarfish to see, but stout and able,
 Arms and accoutrements all in order ;
 And fierce he looked north ; then, wheeling south,
 Blew with his bugle a challenge to Drouth,
 Cocked his flap-hat with the tosspot-feather,
 Twisted his thumb in his red moustache,
 Gingled his huge brass spurs together,
 Tightened his waist with its Buda sash,
 And then with an impudence naught could abash,
 Shrugged his hump-shoulder,
 To tell the beholder,
 For twenty such knaves he should laugh but the bolder ;
 And so, with his sword-hilt gallantly jutting,
 And dexter hand on his haunch abutting,
 Went the little man from Ausbruch, strutting !

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GIDEON SHADDOE, Esq.

No. IV.*

"The apparition comes! —
These hands are not more like."
HAMLET.

MY third visitation took place about a year and a half after the departure of a relation for India. He had started for that land of the sun from my chambers in the Temple, which were on the ground-floor, and have now given place to more modern and less gloomy tenements. After all the anxieties of the outfit, and the last melancholy parting, I well remember watching him from behind the noble poplar that then stood in the garden, and was, afterwards, mercilessly felled to make way for the new buildings, till he disappeared in the cheerless fog of a November morning, as he dropped down the river in old Major's wherry.

My bed-room opened into the sitting-room, and both fronted the garden. The foot of the bed was towards the window, on the seat of which my lamp burned. One summer night I was lying awake thinking of a case I had to answer, and of nothing less than my relation, when, on turning my head, I saw him standing close to the left side of my bed, and looking down on me. Before I could recover from my surprise, his back was towards me. I saw him go out of the open door on the same side of the room—arose, threw on my dressing-gown, took up the lamp, called him by name, searched the rooms, and then, so strong was the impression, unbolted the outer door, sought him in the passage, went to the common entrance, and even looked up the paved footway that led to it between the buildings and the garden. No human figure was visible. The moon shone upon the high tide from a cloudless sky silvering the trees in the garden, and the silence was only broken by the whispering of the poplar-leaves and the occasional distant dash of oars.

No extraordinary coincidence accompanied this vision.

On the other hand, the story related of Dr. Donne by honest Izaak Walton makes the vision coincide so exactly, both in circumstances and time with actual events, that we can hardly wonder at the effect produced on those who had been made acquainted with it.

When "Mr. Donne" removed from Mitcham to London, Sir

* In the last number of these Recollections, p. 425., line 3. from the bottom, for "is" read "are."

Robert Drewry, "a gentleman of very noble estate, and a more liberal mind, assigned him and his wife an useful apartment in his own large house in Drury Lane, and not only rent free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathised with him and his in all their joys and sorrows." Lord Hay was sent at this time on an embassy to Henry IV. of France by our first James; and Sir Robert, having resolved to accompany him, solicited Donne to be his companion in that journey. But his wife, who was in bad health and with child, desired him not to leave her, saying, "Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence." He accordingly laid aside all thoughts of going; but the importunity of Sir Robert prevailed, and Donne, considering himself bound, told his wife so, "who did, therefore, with an unwilling-willingness give a faint consent."

"Within a few days," Walton tells us, "after this resolve, the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne, left London, and were, the twelfth day, got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone: but in an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was,— "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure, that, at her second appearing she stopped, and looked me in the face and vanished." Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said, *that desire and doubt have no rest*; and it proved so with Sir Robert: for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account:—That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber."

"This is a relation," says the venerable biographer, "that will beget some wonder, and it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that visions and miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and

tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will — like an echo to a trumpet — warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune ; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls ; and I am well pleased, that every reader do enjoy his own opinion."

What the opinion of the father of angling was may be collected from his subsequent remarks, the instances of apparitions that he quotes, and his commendation of the following consideration to the reader :—" That there be many pious and learned men, that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel, to be his constant monitor, and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul."

In this narrative — which was not told to Walton by Donne himself, but — " now long since — by a person of honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living " — we have not only a presentiment of evil on the part of the wife, but the most perfect coincidences accompanying the vision of the husband. The tender affection that Mr. Donne felt for his partner may be collected from his expression of his feelings generally, and in no small degree from his " Valediction, forbidding to mourn " — " A copy of verses given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time he then parted from her." In that age of slow locomotion, when no lover could annihilate time and space, and as many days were required to reach Paris from London with any degree of comfort, as in the present high-pressure period will steam a traveller across the Atlantic, is it extraordinary that the forebodings and dangerous state of the beloved wife should, during such a separation, be constantly borne in upon the soul of the anxious husband — a man, be it remembered, of strong imagination — till the dismal apparition was raised ?

Still those cases, in which all circumstances fit so exactly, must produce a strong impression, especially upon ordinary minds.

Such was the strange story sometimes mentioned by Lord Byron, and related to him by Captain Kidd, the commander of the immortalised " Lisbon Packet." — " This officer stated that, being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes ; and made an effort to sleep. But still the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform, in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished ; but in a few months after he received the startling intelligence, that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this

appearance, Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt.*"

Many years ago, a gentleman, habitually an early riser, who was on a visit at the country seat of an old and particular friend, retired at night apparently in his usual health; and, at six, the next morning, was found dead in his bed. The shocking intelligence soon spread, and at last reached the head keeper:—"Dead!" said he, "Mr. — dead? Why I saw him leaning over the fence at half-past five this morning, looking at the deer!" This man was convinced that he had seen Mr. —'s "Fetch;" nor were there wanting others of the same opinion.

Not long since, a friend who has deservedly earned for himself a European reputation, was deeply immersed in a scientific subject about two o'clock in the day, when, suddenly, it rushed into his mind that he had long neglected to write to a lady who had been most intimate with his mother and family—one of those amiable persons—would they were less rare!—who are always thinking of others rather than themselves. Penetrated by a feeling which he could not control, he laid aside his work, and immediately commenced a letter to Mrs. —, wherein he upbraided himself for his delay, and, as he proceeded, became so overpowered, that he was affected to tears while he wrote—"at this very moment you may be no more." The letter was despatched, but it never reached the hand for which it was intended. The relatives, whose distressing duty it was to open the letters addressed to the deceased, struck with the expression, turned to the date, and found that the sentence was written on the very day of her death. She *was* no more when that overpowering sensation wrung my friend's heart, and those mournful words dropped from his pen. It is not surprising that the relatives of the departed point to that letter as a proof that sympathies exist not dreamt of in our philosophy.

The coincidence of the mysterious disturbance at Abbotsford, and Mr. George Bullock's sudden death recorded in one of the most interesting and perfect pieces of biography ever printed †, will occur to every one; and light as Sir Walter made of it before he heard of his friend's decease, it appears to have sunk much deeper into his mind after he had been made acquainted with the details of that event.

In a subsequent part of the same fascinating work we find, however, the true philosophy laid down on a very affecting occasion:—"As I slept for a few minutes in my chair, to which I am more addicted than I could wish, I heard, as I thought, my poor wife call me by the familiar name of fondness which she gave me. My recollections on waking were melancholy enough. These be

'The airy tongues that syllable men's names.'

* Moore's Life of Byron.

† Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By J. G. Lockhart, Esq., his Literary Executor. 8vo. Edinburgh: R. Cadell, 1842.

All, I believe, have some natural desire to consider these unusual impressions as bodeiments of good or evil to come. But, alas! this is a prejudice of our own conceit. *They are the empty echoes of what is past, not the foreboding voice of things to come.*"—Diary.

To return to those visions which are purely confined to certain localities, I must refer to an instance which was strongly dwelt on by those to whom it was known, inasmuch as it was vouched that the seer had never heard of what she declared she saw, and the likeness traced by her in the apparition agreed with the picture for which the ghost had sat while in the body.

In a mansion in —shire there was a tradition that one of its former mistresses had committed suicide. The apartment in which the crime was perpetrated was said to be subject to visitations from the restless spirit of the criminal, who occasionally appeared with her pale, self-accusing face and long black dishevelled hair flowing in profusion over her shoulders and bust, the only part of her figure visible on such ghastly occasions. The tale had its day: modern education laughed it to scorn; and although an unsophisticated maid-servant would occasionally come down very pale in the morning, after passing the night in that apartment, and on persisting in her solemn assertion that she had seen the unearthly visitant, and in her determination to enter it no more, generally obtained her dismissal, the ghost-story was treated as such stories of late years have been, and the comfortable room had long been fitted up as a bedchamber, without any disturbance of the rest of the visitors who occupied it.

To this house a lady and her daughter came to make a short stay. The lady was taken dangerously ill, and lay in this room. It was midnight. She slept. Her daughter was on the bed, but not undressed, counting the minutes as she held her watch in her hand; for she had been told that her dear mother's life depended upon the punctual administration of medicine. The side curtains of the bed were partially undrawn, and suddenly something seemed to come between the opening and an old-fashioned cabinet, black as ebony, that stood against the wall. The young lady looked up, and beheld the marble-like ghostly bust, half veiled by the long dark tresses, as if suspended in the aperture. Every lineament was distinct, and so clear that she traced in the deadly white visage a likeness to the features of a friend. She leaped desperately to the floor, looked around — and found nothing but what was usually in the apartment. She tried the door — it was fast — then screamed and fainted. The servants were alarmed by the violent ringing of the sick mother, who had been aroused by her child's scream, and burst into the room.

No one doubted the veracity of the narrator; but the probability was, that, intimate as the families were, some account of the ghost had reached the young lady's ears in her early youth, and had passed from her mind till she found herself under such circumstances amid the associations of the very spot where it was said to appear.

Indeed in all cases where the vision is seen by one person only, natural causes will account for the illusion; but when more than one

behold the same phantom at the same instant, the solution of the problem becomes more difficult.

In the Life of Blackbeard, referred to in our last chapter, we find the following:—

“Those of his crew who were taken alive told a story which may appear a little incredible; however, we think it will not be fair to omit it, since we had it from their own mouths. That, once upon a cruise, they found out that they had a man on board more than their crew: such a one was seen several days amongst them, sometimes below and sometimes upon deck, yet no man in the ship could give an account who he was, or from whence he came; but that he disappeared a little before they were cast away in their great ship — but, it seems, they verily believed it was the Devil.”

When we reflect on the constant state of drunken excitement in which these wretches lived, and the diabolical excesses of which they were guilty*, there is not, indeed, much room for wonder at the dark terrors called up by their *delirium tremens*; but it is not so easy to account for the following phantasms.

A venerable manor-house in the west of England, with its terraced walks, noble hollies, and quaint yew hedges, had sunk into the usual condition of such ancient places, and had become a farm-house of the better class. The former possessors had been of elevated rank, and the last of their descendants, a widow lady of title, had retired there, still retaining the remains of loveliness, with a handsome nephew in the prime of manly beauty, about the middle of the last century. They lived in strict privacy, were never seen out of the grounds, and never received any visitors, with one exception. At the expiration of every three months an old-fashioned coach rolled up the avenue shaded by the sun-proof elms, stopped at the entrance, and out stepped a man of advanced age, dressed in a dark-brown suit, with a plain cocked hat and grey stockings. In about ten minutes he again made his appearance, entered the carriage, which rolled down the avenue, and was seen no more till the next quarter of a year had passed away. This had gone on for some time, and afforded subject for comment to all the country round. The neighbours shook their heads, and whispered light tales of the dame; but all attempts to penetrate the cloud that shrouded their history failed.

One fine August evening, six weeks at least before its appearance was due, according to its usual periods of arrival, the light of the harvest moon shone on the well-known coach till it was lost to view under the melancholy boughs of the avenue trees. Some reapers, on their way

* “Some of his frolics of wickedness were so extravagant, as if he aimed at making his men believe he was a devil incarnate; for being one day at sea, and a little flushed with drink — ‘Come,’ says he, ‘let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it.’ Accordingly he, with two or three others, went down into the hold, and, closing up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set it on fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air. At length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest.” — *General History of the Pyrates. Life of Captain Teach, alias Blackbeard.*

home, saw it return, and, as it passed out of the avenue gates, beheld, sitting by the side of the old gentleman, the handsome nephew, pale and motionless as a corpse. The same night a carriage and four drove furiously up to the house, and, at the end of the week, a hearse and six received at midnight a coffin covered with black velvet, and went — none of the neighbours knew where. The place was shut up for years, and had only been lately fitted up for the reception of a new tenant—a substantial man who had bought the land about the house and farmed it himself—at the commencement of the present century.

In its desolate state, it was haunted of course; and “the wicked lady,” as she was called, had often been seen gliding in the moonlight about the terraces by those who had been hardy enough to take a short cut across the grounds in their way home from the village club.

The two sons of the new tenant were young men just at the end of their teens. They had heard all the ghost-stories connected with the place, and laughed at them. They had also heard strange noises, especially from one particular chamber, in which the lady had died, and the door of which had not been unlocked for years, and had satisfied themselves that they had traced some of the sounds to a colony of jackdaws that had established themselves in the unused chimnies with which the spacious old house—a world too wide for the present occupants—abounded.

These two brothers lay upon a grassy headland enjoying the noon of a lovely day outside one of the garden walls. They were shaded from the sun by the overhanging laburnums and guelder-roses, which, tired of their confinement within, had, truant-like, broken bounds to mingle their blossoms with the wild flowers on the field-side of the half-ruined wall. The young men listened to the humming in the air, and lazily watched the tremulous haze that rose from the ridges of the fallow which lay parallel to them.

Lying thus, with half-shut eyes, they saw upon the ridges before them the figure of a lady dressed in the costume of the middle of the eighteenth century. They both started up together, and advanced rapidly to the form, which receded without appearing to move a limb across the furrows, with its face still towards them as they had first seen it, till it reached the closed gate, through the bars of which it seemed to pass as the brothers arrived at the barrier—and then was lost to their view. Beyond was a bare common, where no person could have been hid; and the only beings in sight besides themselves were a party of gnats dancing in the sun, and the swallows that ever and anon cut a lane through them, leaving the survivors to continue their dance.

Another tale which I shall also tell, as “’twas told to me,” records an instance where two persons of different grades of life saw the same phantom simultaneously.

An officer of rank in the army bought a fine old house and estate, beautifully situated in a midland county, which had no drawback, except that it was said to be the haunt of a tall female arrayed in deep mourning. The family were delighted with the place, and for some time were undisturbed. After a little while, however, the

servants began to complain that their path was occasionally crossed by the apparition, and some of them left their service in consequence.

One evening in the autumn, the gentlemen were sitting over their wine, when the host, as he looked out of the old oriel window, saw a female figure standing in the grey light on the lawn. He immediately exclaimed, taking what he saw for his wife, — "How inconsiderate of Charlotte to be out at this time! in the first place she will take cold, and in the next, if any of the servants see her, they will declare that they have seen the Dark Lady." The guests turned their heads, saw nothing, and said so. "No," replied Colonel —, "she is just now gone." Upon entering the drawing-room, where Mrs. — was sitting in a black velvet dress with her female friends, he spoke to her on the subject; but she assured him that she had not been out at all, which was the fact. This did not banish the scepticism of the gallant proprietor, who felt convinced either that some one was bent on amusement at his expense, or was anxious that he should be disgusted with his purchase, for selfish ends, and was determined, if possible, to detect the contriver. Watch, he accordingly did, at all hours, but without the slightest success.

He had given up this vain vigilance, and was beginning to forget the Dark Lady, when, as he was returning from shooting with his gamekeeper in the evening, the latter called his attention to a dusky female form standing at the end of the nearest external extremity of one of the wings of the mansion which was in the form of an E, like many of the old houses built in Elizabeth's time. He immediately said, "Now, we shall catch the ghost," and sending the keeper round the back of the house so as to cut off the intruder if an escape should be attempted round the opposite wing, he advanced upon the figure which waited his approach at first, but, before he could reach it, it turned down the inside of the wing, as if it were going to the front entrance. The gamekeeper now appeared at the end of the opposite wing; and his master pursued the form, which glided before him down the wing near which they had first seen it, then along the front of the house, and was lost to the view of the pursuer in the middle of the inside of the opposite wing, where there had formerly been a door. He was so close that he, for the moment, thought to enter with the apparition through the doorway, which had been walled up for years. He was a brave man, but his heart beat thick. The keeper declared that nothing had passed him; and to this hour the mystery remains unsolved.

AN INCIDENT AT PISA.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ. M.P.

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“FROM the common burial-ground
 Mark'd by some peculiar bound,
 Beppo! who are these that lie
 Like one numerous family?”

“They whose bodies rest within
 This appointed place,
 Signor! never knew of sin,
 Only knew of grace.
 Purified from earthly leaven,
 They have mounted straight to heaven,
 Without sorrow, without thrall,
 Blessed children, angels all!”

“But that second space, with art
 Fenc'd from all the rest apart,
 Though from those sweet infants' bed
 By a low wall separated —
 Beppo! who are these, and why
 To the others laid so nigh?”

“Signor! they who moulder here,
 Be it wrong or right,
 Shake with many a pang of fear
 Passers-by at night:
 Men of passion, vice, and pride,
 Who in evil liv'd and died,
 Unrepentaht, unconfess'd,
 By the sacraments unblest'd;
 Though with these are mingled some
 That deserv'd a better doom,
 When by sudden death waylaid,
 Ere their peace with God was made:
 But why they who guiltless die
 By those reprobates should lie,
 Signor! the priest may know, not I.”

In these words the truth discerning,
 Much I ponder'd, home returning,
 Whether chance or wise design
 Drew this thin dividing line,
 Almost blending in this close
 Old decay and young repose ;
 Almost laying side by side
 Those who hardly liv'd and died,
 And the wretched ones for whom
 Life has been a very tomb.

Oh ! if in our utmost need
 Love has power to intercede —
 If between us and our foes
 Innocence may interpose —
 May not they, who dare not claim
 Pardon in the church's name,
 By some sweet and secret law
 From these little neighbours draw
 Blessings such as nature gave
 To the angel-ruffled wave ;
 Finding a Bethesda's worth
 In this angel-planted earth?

EL MORENITO:

A ROUGH SKETCH IN THE PYRENEES.

It was on a brilliant August morning of the year 183— that I found myself mounted on a stout Gascon pony, and preceded by a long-legged slip of a mountaineer, jogging through the defile of the Aldudes, a narrow pass in the Pyrenees, distant a league or two from the quiet little town of St. Jean Pied de Port. I was returning northwards after a ramble through a portion of the Peninsula, and had made an appointment to meet a friend at Tarbes, upon the Toulouse road, whence we were to visit Bagnères and the other French baths in that neighbourhood. It still wanted three or four days to that of our rendezvous, and I had been able to devise no better way of passing at least one of them than to step over the frontier, eat a farewell olla with the Dons, and, if possible, smuggle a few good cigars upon my return.

The lower Pyrenees, although of a less imposing character than the more easterly parts of the chain, are still in the highest degree picturesque and beautiful. The road along which I was now proceeding, was shut in between mountains covered for the most part with trees and brushwood, from amongst which protruded here and there some pinnacles of grey rock. There was no scarcity of magnificent oaks, but the trees that most abounded were chestnuts, which seemed to flourish there in unusual luxuriance, draped with wild vines that crept and twined over and over them, to a height which I had no idea the vine ever attained in so northerly a latitude. In some places the rocks rose perpendicularly or impended over our heads, their sharp hard outline cut out with beautiful distinctness against the glowing azure of the August sky. The lofty trees that bordered the road shaded us from the sun, which was blazing out with tremendous power, and here and there some streamlet plashing down from the hills formed itself a shallow channel across the path, rippling with a cool and merry sound over the many-coloured pebbles, and then vanishing in some ravine amidst a tangle of bushes and wild flowers, or falling into and swelling some larger watercourse.

Besides being enclosed in the manner already described, the road was so serpentine and zig-zag that we could scarcely ever see more than eighty or a hundred yards before and behind us. At last, however, it became evident that we were approaching the termination of the defile. The mountains on either side grew gradually lower, and the pass less narrow, and presently, on turning an angle, we came in sight of the plain, stretching out wide before us, thickly wooded, and intersected by lines of hill, where one or two streams wound their way like silvery ribands through the bright yellow of the corn fields, and the green of the pastures and orchards. No town was visible from where we stood; but here and there a village or hamlet might be seen, invariably with a lofty church tower, and not unfrequently with the massive walls of a convent rising above its darkened or stone-coloured houses. One of the largest of these villages, which my guide designated by some unpronounceable name, rich in the *za* and *itz* of the Basque tongue, lay at a distance of two or three miles from us, and thither I determined to proceed. A few minutes more brought us upon comparatively level ground, and we struck into a country road leading in the direction of the village.

In most instances, when one approaches the imaginary line of demarcation between two countries, one finds a gradual blending of the character and habits of the people, as well as of the natural productions and features of the country. Spain forms a striking exception to this rule; and the great mountain wall by which nature has marked the northern boundary of the Peninsula serves also to separate the habits and character of the two nations as effectually as though it were some mighty parapet, strongly fortified and strictly sentinelled to prevent all intermingling of race and communication of ideas and customs. The contrast obtained in the course of a four or five hours' ride is most striking. The neat French villages, with their white cottages and orderly population, are exchanged in that short

space of time for groups of irregular, grimy-looking habitations, some of them retaining vestiges of old Moorish and Gothic architecture, clustering round churches and monasteries, the solid construction and venerable appearance of which bespeak an existence of many centuries, and occupied by a wild-looking people, a mixture of the smuggler and the guerilla, in garb and appearance totally dissimilar to the peasantry of Gascony and Languedoc. This contrast was apparent in every thing; in the clumsy carts which met me upon the road, their solid wheels creaking discordant music as they were dragged slowly along by the lazy oxen; in the embroidered and many-buttoned jackets of the muleteers, and jingling of the innumerable bells with which their mules were accoutred; in the very mode of cultivation of the maize fields, around the edges and between the rows of which, melons were trailing and tomatas springing up, proving at once the fertility of the soil, and the irregular system of agriculture.

On arriving at the entrance of the village, I was struck by its deserted appearance. No untrammelled, half-clad children rolling and playing in the streets, no women spinning at their house doors, nor men puffing the cigarette, and enjoying the *dolce far niente*. Not a human creature was visible. My guide, to whom I addressed an inquiry, was unable to account for this unusual state of things, and we rode down the straggling street until we came in sight of an open space of ground near the centre of the village, where the whole population seemed to have assembled. Upon reaching the outskirts of the crowd I drew rein, and paused to contemplate the scene before me, which, although not the first of the kind that I had witnessed, was still in the highest degree characteristic and striking.

The square was enclosed on two sides by rows of houses, the street formed the boundary of the third side, while on the fourth were fields and open country. About one half of the ground was kept clear of the mob by a line of sentries, who patrolled up and down with fixed bayonets, repulsing any of the spectators who pressed too far forward. Five or six companies of Spanish infantry, poorly clad in long, ill-made grey coats, forage caps, and some with hempen sandals, instead of shoes upon their feet, but all with snow-white belts, and musket barrels burnished till they shone like silver, were drawn up in line at right angles with a detachment of about a hundred men, whose dark-blue uniforms and low-crowned shakos, laced with silver, indicated them to be carabineros, a corps employed in the prevention of smuggling and capture of banditti. Seven or eight officers, one of whom wore the insignia of colonel on his coat-cuff, were grouped a few yards in front of the troops; and again at a short distance from them were a dozen soldiers, who at the moment of my arrival were busy loading their muskets. At the same instant there emerged from a side street leading to the plaza, a party of soldiers surrounding a man whose arms were bound behind him, and beside whom two priests were walking. The crowd opened a lane, the prisoner and his escort passed through, and halted on the farther side of the square.

I at once saw that a military execution was about to take place, and I looked around for some one of whom I could inquire its object. A

clean shaven, dapper little man, whom I set down in my mind as the village barber, was standing a couple of paces from me, eying me with some curiosity, and to him I addressed myself. The readiness and loquacity with which he answered my questions, convinced me that my conjecture as to his trade must be a correct one.

"*Muy gran picaro, señor,*" said he, "a shocking rogue is that Juan Alamo, *El Morenito*, as they call him; the greatest smuggler in the Pyrencees from Perpignan to the Bidassoa, and, moreover, the most cruel, murdering villain unhung. We Spaniards do not wish much harm to the contrabandistas," continued he, with a sly smile, and lowering his voice a little, "but this fellow is a downright robber and murderer. Two nights ago, he and some of his comrades attacked the country house of Don Gregorio Pinta. There was only one man in the house besides old Don Gregorio, who was almost bedridden, but had there been more, it would have been of little use, for they were taken by surprise, when they were all sleeping. God knows the horrors the brigands committed. They murdered every creature of them, except one of the daughters, who hid herself under a bed where they did not think of looking; but she could give little account of it, for she was found in the morning a slaving idiot. A peasant who had seen them leaving the house brought the news, and the carabineros set out after the villains, and surprised them as they were sleeping off the effects of Don Gregorio's good wine. Three of them were killed, and the Morenito himself was stunned by a blow on the head and brought in prisoner. Brave fellows, those carabineros, *muy valientes.*"

I had more than once heard speak of this Morenito, who had been described to me as one of the most blood-thirsty bandits in all Spain; and it was with much interest that I now looked at him, expecting to find an exterior corresponding with the vices and crimes for which he had made himself so notorious. In this I was totally mistaken. Instead of the truculent, ferocious-looking ruffian I anticipated, I beheld one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. *El Morenito* was apparently about thirty years of age; his figure the perfection of manly symmetry; his head that of a Grecian statue. No bad expression degraded the beautifully regular features; the slightly contracted brow and compressed lips gave a martial and resolute air to his countenance, better befitting a gallant soldier than a midnight murderer. The disciples of Lavater would have been sorely puzzled to account for this glaring disparity between physiognomy and character.

"And that is the Morenito!" I exclaimed aloud.

"The same, señor," said my little friend the barber, whose presence I had forgotten, but who was still at my elbow. "Once caught, there was no occasion for much trial. He has been tried and condemned to death twice already, but both times he managed to break out of prison, and there has been a price set on his head these two years." So as soon as he was taken, the military governor ordered him to be put *in capilla* for twenty-four hours, previous to being shot. He won't have had too much time to confess all his crimes. It is almost too bad that he should die the same death so many brave soldiers die, but

there is no *garrote* nearer than Pampeluna, so lead is to do the work. Look, the villain, he is spitting at the priest! *Santa Maria, que indigno!*"

And the chattering little man crossed himself repeatedly. There was a general murmur and movement of indignation amongst the crowd. The prisoner, who it appeared had refused to confess, and turned a deaf ear to the exhortations of the priests, had actually spit in the face of one of the latter, who was holding a crucifix before him, and urging him to repentance.

"Kneel down!" said the officer commanding the parade, in a stern voice, to the prisoner.

"I will die on my feet," was the dogged reply.

The officer made a sign to two soldiers, who stepped forward, and seizing the prisoner, tried to force him down on his knees. But although his arms were bound, his resistance was so violent, that two more men were necessary to put him in the required position, kneeling, with his back to the firing party. Scarcely had they left him, when he again started to his feet and faced his executioners, the foam upon his lips, and venting the most horrible curses and imprecations.

"Even at the eleventh hour, my son!" said the priest, a meek, venerable-looking old man with white hair and trembling hands, that clasped an ebony crucifix. A blasphemy too frightful to write down was the only reply.

"Attention!" commanded the officer, in a tone in which I thought I recognised something like impatience to put an end to this disgusting scene.

The other commands immediately followed. At the word "Fire" there was the rattle of a dozen muskets, and El Morenito fell upon his face, pierced by as many balls.

A right pleasant sunny-looking town is Tarbes, with its broad, open square planted with rows of plane trees, and surrounded by neat houses and well kept flower gardens. As in most French provincial towns, however, a stranger in the place, unless he has acquaintances there, finds himself much embarrassed to get rid of his time. The theatre and the coffee-house are his only resources, and the former happened to be closed on the evening of my arrival. After despatching an excellent dinner, which included a *foie gras* of dimensions that must have been exceedingly inconvenient to the goose to which it had belonged, I found I had nothing left for it but to go to bed or to the *café*; and it being rather too early for the former way of disposing of myself, I chose the latter alternative.

The *café* was occupied as such places usually are in fourth rate French towns. Two or three couple of old grey-mustached captains, pipe in mouth, playing at chess and piquet; a noisy group of subalterns chatting round a bowl of punch; several parties of peaceable burghers deep in the mysteries of dominos, and drinking sugar and water with a perseverance that would have delighted Father Matthew.

The tables were all full, with the exception of one, at which a single person was seated. I took a chair opposite to him, and called for some refreshment.

The first glance I gave at my neighbour convinced me that he was of a different race and country from the other occupants of the *café*. He seemed about five or six and twenty years of age, tall in person, slender, yet muscular and strongly built; and his style of face betrayed a northern, probably a German, origin. His clear and well-cut eyes were of a bright and sparkling blue; his hair, which he wore long and curling, was almost flaxen in its lightness; while his small peaked beard and twisted mustache, as well as the whole cast of his features, reminded me strongly of the handsome and well-known countenance of Vandyk the painter.

The young man replied courteously to the slight salutation I made him as I sat down at his table. He had just lighted one of the vile fabrications which the French *régie* sell as Havannah cigars. It would not draw, and after puffing at it for two or three minutes, he threw it away with an energetic "*Donnerwetter!*"

"Ha, ha!" thought I, "a German. I was right then." I had some excellent cigars in my pocket, which I had brought from the other side of the Pyrenees, and I offered one to the stranger. He accepted it: I lighted another, and we fell into a conversation that lasted the greater part of the evening. My new acquaintance was very open and communicative; and I soon learned that he was a native of Lower Saxony, and an artist by profession, whom a passionate love of travelling, and a desire to take some sketches of the magnificent scenery of the Pyrenees, had brought to the south of France. He had been already a fortnight at Tarbes, and thought of remaining there some time longer, its situation being central and convenient for his object. The dullness of the place mattered little to him, for he merely used it as a sort of head-quarters, whence he made excursions of greater or less duration. I found that he had travelled much and with profit. He was a lively and entertaining companion; and when the *café* closed, and he left me at the door of my hotel, I gladly accepted an invitation to visit him the next day and look over his sketches. The friend I expected to meet could not arrive till after noon, and I was too happy to find so agreeable a means of passing the morning.

As soon as I had breakfasted upon the following day, I inquired my way to the address the young German had given me; and on arriving there, was shown into a large light room where my new acquaintance was seated, pencil in hand, before his easel. A Meersch-chaum pipe and a brace of handsomely mounted pistols decorated the wall of the apartment; a small compact knapsack, adapted for the pedestrian tourist, was lying upon a chair, while a portmanteau, of very moderate dimensions, composed what its owner termed his heavy baggage.

The young Saxon welcomed me with the frank cordiality of his country, and produced a couple of sketch-books, filled principally with Pyrenean subjects, in the examination of which I was soon

busied, appealing to him for explanations of the various sites. He evidently possessed considerable talent as an artist; although he cultivated it, he told me, chiefly for his amusement, and for the last five years had been rambling over Europe, seeking subjects for his pencil and indulging a truant disposition. I remarked that in the course of his wanderings he must have seen much, and probably had many adventures well worth narrating. He admitted that he had; and I expressed my regret that our period of companionship was likely to be so short, as otherwise I should have begged him to tax his memory for my benefit.

"I should not have very far to go back," he answered. "Only a few days ago, I had an adventure that was comical enough in its way; and if you are disposed to listen to it, ensconce yourself in that arm-chair, and I will tell it you, while I give the finishing touches to this sketch of the Pas de Roland, which I shall then be glad if you will accept as a memorial of our brief acquaintance."

Delighted with this proposal, I obeyed the young artist's directions to the letter, and begged him to commence his narrative without a moment's delay. He smiled at my impatience, and at once complied.

"About three weeks back," he began, "I was in the heart of the Pyrenees, and having visited all the beaten tracks and every point of view usually repaired to by travellers, I conceived a desire to examine such spots as are apparently reserved for the exclusive haunts of the izard and the bear, certain that I should there not have been preceded either by tourists or landscape painters. I set out one fine morning from a mountain inn at which I had passed the night; alone, but armed with the pistols you see yonder, and instructed as to the route I should follow. The commencement of my excursion was somewhat discouraging. I had to cross, at the risk of my neck, half-a-dozen foaming and roaring torrents, and that over rocks and stepping stones as smooth and slippery as ice. Occasionally, but with little benefit, I abandoned this perilous footing, and scrambled over one of the large pine-trees which the floods bring from the uplands, and leave stretched across the watercourses, stripped of bark and branches. Having surmounted these first difficulties, I at last found myself on a narrow path, covered with green and slippery moss, sloping towards precipices right and left, the depths beneath which bristled with pointed crags, and were barely to be distinguished in the strange sort of light afforded by the foam of the cataracts. At intervals the ravine widened; and the stream, flowing less rapidly, reflected the blue sky, and the vivid green of the plants which crept over the rocks and dangled from the edge of the precipices. But these changes were brief. Again the dingy peaks closed in, and the watercourse became as impetuous and noisy as before. Farther on, the precipice was closed on one side by advancing cliffs, beetling above the narrow path I was following, and seeming as though they would push me over the opposite declivity. Every moment the path became narrower, and my progress was impeded by blocks of stone, some of which I rolled into the ravines, while I scrambled over the larger ones with no small difficulty and peril. After a long ascent and many changes of scenery, I found

myself above the clouds, which I saw drifting about below me, and sweeping across the midway slopes and levels. Nevertheless, and in spite of the great elevation I had attained, it appeared to me that the mountain, on the lofty shoulder of which I stood, was crushed into insignificance by the huge masses and glittering peaks which towered above and around me, displaying innumerable varieties of tint and outline.

In the regions in which I now was, there are only two classes of human beings to be found—the smuggler and the custom-house officer. There take place their frequent struggles and stratagems, in which wonderful strength, courage, and address are frequently exhibited. The smuggler may be compared with the *izard*, the *douanier* with the dog, who, although not hunting for his own benefit, does not on that account display less ardour in the chase. It is generally at one particular spot that these encounters take place—a pass which opens the descent on the Spanish side of the mountain. When, however, the smugglers are too few in number to risk an encounter, they avail themselves of circuitous paths and defiles, such as the wolf and bear only enter when pressed by some unflinching hunter; creeping along the narrow shelves of precipices, or forcing their way through forests where the trees are allowed to perish from age, and the succeeding generation of saplings has hardly room to spring up amidst the decaying trunks of dead oaks and firs.

I had just emerged from one of these virgin forests, and was proceeding along a narrow and rugged path, wondering as I went at the wild and extraordinary scenery around me, when, on turning a sharp angle, I suddenly perceived a small grey *swirl* of smoke rising from behind a huge block of stone. I was well aware that the Pyrenean smugglers not unfrequently unite with their avowed profession the even less honourable one of banditti, and scruple not to rob and murder travellers, well knowing that the neighbouring authorities are not likely to explore those deep ravines in quest of missing strangers, living or dead. I quietly cocked one of my pistols, grasped my iron-shod staff firmly in my right hand, and cautiously approached the smoke. I was within a bound of the rock, when I beheld a man's head and the muzzle of a carbine rising above its surface. Before, however, the owner of the head had time to distinguish me or to execute any evil intentions he may have had, his carbine was struck from his grasp by a blow of my stick, and the muzzle of one of my pistols touched his breast. My movement had been so rapid, and the fellow had thought himself so perfectly secure in his fastness, that he had no time to guard against the attack, and now stood completely at my mercy.

"Hailloo! comrade," I exclaimed in French—"you exercise a villainous sort of hospitality. Down upon your face, or you are a dead man!"

My antagonist seemed to hesitate whether he should not yet make a fight of it, disarmed though he was, but he saw that he was entirely in my power, and probably observed also that my finger was gradually tightening upon the trigger. Had he made the least struggle, I must have shot him. It was evidently his life or mine. He threw himself

sullenly back upon a ledge of rock, the seat which he had apparently been occupying before my arrival, and opposite to which a fire of sticks was smoking and smouldering in the sun beams. I picked up his carbine and flung it over the precipice, and then in my turn seated myself on a tree trunk within a few feet of my captive, for such he might now be considered.

"You may console yourself for your failure," said I. "You would have made but a sorry booty had you shot or overcome me; for I am but a poor travelling artist, living, like yourself, from hand to mouth, and having, like you, to struggle against ignorance and bad taste, those everlasting *douaniers* who let nothing pass without subjecting it to their vile ordeal. But come, my good fellow, I am hungry and thirsty; yonder haversack looks full and comely, and I am persuaded there is something stronger than water in the leathern bottle beside you. Hand them over here; but beware of disturbing my meal by the least suspicious movement, or ——"

And I glanced at the pistol which lay full cocked upon my knee.

"Keep quiet, and we shall part friends."

Bread, aguardiente, and some boiled goat's flesh, yet warm from the fire, were the provisions now sulkily thrown to me. My walk had been long and difficult, and my appetite was such as to make this food, plain though it was, highly acceptable.

Whilst eating, and occasionally taking a pull at the flask, I was able to survey my surly companion more deliberately than I had yet done. A more picturesque Salvator Rosa-looking fellow I had never beheld. Above the middle height, his square shoulders, broad chest, and full and symmetrical limbs were set off to the greatest advantage by the only picturesque costume remaining in Europe, the close-fitting jerkin and breeches, the silken sash, and montero cap, composing the Spanish national dress. His complexion was a rich olive, his forehead high and spreading, with large and brilliant eyes, bushy whiskers, and jet black mustaches curling over a well-formed mouth. He was a perfect study, and the idea suddenly struck me that I might avail myself of him as such. I had done eating. I took out my pencil and sketch-book.

"Now, my fine fellow," said I, "we are going to part, and I wish you better luck next time. I have still ten minutes to spare, however, and I mean to employ them in making a sketch of your particularly picturesque physiognomy. Have the goodness to sit quietly while I take your portrait."

The smuggler, who understood all I said, although he had not as yet uttered a word in reply, now ejaculated a tremendous oath, and sprang to his feet in a rage that was perfectly dramatic. I was on my guard, and instantly covered him with my pistol.

"One step, and I fire."

The fellow ground his teeth, but did not advance.

"It is no use," said I; "you are in my power. If you had shot me just now, as you kindly intended to do, you would have stripped me and thrown my body into the ravine. The tables are turned, and you must own I use my advantage with moderation. You will hardly

think of resisting the will of one who has your life in his hands. Sit down again. Very good. The eyes turned more this way. So. Now raise your head, and let your hand fall naturally. Take off your cap. Now stretch out your right leg. No, cross it over the other. Capital!"

My model grumbled and swore, but that did not in the least disturb me. With a pistol in one hand and my pencil in the other, kept him in position full a quarter of an hour, while I took a rough sketch of him. When it was finished, I put up my drawing materials, took off my hat, wished him good morning, and left him to his reflections, or to whatever mode of passing his time he might think proper to adopt; taking care, however, to treat him with due respect, and to keep my face turned towards him till I was a tolerable distance from his bivouac. I was little apprehensive of an attack from him, disarmed as he was; but as it was possible he might have comrades in the neighbourhood, whom he might summon to pursue me, I made the best of my way downwards, and, after two or three hours' walk, reached a village on the mountain-side, where I took up my quarters for the night. I have since then made another excursion in the Pyrenees, but saw nothing more of my friend, nor, to say the truth, am I particularly desirous of encountering him a second time. I might not come off so victoriously as at our former meeting."

I had listened with much interest to the young German's narrative. It was something to have baffled upon his own ground one of the Basque smugglers, perhaps the most hardy and daring race of men in Europe. I felt convinced there was no exaggeration or boasting in what I had heard. My new friend was just the man to achieve such a feat, possessing, as he evidently did, great coolness and presence of mind, and, moreover, an active and vigorous frame, which might well give him confidence in himself, and render him a match for any single opponent.

"Of course you have preserved the sketch which you made under such unusual circumstances?" said I.

"Certainly I have," replied my companion, rising and going to a drawer. "I have since finished it, and I can assure you it is a most exact likeness. I am only vexed that I forgot to ask my model his name; for I am almost sure, from his very *distingué* appearance, he must be of some note amongst his fellows."

As he spoke, he held out to me a boldly-executed pencil portrait, which I immediately recognised.

"The likeness is indeed admirable," said I; "and the more valuable as the original no longer exists. I can help you to the name you are so desirous of learning."

My companion gazed at me with astonishment as I took up a pencil and wrote two words at the foot of the drawing.

"El Morenito!" exclaimed he, reading them as I wrote.

THE LIBERTINE'S GRAVE.

Im Nebelgrüesee, im tiefen Schnee,
Im wilden Wald, im Winternacht, &c.
GOETHE.

THE sleet fell fast, the night was dark,
The wind blew ~~shill~~ and bleak ;
I heard the hungry wolf-dog bark,
I heard the death-owl shriek.

There were three came riding down the dark,
Three came riding on in glee ;
The voice of each I could plainly mark,
But the form of none might see.

There was gentle Anne and gamesome Moll,
And last my bonny Sue ;
I had pledged my troth in turn to all,
And to none of all was true.

“ Oh wrap him up in the wintry shroud ;
Oh hurry him deep below ; ”
And they laugh'd and laugh'd and shouted loud,
But with them I will not go.

Dear mother, with them I will not go ;
They will drag me through ice and fire ;
And I never may sleep or slumber more,
An' they have their desire.

To the highway then my body take,
There bury deep my bones,
Drive through my heart the sharpest stake,
And bind me fast with stones.

THE NICE YOUNG MAN.

By SUUM CUIQUE, Esq.

"Landlord, fill the flowing bowl till it runs over."

MUSÆ POSTPUERENSES.

CHAPTER I.

"You are certainly an excellent listener, Mr. Cuique," said GREAT TOM, wagging his clapper approvingly.

"I am when I am obliged," I commenced.

"Obliged? of course you are obliged to me for telling you such a series of entertaining anecdotes. Should you like another? a *Pursesey* anecdote, for instance?"

"Very much indeed, Mr. Thomas," I replied, for what other answer could I make to my belligerent incubus?

"Now don't insult me," said TOM. "Just fancy how Newton, Pope, Homer, or Alcibiades would have felt to hear themselves called Mister Alcibiades, Mister Homer, and so on. Don't mister me—you cannot master me as you know—but call me plain, unadulterated TOM, or GREAT TOM, if you please. If you are only anxious to be scrupulously correct, you ought to designate me, considering my Italian origin, as Signor Thomaso—but don't do any thing of the kind. I do not like to have my feelings wrung by being reminded of the days of my sweet childhood—

"In infancy my hopes and fears,"

and all that sort of thing. Don't. Promise me on the honour of a gent.—I mean a servitor-gentleman that you won't."

I laid my dexter hand upon the sinister side of my waistcoat, and gave the required promise.

"Talking of designations or titles, or, in plain English, names, your's is a puzzle. Cuique! well, it is a queer name—who gave you that name?"

I was about to answer from the Catechism a question so catechismally put, and say "my godfathers and my godmothers," when I luckily recollected that it was my surname, and not my Christian appellation.

"It is an old family name," said I, "and was most probably of Roman origin. My father——"

"That will do," said TOM; "drop the pedigree. Do you know that, on the first night of your arrival in my tower, the porter, who had just read your name on your trunk, when he came up to take a

toll out of me, was spelling it, and trying to make something of it. First, 'it must be *Queek*;' next 'he thought *Kike* or *Kick*,' and finally '*Qu-ick*.' I spelt it for him thus, *Ky-quee*, and now he has got it correctly, which must rather have astonished you."

"It did a little," said I; "but I am used to be called by names that never belonged to me. After all, to use an old used-up quotation, 'What's in a name?'"

"A great deal sometimes; one of our men, for instance, *par exemple*, as the French say, or *exempli gratiâ* as the Latins have it, came unexpectedly into a hundred thousand pounds merely because his name was Clarke — Clark with an e at the end of it."

"I have got an e to the end of my name," said I, sighing; "but no one of the family has ever made a note of it."

"A pound note, eh? — Never mind the pun, it's a shocking bad one — but just drop all thoughts of being a fortunate youth yourself for the present, and listen to my little tale of one that was — to a certain extent."

CHAPTER II.

"If you please, sir, here is a gentleman," said a quiet, soft-speaking servant to one of our Deans, as he sat writing in his study, "who wishes to speak to you."

"I am not at home, James, to anybody. It is past four o'clock."

"But he says, sir —"

"I'm gone into the library."

"That he will not detain you."

"I'm in the chapter-house or the cathedral."

"More than five —"

"I'm out for an airing."

"Minutes; his time is very valuable."

"And so is mine, James; it is past college calling hours, and so I'm gone for a walk into the meadow," said the Dean in a decided tone.

"If you please, sir," said James, bowing respectfully, "for the college butler was *in extremis*, and he hoped to succeed to his post through the interest of his master — "if you please, sir, the gentleman is a gentleman (he had given James a half-crown to induce him to urge the Dean to see him), and has come up a long way to enter a young man as a gentleman-commoner."

"He cannot be a gentleman, in the rigid sense of that ill-used word, or he would have sent in his card, even if he had called at so unbusiness-like an hour."

"If you please, sir, he has sent in his card. Here it is," said James, showing four inches by two of very plain pasteboard.

"Then, why did you not give it me before?" said the Dean, very harshly, as he snatched it out of his servant's hand.

James did not reply, but made a most profoundly respectful bow.

"Why, what is this?" said the Dean, starting as he looked at the card, and read aloud, —

"MESSRS. PYPE, HOOKER, AND CO.
Dealers in Foreign Cigars and Tobaccos,
 MINORIES.

N.B.—Left-off wearing apparel, books, pictures, and plate,
 taken in exchange on liberal terms."

"I really beg pardon, sir," said James, turning as pale as if he had been smoking a minerigo, made up from cabbage leaves and rhubarb stems by Messrs. Pype, Hooker, and Co. "Beg pardon, sir, but that belongs to the other gentleman, as called just at the same time."

—A dealer in filthy tobacco call on the Dean of Christ's Church!—order the porter to turn him out, on pain of being turned out himself if he does not."

"If you please, sir, he called upon *me*," said James; but finding from his master's black looks that he had made a mistake, he adroitly added, "to leave a parcel which a friend of mine sent down by him to save carriage."

"Oh! very well, James," said the Dean, brightening up; "here, take back this card, and give me the other."

James did so, and when ~~his master~~ had read the name, and bidden him usher in Mr. Gabberton Swift, he did so, and then retired to his pantry, to conclude a deal with the gentleman who represented Messrs. Pype and Hooker. The result of the bargain was, that James locked up a two-pound box of unmistakeable British Cabanas, and the cigar merchant carried off two suits of clerically-cut black clothes, a pair of bishop's boots, and a shovel hat. How exasperated would the dignitary have been, to whom those articles had lately belonged, had he known that all the dignity which he had derived from his dress had ended in smoke!

He knew nothing of it, however; so he received Mr. Gabberton Swift most graciously, although he was a very small man, and not particularly well calculated from the style of his dress and personal appearance to command respect.

Mr. Gabberton Swift was, as I have said, a very small man, but a very great talker. His tongue was so well trained, that if he could have entered it for the Derby, he would have won the cup and distanced the whole field—it ran so very fast when it was once started.

"I am happy to see you, sir," commenced the Dean, waving his visiter to a seat, "although you must be aware that——"

"I catch it! that's enough! unreasonable hour—otherwise engaged. We could not help it—time very precious with men in business," replied the little man, laying down his hat and stick, pulling off his gloves, and diving into an inner pocket after something or other. At last he caught a pocket-book, after fishing for it for some time among a heap of papers, and opening it, took out a note and handed it to the Dean.

"I presume this is from ——?"

"I catch it! that's enough!—it is from the lad's tutor, formerly a member of this ——"

The Dean was about to read it.

"That's enough! look at the signature. You'll catch it, and I'll explain to save time. Mr. Robert Smudgerton, age twenty-two, crammed to suffocation in the classics. He wishes to be entered immediately, and reside as soon as possible."

"Are you aware, sir, that our house is so ——"

"That's quite enough—I catch it. I know you are full, but I think you can find room."

"Room, perhaps, but not rooms."

"Not so bad that," said Mr. Swift, winking and giving a sort of Italian opera clap with his hands. "Not so decidedly bad. Money, money, Mr. Dean, will find the rooms and furnish them too. So have the goodness to get the book and pop him down; let me know the amount of the fees, and I will give you a cheque for the money."

The Dean stared and looked perfectly dismayed. Mr. Gabberton Swift did not see the look, but went on, saying, "Gent. Com. of course. We shall cash up liberally to the tutors, though we don't care about the classics. Merely wish him to reside a couple of years or so, just to give him a dash of respectability. Selected your college because it is the most genteel—lots of *nobs* here, a'n't there?"

"Nobs? Oh, the abbreviation of *nobiles*, he means," said the Dean, not exactly knowing how to treat his extraordinary visitor.

"What's the stumpy for a Gent. Com.?" inquired Mr. Gabberton Swift, pulling out a cheque-book from a side-pocket, and seizing the Dean's own swan's quill pen.

"May I venture to inquire, before we proceed any farther in this business, whom ——"

"That's enough! I catch it. My name you know. I'm a lawyer—some would not own it, but say solicitor—it is more genteel, *they* think; *I* don't. I'm a lawyer, and live at Brummagem."

"Where?" looked the Dean.

Mr. Swift was looking at him at that moment, and holding his pen ready to fill up the cheque.

"That's enough!—I catch it—know your thoughts—Brummagem is short for Birmingham. Devil of a place for guns, and all those sorts of things. We can manufacture as good cannons there as you can at Ch. Ch.," said Mr. Swift.

"The Dean fell into a seat, deeply offended at being expected to laugh at a stale pun made up afresh by a Birmingham attorney. "Allow me to read this note," said he, in a despairing kind of whisper.

"Read fast then, for I want to be off by the *Tivy*," said Swift, alluding to his wish to be off by the Tantivy coach.

While the Dean was reading a short note from a former member of his college, who added to a curate's stipend a few pounds by taking half a dozen private pupils, Mr. Swift employed himself in preparing a cheque, leaving a blank for the amount. Just as the Dean had finished reading the note, ~~and was planning~~ some defensible excuse for not admitting "a young lad who had been brought up in an attorney's office, and had been placed under Mr. Johnstone's care for six months to prepare him for college in order that he might acquire the

habits and manners of a gentleman," he let the note fall from his hands on hearing Mr. Swift whisper audibly —

"D——d bad pen; but what can be expected from a parson? wish he'd stir his stumps."

"Mr. Swift, I am really — but I will pass that over — I cannot admit the young gentleman into our house," said the Dean.

"Why not? any thing amiss in his character? Johnstone has not presumed to say any thing wrong of him?"

"I beg to decline answering any questions," replied the Dean in a decided and dignified tone.

"I catch it — that's enough. See you're up to traps. You'd make a capital witness if you were properly instructed; but as to Mr. Robert Smudgerton, if you are not satisfied of his respectability from the tutor's note, I must play my trump card. There, read that."

The Dean would have given a considerable sum of money to have had the impudent little lawyer kicked out of college — but it was not to be done; so he took the note, and, to his great surprise, found a coronetted seal upon it, and, when he had opened it, saw a letter from a *nob*, as Mr. Swift would have called him, urging him earnestly and respectfully to admit a young man, who had been brought up to the law, but who had unexpectedly come into a very large fortune, as a member of Ch. Ch.

"That's enough — I do it — Lord Shorte's letter has done it," said Swift. "Now just name the sum, and I'll fill up the cheque."

The Dean was puzzled. Lord Shorte, though a poor peer with a large family, was a respectable man, and he did not wish to offend him. After a few minutes' anxious thinking (during which Gabberton Swift was walking round the Dean's private library, with his hands beneath his coat tails, examining the engravings and paintings of what he called "the clerical swells"), he told his visiter that he would communicate with him through Lord Shorte, and do the best he could to forward their mutual wishes.

"That's enough — I catch it — Bobby Smudge is all right! Now, what's to pay?"

The Dean rang the bell forcibly, and, as he did so, assured the little lawyer that those matters would be settled when the young man came up to be matriculated. He felt very much relieved when James appeared to usher his visiter out. He made him a low bow, but stiffened his back suddenly again, when he heard Mr. Gabberton Swift say to his servant, that he, the Dean, "was the slowest coach he had ever met with, and awfully bumptious, but that he had queered him."

James grinned, but did not dare to laugh outright for fear he should lose the butlership.

CHAPTER III.

THIS chapter must be partly retrospective, in order that you may thoroughly understand who and what sort of person the candidate for admission into Ch. Ch. College was.

Mr. Robert Smudgerton, or Bobby Smudge, as he was more usually

called by his intimates, was the only child of a curious old man of whom nobody but Mr. Gabberton Swift knew any thing; and he knew but little until, by a mere chance, he became his man of business.

He dwelt upon a sort of common, upon a small farm which had been left him by his forefathers, and which was deemed to be of so little value that, had it been thrown upon the market, no one would have given a bidding for it except to insure himself a vote for the county. The little freehold might have contained some seventy or eighty acres of very bad land indeed, and the house and homestead were very small, and in a very dilapidated condition. About twenty acres were ploughed, and produced but scanty crops of corn; and the common, as it was called, though it was not a common but his own private property, enabled the owner to keep a flock of sheep. By dealing in these, and chopping and changing ewes for tegs and tegs for ewes, he contrived to get enough to make both ends of the year meet, and to lay by a few pounds, or rather guineas, for he had an idea that a bank-note might possibly become what Cobbett called it — “a mere rag;” while gold, he knew, would always find a market at its own intrinsic value.

Old Smudgerton's wife was a thrifty woman, and made a pretty penny by her poultry. She was clever in rearing turkies, geese, and ducks. In fattening chickens and turkey-poults, she was unrivalled. A green goose of her rearing was looked upon as a delicacy; and the higgler who could bid high enough to secure every one of those which she meant to part with, deemed himself a lucky man.

As they had but one child, and lived upon almost nothing, had no rent to pay, and very few taxes, they soon scraped enough money together to purchase, at a mere trifle, the remainder of what was called the common. Lord Shorte, their nearest neighbour, thought himself a fortunate peer to meet with a purchaser of what to him was really valueless, and his bailiff thought old Smudgerton a greater fool than he took him to be for laying out his gold on so worthless a soil. “The old fool!” said he to himself, as he pocketed the guineas, “to go and give a hundred and fifty good gold coins for a few acres of barren hill, without grass enough upon it to save a sheep from starving.”

It chanced one day that the flock which had just been pastured upon this bit of ground were driven home by their owner just as a clever medical man, who dwelt in the neighbourhood was riding by. “Hoigh, Mr. Doctor,” called out old Smudgerton, “folk do tell I you knows a mint of things; can't tell I what 'tis as sticks to sheep's legs hereabout, and makes 'em all yellow like?”

The Doctor dismounted from his horse and carefully examined the animal's legs, and then begged to be shown the spot where they had been feeding. It was pointed out to him; and when he had examined the soil of a narrow ditch, down which a small stream trickled, very carefully, he asked to whom the land belonged.

"To I, to be sure," said the farmer. "I paid for un in golden guineas."

"Have you got the deeds right and safe?"

"Trust I for that. Master Gabberton Swift, of Brummagem, took care of that, and did not forget to charge for 't."

"Then I can only tell you, if I'm not deceived, that you have a fortune in this bit of land. There is a vein of yellow ochre here which is very valuable. I will take a portion of the soil home and analyse it."

"Do," said the farmer; "and if it turns into gold thee shalt have thy share of it."

The analysis proved the truth of the Doctor's conjecture. The soil about ten feet below the surface of the "barren hill" proved to be a fine vein of yellow ochre about nine or ten inches in thickness. By a judicious management of the pit, under the Doctor's suggestions, to whom the owner honourably gave a fair per centage, the profits of it were enormous. The old man did not change his mode of living in his prosperity, but kept on, quietly adding field to field and house to house, until he became a large landed proprietor.

Mr. Gabberton Swift thought himself a lucky man in having been employed by old Smudgerton to make out the title deeds of the "barren hill," as he did it so effectually that all attempts upon the part of Lord Shorte to find a defect in them were vain. This ensured him all the business of the lucky purchaser, and enabled him to put many a pound into his pocket, by conveying lands in the neighbourhood to his fortunate employer.

He foresaw that with Smudgerton's habits and mode of living, the son would one day or another be a very wealthy man. He advised the father, and the advice was given disinterestedly, to send him to a public school, and make a scholar and a gentleman of him.

"'Taint in un, man, 'taint in un, I tell ye; but, if you'll take un and make a lawyer on un, I'll ha' un taught to read and write," said the father.

Two years after that promise, our hero, Mr. Robert Smudgerton, might have been seen perched on a high stool in Mr. Gabberton Swift's office, having been taught to write a very fair but cramped hand at a little school in the neighbourhood. As to spelling, that was the rock he split upon. He could copy any thing very neatly, but when he had to write a bit of original manuscript, he made a sad mess of it. The ph, in such words as philosopher, was a puzzler; but his great difficulty was in giving the preference to the ie or the ei. So, when he came to a word like believe, he was cunning enough to write two ees, and put a dot just over the middle of them, leaving the reader to imagine that his error was the result of a mere *lapsus pluma*.

Well, people cannot live for ever. Old Smudgerton died, and his wife too, leaving their son sole heir to a very large sum of ready money, and several very valuable estates, amongst which was the bit of "barren hill," which Lord Shorte's bailiff thought him such an old fool for having purchased of his master in exchange for pure golden guineas.

Lord Shorte, when he heard of the amount to which Master Robert Smudgerton had succeeded, upon the death of his hard-working parents, suddenly felt a great interest in him, and resolved to see him, and, if he found any thing to work upon in him, to make a gentleman of him. He thought that it might not be a very bad speculation to restore the bit of "barren hill" to the family again, by uniting the owner of it to one of his numerous daughters.

His inquiries at Mr. Gabberton Swift's into the sayings and doings of Master Bobby Smudge may serve to give you an insight into the habits and pursuits of that fortunate young man.

"I have called, Mr. Swift," said his Lordship, "to ask a few questions concerning Mr. Robert Smud—"

"That's enough! I catch it—called to pump me about our Bobby," replied Mr. Swift.

Lord Shorte's face lengthened at "our Bobby;" but he merely bowed and inquired if he was steady, attentive to his business, and gentlemanly in his habits and manners.

"That's enough—I catch it. Your Lordship means, will he ever be presentable—admissible into good society, and fit to go to church with a real lady."

His Lordship winced, but smiled and nodded affirmatively.

"As to steadiness," said Mr. Swift, "he copies out what I set him to do and then goes to his dogs, ferrets, and other animals of which he is very fond."

"As a natural historian or a sporting man?"

"I object to that question," said Swift, "because I cannot answer it satisfactorily. All I can say is he keeps several dogs with very flat noses, short-cropped ears, and tobacco-pipe tails with which he worries badgers, rats, and cats. He keeps them at a neighbouring public, for my wife cannot bear the noise of the dogs or the smell of the ferrets. That's enough—I think your Lordship catches it."

His Lordship nodded.

"As to your Lordship's next question, touching his habits and manners, I see but very little of him after office hours, but I am *told* that he sings a capital song, tells a remarkably good story, spends his money like a gentleman, as the sporting men assert, and is particularly good-tempered when he has had his allowance."

"Oh, you allow him a few guineas a week then, for pocket money?"

"Pooh! pooh! that is *not* enough—your Lordship does *not* catch it. I mean his allowance—of grog," said Gabberton, looking rather astonished that a peer should be so ignorant.

"Can I see the young man?" (His Lordship was about to say gentleman, but a vision of bull-dogs, ferrets, and glasses of grog came across him.) "I should like to have a little conversation with him."

The little lawyer sprang up and opened a little window, and bade some one tell Mr. Smudgerton that Lord Shorte wished to speak with him.

After an interval of some five minutes, during which Lord Shorte appeared to be absorbed in contemplating the conveniences of Gabberton Swift's offices, and the lawyer to be writing for his life on a

sheet of brief-paper lying before him, the young gentleman entered the private room of his legal tutor. He was dressed in a very large pair of Cossack trowsers tied in over his ankles, a red-striped waistcoat, and a sea-green cut-away coat—each of these, his upper vestments, being furnished with a double set of pockets; his hair was closely cropped in front, but left long behind, and brushed furiously up over his ears; about his neck he wore a cambric kerchief of which the ground was blue and the pattern red.

Lord Shorte shuddered. Gabberton Swift observed the paroxysm, and said "That's enough! I catch it—he won't do."

His Lordship instantly disguised his disgust, and blandly asked Mr. Smudgerton how he did, to which that young gentleman, in a voice very like that of a cuckoo with a cold, or a cabman on night duty at Christmas, replied "tol-lollish, considering."

"Ahem!" coughed his Lordship, hardly knowing how to commence a conversation with such a curious specimen of wealthy mortality. "Ahem! I hope you like your profession?"

"Tol-lollish—considering; but profession aint practice, as Will, the rat-catcher says, and I aint going to practise my profession."

"That's enough! his Lordship catches it," said Swift.

"Does he, by goles? then he's quicker than my dog, the Duffer, and he can catch a rat quicker than here and there one!" said Smudgerton, taking up his master's penknife and quietly paring his nails with it.

"May I venture to ask your age, Mr. Smudgerton?" inquired Lord Shorte.

"Nothing venture, nothing have, as Will says. I was one and twenty last grass," replied "our Bobby."

"Bless me! of age?—come into his property?" said Lord Shorte, looking interrogatively at Mr. Swift.

"I wish I was—wouldn't I buy Will's Tippettywichet, the black and tan terrier—that's all! I've got some tol-lollish ones, but she is an astonishing one for vermin," replied Bobby with a knowing nod.

"That is *not* enough, your Lordship does *not* catch it. Mr. Smudgerton does not come of age until he has completed his twenty-fifth year," said Mr. Gabberton Swift.

"No thanks to you neither, old gentleman, for tipping the other old gentleman the suggestion," said Mr. Bobby.

"I did it all for the best, young man, and ——"

"So did my little bitch, Viper, when she grabbed one of Will's bantam-chicks instead of an old water-rat," said Bobby, finishing the circle of his very dirty thumb-nail.

Poor Lord Shorte was positively dismayed. Lawyer Swift enjoyed the scene greatly, and would have prolonged the fun had not "our Bobby" taken out his watch and said that "time was up and he was wanted elsewhere. He was particularly engaged to a tol-lollish party at the Bull to see a snake fed upon frogs, and had backed him to eat one, that measured four inches by two, at a gulp."

"That's enough! we catch it—you may go."

Lord Shorte rose and made Mr. Smudgerton a very polite bow, which that young gentleman returned, by raising his elbow and then

dropping his wrist, as if he was double thonging the near wheeler. As he left the private office he whispered, but loudly enough for his Lordship to hear the observation —

“Call that a peer?—I could manufacture a better out of a Brummagem button-maker.”

“Hush! that’s enough — his Lordship will catch it,” replied Mr. Swift, as he thrust the cub out of the door.

“Can any thing be done with him? it is really a pity that so fine a property —”

“And adjoining your Lordship’s park —”

“Should be thrown away upon such —”

“That’s enough! how *can* we make a gentleman of him?”

At the terminus of a rail-road debate upon the possibility of converting a low-minded, vulgar wretch into a presentable person, it was resolved, *nem. con.*, — for there was no one to put in a dictum *contrà* — that “our Bobby” should be released from his articles in Mr. Swift’s office, and be properly prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles in the study of Mr. Johnstone, the curate of the parish in which the yellow ochre vein lay, and which had proved a mine of wealth to its fortunate owner.

Lord Shorte sighed as he took his seat in the curricie, and thought that fortune had been very spiteful towards him, in not having suggested to *his* sheep to show their yellow legs to an experimental chemist in the shape of a parish apothecary.

CHAPTER IV.

I WILL pass over the period that “our Bobby” spent at his tutor’s, merely observing that he read but very little, and spent the greater part of his time at a neighbouring ale-house, where, without Mr. Johnstone’s knowledge, he kept his dogs, ferrets, and other live-stock. He was remarkably surly all the morning, and scarcely spoke to any one; but when he returned from his “quiet walk” — for so he accounted for his visit to the ale-house — he made himself as agreeable as such a brute could do, although Mrs. Johnstone sometimes fancied that he must have spent his time in the green-house — his clothes smelt so very strong of tobacco, which, she was aware, her gardener burnt in large quantities to kill the insects.

Let us proceed to describe his college career.

“I have examined that young person, in a very extraordinary dress, and with a most inharmonious voice, whom you sent to me, Mr. Dean, with a kind of keeper, a dapper little fellow, who would hardly let me speak a word, and really I cannot conscientiously pronounce him qualified to enter.”

“I was afraid so, Mr. Subaudite,” said the Dean. “But does he not know sufficient to qualify him for a short residence and an honorary degree? Lord Shorte has taken him by the hand —”

“I am surprised at that,” said the college tutor, quietly, “he appears so unfamiliar with soap and water.”

"Really, Mr. Subaudite, you are growing too severe," said the Dean, exchanging an incipient smile into a decided frown. "Lord Shorte is very anxious to render this young man, his nearest neighbour, and the possessor of considerable property, a presentable person, and really his legal adviser——"

"What, that's enough! I catch it!"

"His legal adviser, Mr. Something Quick — Speedy — or Fast — I forget his name——"

"Swift" — suggested the tutor.

"Thank you, sir; Mr. Swift, I was about to observe when you interrupted me, has manifested a creditable share of worldly acumen by selecting our house, for such a purpose, in preference to any college. Cannot you, by a little stretch of conscience, pronounce him admissible?"

"You shall judge for yourself, Mr. Dean. I put him on in an easy ode of Horace, and as he could not translate literally,

——"ligna super foco
Largè reponens:"

I begged him to render it freely, which he did thus,

"Molly, put the kettle on."

The Dean could not resist this; it was too ridiculous, and after a hearty laugh, in which the tutor joined, it was decided that Mr. Robert Smudgerton should be admitted, matriculated, and allowed to come into residence at once if he would promise to engage a private tutor and read hard.

"That's enough! he'll catch it! he's no fool though he looks a little awkward at first," said Mr. Gabberton Swift, when Mr. Subaudite mentioned the terms on which alone Mr. Smudgerton would be allowed to keep his terms in college.

Bobby nudged his former master, and whispered, "he would not stand having a chap over him all day long, and bothering him about books."

"Pish! say you will and don't do it afterwards—that's enough," replied Swift, in a friendly whisper.

Bobby winked, and then turning to his new tutor, said "he should be most particular happy."

This difficult point having been settled, the ceremonies were soon performed, and Mr. Smudgerton was a member of our house. Mr. Gabberton Swift, as soon as he had seen him settled in his rooms, placed in his hands a bank note, value one hundred pounds, and left him, with this little bit of advice, "lark away, as much as you like, but don't be caught out by the Dons, or done by the Duns."

Mr. Robert Smudgerton took the note to a banker and got it changed for gold. He amused himself for some hours in counting over his sovereigns, and then had a game with them at pitch and toss by himself. He got tired of this, however, and when his scout came to inquire if he wanted any thing, he told him he wanted to buy a dog or two, and asked him if he could recommend him to any person who dealt in them.

"Tom Sharp's your man, sir. He lives in George Lane, and keeps all sorts of animals from a mouse up to a mastiff, and a very respectable public house," said the scout.

Bobby was delighted, and gave the servant a shilling to drink his health, which he declined, assuring him that an unlimited order on the buttery for all the college servants was expected of every Freshman. This was soon written out, and although it was worded, "give the barer and his pals as much bere as they can drink," it was obeyed.

"But whereabouts is George Lane?" inquired Bobby. "And how am I to know Tom Sharp's house?"

"Go out of Tom Gate, sir, turn to your right and keep straight on along the Corn Market until you come to a church on your right. The first turning on your left after you have passed the church is George Lane. As to finding the house, you have only to follow your nose, and you can't mistake it, for Tom Sharp keeps such a lot of stinking animals that you can wind them half a mile off."

Bobby's scout sunk several degrees in his new master's estimation; for he thought the *odora canum vis* — if the passage may be construed — "the agreeable smell of a dog-kennel" superior to any of the *esprits* sold and professed to be manufactured by Delcroix, or any other eminent scent-maker.

The directions given to him by his servant were so plain, that Mr. Smudgerton could not mistake them, and the powerful odour proceeding from a mixture of vermin and dogs, with the meats on which they were fed, led him to the door of Mr. Sharp's abode.

"Look out, 'Tom,'" said a sort of cad, half inn-porter and other half under-gamekeeper. "Here's a new customer. A raw countryman, if one may judge by his dress."

"I had rather he had been a Lunnuner," said Tom, "for they thinks themselves so precious clever, and that's what they aint, at least, in my line. Show the gent. in, William."

Bobby Smudge entered, and was shown into the yard, a narrow confined spot about sixteen by fourteen feet, occupied in every corner by dogs, badgers, ferrets, pole-cats, rats, mice, poultry, and pigeons. A horrible din arose when they saw a stranger. For some minutes all passed in dumb show, for not a word could be heard until Tom Sharp and Will, his son, had knocked down some half a dozen of the largest dogs with the enormously big sticks which they carried with them for the purpose of keeping order in their canine parliament. I say parliament, because the crowing of cocks and the natural cries of the various animals put you strongly in mind of "another place" where the imitation of those cries is deemed a very clever performance.

As soon as the tumult caused by

"Dog and whelp of high renown,
And cur of low degree,"

had dwindled to a calm, Mr. Sharp began to show his stock individually, and to expatiate on their respective merits. Mr. Smudgerton examined their points and their teeth, and did other little experiments peculiar to gentlemen in the fancy line so scientifically, that Mr. Sharp

looked around at his son Will, and gave him a sign, which meant—"he is not to be imposed upon;" to which Will replied by a counter-sign, implying, "try it on, but mildly."

During the examination, our hero, Mr. Bobby, had not spoken a syllable, or seemed to listen to the owner of the promiscuous lot before him. He had merely taken out a sort of betting-book, and entered certain observations whenever an animal seemed likely to suit him. When they had completed the circuit of the menagerie, he asked, "What Mr. Sharp kept?"

"Dogs, foxes, badgers, and—but I can get you any thing you please, sir," said Mr. Sharp.

"Stuff, man—I mean what do you keep in the house?"

Tom Sharp thought it a very odd question, and doubted if his questioner was sane. "Does he think we keep monkeys, and them sort of Orientals?" said he, aside, to his son.

"What a fool you are, father, the gentleman only wants to know what lickers you keep. Don't you, sir?" said the dutiful son.

Mr. Bobby nodded.

"Please to walk in, sir?" said Mr. Sharp, suddenly changing his tone and manners from a swaggering dog-dealer to a perfectly polite landlord.

"Of course I do please," said Bobby Smudge, in his croaking way, like a raven with a quinsey.

He was shown into a snug parlour, which was decorated with portraits of fancy dogs and fancy men, celebrated pedestrians, notorious cricket-players, and fighting cocks in a variety of attitudes. The scene that followed I will not describe—suffice it to say, that a great deal of liquid was consumed, and although Mr. Sharp was considered the strongest headed and most lasting drinker in Oxfordshire, and his son was supposed to inherit the paternal virtues, Mr. Robert Smudger-ton left them both under the table. He walked, or rather staggered into College at 11 o'clock at night, having won his reckoning, 1*l.* 15*s.* and a 5*l.* note at cribbage, and animals of which he had the list in his pocket, and which were to be delivered at nine next morning, to the nominal value of 12*l.* 10*s.* at *put*.

Tom Sharp had been completely taken in. He thought he was a match, and more than a match for any man, much more for a Freshman. And as to a gentleman-commoner Freshman he had never met with one before out of whom he had not made a considerable sum of money—but he had never met with one before who had condescended to sit down and smoke with him—not to speak of taking a hand at cribbage and put.

"Father, we were done last night, and I have a norrible 'eadach this morning," said Will, addressing his father, who appeared very ill too.

"Was it all fair and above board?" enquired the father. "No you know what."

"All right, I believe—I really do."

"Where could he have been taught?"

"Teached, you mean," said the son, who had been to a "British school."

"Well taught, then — if that young man does not take a first and turn out an honour to his college, I don't know who will. We *are* regular sold, but we must act like men of honour, Will. Here is the list of what we've got to send to Christ Church, and as you say they were fairly won, why we'll pay our debts like gentlemen."

"We must look out for a flat, father, to cover the loss," said Will.

"No occasion for that, Will, they will come to our net without our dragging for them. Recollect that animals are rising forty per cent. and rats are not to be had at no price, — but now to act like men of honour."

Mr. Tom Sharp and his son Will, acting on the principle above alluded to, selected a lot of living things and stowed them away in a most miraculous manner, so much so, that when they entered Canterbury Quad from Oriel Lane, they appeared to be doing nothing but taking a brace of setters into college for a gentleman's approval.

The porter of Canterbury Gate fancied he saw several things moving in the pockets of each of the dog-fanciers and smelt something so powerful as to induce him to borrow the under porter's snuff-box and take a very large pinch of common Scotch out of it.

They were shown to Mr. Smudgerton's rooms, the father and the son. *Filius tali patre dignus!* and left them in a sad state of renewed intoxication about mid-day.

CHAPTER V.

"I THINK of calling on Mr. Smudgerton this morning, Mr. Dean, and introducing him to his private tutor," said Mr. Subaudite.

"You will oblige me by so doing," replied the Dean, "for I have a letter from Lord Shorte, saying he shall be passing through here to-day, and shall impose upon my hospitality for a dinner. I shall ask Smudgerton to meet him, for I rather like Lord Shorte, and his interest is considerable."

"Ahem! yes — but he has a very large family," suggested Mr. Subaudite.

"True, but all in the army or navy; some in the —, but never mind — do go and call on Mr. Smudgerton."

"That's enough. I catch it," said Mr. Subaudite, imitating Mr. Gabberton Swift so accurately, as to cause the Dean to descend from his dignity, and laugh so loudly that James came in to inquire if his master had called.

"No, sirrah," said the Dean, "I did not call, and you know I did not. Show Mr. Subaudite out, and never presume again to —"

"I don't mean to it. I gives warning in the presence of a witness. I quits this day month," said James, for the butlership had been given away to another.

The Dean bowed to the senior tutor, and bade James come in to receive his wages, and quit immediately. A few words of explanation, however, and a promise of the first vacant good office, induced James to apologise for his rudeness, and resume his duties.

We must follow Mr. Subaudite to the rooms of Mr. Smudgerton.

He was accompanied by a worthy and excellent young man, who

had entered the college as a servitor (you hear, Mr. Cuique?), and by perseverance had gained the highest honours of the University. He had but just taken his bachelor's, and his kind friend, Mr. Subaudite, thought that by making him the private tutor of Mr. Smudgerton, he should enable him to reside comfortably in college, and try for the prizes open to those who have taken their first degree; instead of sending him into some private family as a crammer of the juvenile branches.

They reached Mr. Robert Smudgerton's door and knocked. No answer was returned. The college tutor knocked again and again, and finding that his application was not successful, took out his card, and opened the door, meaning to leave it on the table.

He entered the room and found, to his great surprise, the owner of the room fast asleep on the sofa.

"Poor young man," said he, turning round to the youthful candidate for the tutorship of the brute: "Poor young man; he has been over-reading himself."

"I should fear not, sir; these tankards and these bottles — I —"

"Dear me. I did not observe them. He cannot have been — can he?"

"Drinking? I should hope not."

"No, he has been writing, — see here is the manuscript," said Mr. Subaudite, taking out his spectacles in order that he might decypher it more clearly.

"Dear me, — what does it mean?"

To two setters	-	-	£10	10	0
one pole cat in pup	-	-	2	2	0
one one-eyed ferret	-	-	2	6	
one magpie as talks	-	-	3	0	
two snakes as is tame	-	-	5	0	
one dozen rats, warranted	-	-	6	0	
two white mice and a squirrel			9	0	
			<hr/>		
			£13	17	6

"Received the above as part set-off of chalks, cribbage, and put scores.

"Robert Smudgerton.

"And promises to take out the remainder in animals and drink."

At the bottom of this interesting document was written,

"I agree to the above.

"Tom Sharp, his X mark."

Had any one seen the look which Mr. Subaudite cast on his protégé, the expectant tutor of this hopeful youth, they would never have forgotten it. It was the amalgam of disgust and despair.

"Let us leave him — let us leave him," he said, sighing. "Oh! that the Dean had taken my hint."

"Hilloh! who are *you*? What the dev——! oh! I really beg pardon. I have been — eh — where have I been? But you'll take

another tankard — don't be regular muffs and say no," said Bobby Smudge, rousing himself into an indistinct wakefulness.

"Mr. Smudgerton, I will sit down and beg of my young friend, whom I meant to introduce to you as your tutor, to do the same; but we are really ——"

"And so am I," said Bobby — "awfully dry — ring the bell! Oh, curse these college rooms, they never has any! — how's the governor? Quite right, I hope?"

"This is horrible!" said Mr. Subaudite.

"We had really better retire," said his young friend.

"Pooh — stuff — we'll soon have them filled again," said Bobby, trying to get to the windward to call his scout. He fell down, however, *in transitu*; the young man picked him up and threw him rather than laid him upon his sofa, where he remained talking incoherently for some time.

"Dreadful! horrible! ah — ahah! what is this? take it off. I shall die, I know I shall. Ah! ah!" The first class man rushed to Mr. Subaudite's assistance, and found a beautiful green snake curled round one of his legs. In less than one minute the fellow one of the "two snakes as is tame" was curling round the other leg, and poor Mr. Subaudite, who had a great horror of reptiles, fell flat upon the floor.

"Hurrah! he's down," shouted Master Bobby. "Thought me a mere country fool, but I have done him brown, very brown, indeed."

"What is all this about?" said the Dean, entering the rooms with Lord Shorte — a most unusual and condescending act on the part of one of our Deans.

An explanation was speedily given. Mr. Subaudite was released from the poor, innocent snakes, and Master Bobby Smudge roused from his spirituous slumbers, but only to tell the Dean that he was a humbug — Lord Shorte, that his designs on him were "no go," and Mr. Subaudite and his young friend, the tutor *in posse*, that they might go to ——, where we cannot mention.

"I give him up," said Lord Shorte.

"I shall expel him," said the Dean.

"Rusticate him for ever," said the humane tutor, "it will do as well, and not be thought so severe a sentence."

Mr. Bobby Smudge was allowed to take his name off the books, and went down to tell his friend Mr. Gabberton Swift how ill he had been used, accompanied by two setters, one pole-cat, in pup, one one-eyed ferret, one magpie as talks, two snakes as is tame — no rats; for they were not warranted to keep — but two white mice and a squirrel.

"That's enough! I catch it. You are done for life. No little Miss Lady Shorte for you," said Mr. Swift.

"She be sniggled, or any thing else. I'll go and enjoy life," said Bobby Smudge.

He did enjoy life — but for a very short period, for he was bitten by a fox in the thumb, and died raving mad.

Tom Sharp and his son Will, when they read of it in the papers, smoked an extra pipe, and said they were very sorry for it, for that Mr. Robert Smudgerton was such a VERY NICE YOUNG MAN.

OLD MEG.

BY JOHN KEATS.

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)

This poem was written during a tour in Scotland, in 1818.

OLD Meg she was a gipsy,
 And lived upon the moors ;
 Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
 And her house was out of doors :
 Her apples were swart blackberries,
 Her currants pods o' broom,
 Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
 Her book a church-yard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
 Her sisters larchen trees ;
 Alone with her great family
 She lived as she did please.
 No breakfast had she many a morn,
 No dinner many a noon,
 And 'stead of supper she would stare
 Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh,
 She made her garlanding ;
 And, every night, the dark glen yew
 She wove, and she would sing :
 And with her fingers old and brown
 She plaited mats of rushes,
 And gave them to the cottagers
 She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
 And tall as Amazon ;
 An old red blanket cloak she wore,
 A chip-hat had she on —
 God rest her aged bones somewhere !
 She died full long ago !

THE MAGIC DRAUGHT:

A TALE OF THE RESTORATION.

~~It was not without much fatigue, nor until after all the clocks had~~ struck ten, that Mr. Justice Rainsford arrived at his house in St. John's Street, on the evening of that glorious holiday, the 29th day of May, 1663. What with the good dinner at Grocer's Hall to which he had done ample justice, what with the numerous loyal toasts, to which he had done rather more than ample justice, what with chorus-ing the new song, "Joy to great Cæsar," and what with taking off his hat beside each bonfire on his homeward road, and shouting "Confusion to the roundheads" to the utmost extent of his lungs, the poor old gentleman was so exhausted that he staggered into his parlour, and not even noticing the low bow of his especial favourite, Giles Higgins the constable, threw himself into his arm-chair.

"It's always the way with these dinners," said Mistress Deborah, the housekeeper, stroking down her lawn apron, while the huge bunch of keys jingled at her side, "but good sir, if you would but take a whey posset, or a glass of succory water—or——"

"Satan take whey posset and succory water, on the evening of his sacred majesty's birth-day," retorted the justice, "what if I do get a fit of the gout, 'tis in a good cause,—ay, a good cause, Higgins."

"Truly, your worship," replied the constable, bowing reverentially, "the good cause, worshipful sir—a different kind of cause to that of the awful blood-thirsty roundheads—a set of psalm-singing, fighting dragons.—Oh, your worship, to think we have now an anointed king, heaven be praised!

It would have been difficult to tell what particular reason Giles Higgins had for his sudden fit of thanksgiving, unless it were the remembrance of the puritan pikes, from which he had twice ran away, or perhaps the even more vivid recollection of the good dinner which he had just eaten in honour of the "glorious Restoration."

"Ay, the devil take the roundheads," shouted the justice. "Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers!"

"Pray for cavaliers," chimed in the constable, though woefully out of tune, and unable to proceed with the song.

"Ay, truly," muttered Mistress Deborah, "there's sense enough in that, seeing the drunken blockheads are not able to pray for themselves."

"What's that, Mistress Deborah?" said the justice, who had happily not heard the whole sentence. "What are you grumbling at?"

'Faith! I'm half afraid I've got a she-roundhead in my house, as well as a nest of 'em as I suspect over the way."

"Ay, your worship—there's no good there—a strange set; and those folk who have just come to town, too," said the constable, going towards the window.

"And what of those folk, as though they were higglers with a jack-ass, or trampers?" retorted Mistress Deborah; "is it not well known to all whom it may concern, that there's a worshipful old gentleman from the country come up for advice, and a young gentlewoman his daughter, and a decent serving man?"

"Ay, Mistress Deborah, so it is said; but the young gentlewoman makes herself special scarce; and as to the old gentleman, I should like to know who hath seen him?"

"As though a poor gentleman confined to his bed with the dead palsy could go galloping up and down like a young fellow come up to see London; and, as though a gentlewoman decently brought up would go walking the streets like the patched and painted madams in the park. Go home with you, Giles Higgins, and sleep off the ale, and then perchance you'll see as you ought."

Giles Higgins did not relish this discourteous address; but Mistress Deborah, although more than half suspected of a leaning towards puritanism, was a servant of many years' standing, and highly respected by her master: it would therefore not do to contradict her decidedly. "I'm sure, then, things are not all as they should be with the serving man," grumbled the constable, hoping to get his own way at last about him.

"And what harm have you seen? is there a quieter, steadier man all about here?"

"Why, that's what I mean—you never see him out on Clerkenwell Green at football, never in the King's Head, or the Rose and Crown."

"Then, doubtless, he must be a roundhead in disguise, Giles," said the justice, laughing.

"'Tis no laughing matter, your worship—Simms, the intelligencer, tells me there are some about here, which the Court would take it well if they were looked after. I'm sure, when we think of the late awful, unnatural heathenish——"

"And so, because Simms is seeking after some more blood-money, he must put it into your fool's head to suspect the poor old gentleman over the way."

"Let me see," interrupted the justice, who certainly was not just then particularly clear-sighted, or clear-headed, "that house had a bad name."

"Yes, your worship, Rayson lived there, who was cornet in Harrison's troop—an awful wretch, a fifth-monarchy man—we broke all his windows when the news came that the king was coming."

"So you did, master constable, as a new way of keeping the peace;—but he's gone, and who can say aught against Mistress Walton that now keeps the house, nor her two sons, quiet sober folk; and is it to be wondered at, that, seeing she hath so large a house, she should let part to a worshipful gentleman come to town for advice."

"No, Mistress Deborah, it *looks* all well enough," said the constable; "but look up there — on this blessed evening never a light in the first floor window."

Mistress Deborah looked up. "It seems strange," said she; "but folk from the country may not know our ways — but surely there is a candle, ay, two; and look, the lady is lighting them with her own hands."

The justice shuffled to the window. "Ay, there they are, lighted sure enough. Well, 'tis as though she were a witch, and had heard what were said, — she's too pretty for one, though."

"She's a beautiful lady: and so well bred — Mistress Walton says 'tis a pleasure to wait on her," said Mistress Deborah; "and she looked so nice in her silver grey damask when I went in there this afternoon."

"Oh! so you know this lady over the way," said the justice.

"Never spoke to her to this day," said Mistress Deborah, vexed that, in her anxiety to serve "the lady over the way," she had confessed more than she had intended.

"And why did you speak to her? — she *may* be respectable, she *may* love his sacred Majesty — but, Mistress Deborah, remember in whose service you are, — in whose service."

Mistress Deborah smiled sarcastically. "Well, your worship, I only went to borrow Mistress Walton's large brass skillet; so she asks me in, and as I stands in the kitchen, just passing the time of day, the lady comes down with the strangest-looking thing in her hand — a sort of porringer, with a lid to it, and a silver spout, — and she asks for boiling water. So when the lady went up, '~~What is that strange-looking thing?~~' says I. 'It's for tea,' says Mistress Walton; 'that new wonderful drink, that Master Garway sells in 'Change Alley at 30s. a pound, and that some of our young gallants go there to drink.' 'I've heard somewhat about it,' says I; 'but they say the Jesuits brought it over, and that it will never be merry England if it comes into use.'"

"No, that it never will," cried the justice; "confound their new-fangled drinks — 'tis a French plan to make bold Englishmen as thin and as cowardly as themselves."

"So I thought, your worship, but, says Mistress Walton, 'will you taste a drop? the lady is so kind,' saith she, 'that I'm sure she'll give you a little.'"

"And were you fool enough to taste it?"

"Faith was I, your worship, and oh! 'tis the nicest, sweetest, de-lightfulest stuff that ever I drank in all my born days."

"Nonsense, woman — tea! filthy stuff!"

"Ah! your worship, you've never tasted it, and I have."

"No, truly, I've never tasted it, and never will."

"I wish your worship would though — 'tis the finest thing in sickness — the poor old gentleman, she saith, drinks quarts."

"But I'm not a poor old gentleman — ha, ha! Higgins, after drinking the king's health in Claret and Malmsey, and a drop of real aqua

vita for a finish, to sit down to a beastly decoction of outlandish weeds."

"Ay, sir, messed up with milk, they say, as though we were going to be dry-nursed over again," chimed in the constable; "but I'm afraid that there's somewhat more in this new-fangled stuff than we think for."

"More than your stupid head can comprehend, I'll warrant," retorted Mistress Deborah; "why, 'tis delicious. O! I never had such a draught in my life!"

"Quite a magic draught, Deborah, and therefore you were enforced to stand up for the lady who gave it you;—they must be rich though, to afford to drink it," said the justice.

"O yes, your worship, they're well to do, and have friends abroad. But that beautiful drink!—Mistress Walton says 'tis wonderful for the gout. I wish I could persuade you just to try a cup."

"You may just as well persuade me to turn roundhead, Madam Deborah—so get along—make me a Malmsey posset, and mind you put nutmeg enough in it."

"Now do be better advised, sir,—take a cup of succory water."

"Succory water, confound you. I'll have a posset—a good strong one—and what I can't drink you can, Giles; for

The twenty-ninth of May
Is a glorious day,
And the king doth enjoy his own again!

Why, Deborah's head's clean turned with that cup of tea, as they call it. But truly there seems nought suspicious about the people over there."

"Ah! your worship, in these times we can't be too watchful."

"No, no,—she's a fine woman though, and looks as though she'd lived on something better than their tea. Ugh! my spleen rises at the very thought of it; but poor Deborah, she thinks it a magic draught."

Alas! that exuberant loyalty should be compelled to pay the penalties of excess. The good dinner, the good wine, the good songs, above all, the good spiced posset, produced the self-same effect upon the worthy magistrate, as it would have done upon those who had not his praiseworthy excuse; and day after day the foot swelled, and the toe became redder and redder, and poor Justice Rainsford, as is usual in such cases, became most unbearably surly.

"It's all through the spiced posset, which he *would* have," said Mistress Deborah. "O! if I could but persuade him to take a drop of tea."

"There's somewhat that should not be," said Giles Higgins to himself, as he overheard Mistress Deborah pouring out her griefs to one of her many cronies; 'a magical draught,' said his worship, and, oh! how she is always talking about it!"

As Mr. Justice Rainsford was enforced to sit quiet at home, it was but right that his faithful constable should be more vigilant; so he

inquired about, and sought about, after all the people between my Lady Berkeley's house and Smithfield Bars, who did not exactly seem to him to be right loyal. But alas! what with an original obtuseness of intellect, and what with being (though he always insisted it was owing to frequently drinking the king's health) "much bemused with beer," Giles Higgins's inquiries and searches produced little good. Indeed, in one or two cases they produced absolute harm; for he took up one of the Duke of Newcastle's servants for a disguised roundhead, and charged Sir Harbottle Grimstone's coachman with drunkenness (he himself being then scarcely able to stand), to the great indignation of that rigidly decorous knight.

Still, however, he kept an especially watchful eye upon "the house over the way," although vexatiously enough he could find nothing to awaken a reasonable suspicion; and he was also diligent in attendance on the worthy justice—indeed, far more diligent in attendance than Mistress Deborah approved.

Meanwhile poor Justice Rainsford became worse: it was decidedly the severest fit of the gout he had ever endured, while so intense was his thirst, so parching his fever, that the despised "succory water" was now in constant requisition. "O! if his worship would only try one cup of tea," for the hundredth time exclaimed Mistress Deborah; "I'm sure the kind young gentlewoman would send one."

"Well, 'twould do no harm just to ask for some," said Madam Parnell, the old gentleman's sister, who had just called in to see how he was going on; "I have heard great praise of it, for it abateth fever and promoteth sleep."

"But he will not hear about it."

"Nonsense! then give it him without saying aught about it. He'll thank you when he's well again."

The evening was fine, but sultry. Poor Mr. Justice Rainsford lay groaning pitiably; and Mistress Deborah, fortified by the permission of his sister, determined to step over and beg a little of that delicious beverage of the kind young gentlewoman. The lady, with exceeding liberality, sent over the strange covered porringer, with its silver spout (the old original tea-pot), and directions how it was to be re-filled with water, and kept warm. Joyfully did Mistress Deborah prepare the draught—right willingly did her patient drink it: he said it was refreshing, called for more and more, until the little tea-pot was thrice drained dry, and then he sank into a deep slumber.

Mistress Deborah took up her knitting, and trusted to enjoy, at length, an interval of repose, and as she sat in the twilight at the half-opened window, she cast a gratified look on the house over the way, and invoked every blessing on the kind gentlewoman. Not long was her rest unbroken. There was the heavy tread, and the heavy knock of Giles Higgins.

"Hush!" said Mistress Deborah from the window; "come to-morrow morning, he's fast asleep now."

"But I *must* see his worship—I've somewhat important to tell him," bawled the constable.

"He shall not be disturbed—come an hour hence, then," said

Mistress Deborah, "I would not have him disturbed for twenty pounds." The window was closed, and Giles Higgins was enforced to wait one whole hour.

What should he do? There was little need of deliberation—the Rose and Crown was just at hand, and thither he had so often gone, that his footsteps led him there even before he was aware. Some pleasant folk were there, and wondrous stories they were telling; about plots, and papists, and non-conformists, and a witch that had been poisoning folk in Suffolk with strange sorts of drink. O! how the recollection of the magic draught returned to the constable's mind. What if Mistress Deborah had given the worthy justice some such potion? Sound sleep? ay, sound enough perhaps! Killed outright, worthy gentleman, by some villanous papist, or more villanous roundhead for his attachment to church and king! The constable set down the half-emptied pewter can, and rushed out of the house.

It was past the time when sober citizens went home, but early for roisterers, when the door of the Rose and Crown, now nearly deserted by its guests, was pushed open, and two dashing cavaliers—so they seemed by their dress—rushed in.

"Here, a quart of canary," cried the first, flinging a crown to the landlady: "the old fellow shall drink the king's health in style;—ho, George, where are you?"

"Come along, old boy!" said a third, equally richly dressed, dragging in a stout man, no other than Giles Higgins.

"Nay, good sir—nay, honourable sir; hinder me not, I'm on the king's business," cried he.

"Let the king's business wait our pleasure—come in, old fellow, and drink the king's health," said the first.

"Well done, George, right royally done," cried the second; "and what errand are you upon, master constable?"

"Good gentlemen, hinder me not, as you love the king's majesty."

"Ay, that to be sure we do," cried the three with a chorus of laughter.

"Take a drop, good master," said the second, holding the quart measure to his lips, "'twill help you on—make you valiant."

"Down on your bare knees, and drink the king's health," said the first. Giles Higgins knelt as directed, and took a deep draught.

"Now stand up and confess, as though in the presence of your lawful sovereign," said the second.

"Good gentlemen, I've a warrant here, and I was about to execute it, and was coming hither to ask this good wife to spare two of her drawers to help me."

"What, some stout fellow to take to the Gate-house?"

"No, worshipful sir, an awful witch."

"Ha, ha! some old crone with a hump-back and brindled cat,—take her to-morrow morning."

"Heaven save us, good sir; here's the worshipful Justice Rainsford lying all but dead through this witch, and her magical doings."

"Good Giles, you don't say so," cried the landlady in blank astonishment.

"But I do though. There has that Mistress Deborah been going to the witch over the way, and she has got some drink, some poisonous mess, and there's the poor gentleman all but gone. I've been to Justice Sheldon, and here's the warrant."

"What! for the strange young lady over yonder?" cried the landlady.

"Why, George, we are in for adventures to night — a young lady-witch! we'll go and see her," cried the second — "forward, right valiant master constable, we'll support you."

"Good Giles, it cannot be," said the bewildered landlady.

"Ay, but it *can* be, mistress; these are awful times, and as worshipful Justice Sheldon saith, we need all pray for church and king."

"For king we all will," cried the first cavalier with a nod to the second, "but old mother Church — we'll leave Clarendon to do that."

"Hold your tongue, George, or this worthy constable will take us for heathens, or roundheads — lead on to the witch, most valiant constable."

Forth went the goodly company. "Look at them, Ralph — court gentry, I'll warrant," said the landlady; "poor Giles will get into some sad trouble I fear me."

"Into worse, mistress, I'll warrant, if he'd been psalm singing."

The constable and his attendants knocked at the door of the suspected house. "Let me go in first, good man," whispered the second cavalier, "I'll manage her."

The door was quickly opened, but ere it could be shut, there was a light step upon the stairs, and a lady appeared. "You know our errand, madam," said the cavalier, whom for want of a more designative name we have called the second.

"Surely I do," said the lady, in a low voice; "come up."

"A witch outright," laughed the first, closely following up the stairs; "she knows all about it, before we tell her."

The lady turned quickly round, and the second cavalier caught her hand. "My pretty witch, what have you been doing?" said he.

"Who are you, sir?" cried the lady, struggling to disengage herself.

"I'll tell you who you are," said the constable, bustling forward; "you're a wicked, heathenish, traitorous, poisonous witch, madam. A wicked crew are ye all, as I've suspected long ago, — so come, madam, here's the warrant."

"The warrant!" faltered the lady, turning pale, and clasping her hands.

"Don't be frightened, pretty one, at that old fellow," whispered the second cavalier, again seizing her hand.

"For whom is the warrant?" gasped the lady.

"For your own self, madam, and for none else," growled the constable; "come along, here's poor Justice Sheldon forced to sit up for you till midnight; come along."

The lady seemed reassured at this reply. "Suffer me but to fetch my cloak," said she.

"No, no, madam, come along."

"Sir cavalier," said the lady, turning to the second; "stand my friend so far as to let me just fetch my cloak. Come to the door with me if you fear I should escape, — I will not exceed three minutes."

"I'm the friend of all fair ladies, pretty one," said he, "so I'll give you five." He pulled out a large enamelled watch set with diamonds: "five minutes, pretty one — no longer."

"My good sir, what will the justice say?" cried the constable.

"Nay, I'll take him in hand; meanwhile, here's this. A bright guinea accompanied the reply, and furnished an irresistible argument for delay.

Ere the five minutes passed, the lady re-appeared wrapt in her cloak. "I am ready," said she calmly, but mournfully, "and I commit myself to God's good providence."

"A witch!" cried the first cavalier, "why, we've got after all a canting puritan."

There was a loud knocking at the door—it was hastily opened, and a serjeant, preceded by his mace-bearer, rushed in. "Keep the doors fast while we search the house," said he to some men who followed him; "but stay, here they are—'faith! we were but just in time."

"Who are you, sir," said the first cavalier; "let us pass."

"At your peril," said the serjeant, "put up your sword, colonel, the time is past for that."

"But we are gentlemen, fellow, — who do you take us for?"

"Ay, gentlemen truly; — just be quiet and follow us."

"They are all here—three, and that gentlewoman," said one of the men.

"We've nought to do with her — our warrant is for these three men: — so come, colonel, come on quietly, for there's a file of musqueteers without."

"George, George, tell them who we are," cried the second.

"'Twill be no use—let's on with them to the justice's, and then we'll send for Newcastle."

"Well, master serjeant, we're quite ready."

"Well then, gentlemen, walk on."

"St. George! who would have told us we should be here to-night," said the second cavalier as he entered Justice Sheldon's parlour with his companions; " 'tis a providence they did not take us to prison at once."

"Well, constable, bring forward your prisoner," said the justice; "awful times these. And you mistress, what, save the instigation of the devil, led you to practise on the life of my worthy brother justice?"

"Ay, your worship, she can't deny it; for here's the very thing in which she brewed that poison. I carried it off unknown to Mistress Deborah. Look, your worship, was there ever such a heathenish-looking thing." The constable dived into his capacious pocket, and threw out the little squat tea-pot with the silver spout.

A burst of loud and merry laughter startled the solemn justice. "A tea-pot! George—nothing but a tea-pot!" cried the second cavalier; "poor girl!—and so she was taken for a witch only for giving an old man a cup of tea."

"But he lieth like dead," persisted the constable.

"He is sitting up, greatly refreshed," said Justice Rainsford's serving man, who had just hurried in; "he sends his service to you, Mr. Justice, and saith he can never make amends to the lady for her kindness. We dared not tell him she'd been already taken up, or he'd have slept on his morning gown, and come out himself."

"You are discharged," said the justice, angrily, waving his hand to the lady, who departed with her servant; "but I would that his sacred Majesty knew our trials and vexations, let alone sitting up of nights for every piece of information every fool may bring us."

"His Majesty thanks you, as in duty bound, for your care, Mr. Justice," said the second cavalier.

"Hold your tongue, sirrah—blaspheming his sacred Majesty," said the justice.

"Come, come, master justice, you little think who you are speaking to," said the third.

At that moment an old man in a damask dressing-gown, leaning on the arm of a person whose gold chain showed him to be steward in some noble family, entered. "Good Lord Newcastle," said the first, springing forward, "you will be bail for us."

The justice rose, and reverently bowed, for it was the old Duke of Newcastle. "These three men, my Lord," said he, "have been brought before me; but they prayed me to send to you."

"Ay, truly," said the Duke, taking off his hat, and bowing to the three; "but I scarcely thought to see your ——"

"Peace, Newcastle, let's away and have some supper," cried the second.

The Duke approached the justice, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"Good heavens! Good heavens!" ejaculated the greatly amazed justice, "what shall we hear of next!"

The morning sun shone into a noble apartment in proud Whitehall, and upon a handsome but bold-looking woman, who, reclining in a white satin dressing-gown on a crimson velvet couch, was listlessly twisting and untwisting a rope of large pearls round her finely-formed arm, while she eyed with a pout, by far too natural to be becoming, the dark-complexioned, dark-haired young man, who, in rich but slovenly dress, sat on a low stool at her feet. Two gentlemen were the only attendants—one elderly, was standing bare-headed at some distance; the other, young and handsome, leant beside the couch, apparently studying the becoming, as he took off and replaced his hat, heavy with a red ostrich plume, keeping his eyes fixed on a large pier-glass opposite.

"Not one word, my fairest," said the dark young man seated at the

angry beauty's feet — "not one, after all the perils and dangers I've undergone since I last saw you."

"Why, you fool, did you get into them?" was the angry lady's reply.

"Ay, why indeed," laughed the red-plumed gallant; "why, because it was our destiny, was it not, Lord Bristol?"

The elderly gentleman looked grave. "It was a dangerous frolic," said he.

"'Twas our stars," again laughed the young man; "but we paid for it."

"Served you right. You said you would sup with me. And so did *you*, sirrah," said the angry lady, turning to the cavalier on the low stool.

"Sweet Castlemaine," said the high and mighty King Charles the Second, rubbing his eyes, and gaping; "so we did, but we went up into Islington fields, and met with adventures. 'Faith, some not at all to my liking."

"The *lady* was though," said the young man with the red plume.

The enraged Castlemaine started up furiously. "Who was she?" said she.

"O, 'tis a long story; we met with a constable, who told us about a witch, and then we went to the Rose and Crown in St. John Street. Rowley will tell you all."

"No, no — go on, George."

"Well, so we thought we would see her, and we went to her house, and there — how was it? But we were taken up for roundheads, and enforced to send to old Newcastle, who lives, you know, hard by, to bail us."

"A couple of arrant fools — it served you just right," said the lady.

"Nay, be not cruel, fairest," yawned the high and mighty Charles. "Truly it was no laughing matter for King Charles the Second, King of Great Britain, and Ireland, and France —"

"Of Dunkirk 'in especial, Rowley," interrupted Buckingham, laughing.

"Plague on ye — that was my Lord Clarendon's business — a good job for him."

"Ay, Rowley; but somebody had a share — and 'twill help to pay for *these*," said Buckingham, touching the rope of pearls.

"Keep your hands and your tongue quiet, sirrah," answered the gentle lady, with a smart slap on his outstretched hand. "Well, old Newcastle hobbled over to bail you?"

"Yes, looking as rueful as though he had just run away from Marston Moor. Poor old soul, we called him out of his bed."

"It was most vexatious," said Lord Bristol; "for some intelligence had just arrived, and my Lord Chancellor sent three several times."

"Ay, Rowley, he'll keep you in order. Now be a good boy when he comes, and confess all," said Buckingham. "Ay, he's now coming — there, crossing the garden."

"Let him come again," said Charles, gaping; "why is his business of such *great* importance?"

Lord Bristol smiled sarcastically. "Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, your Majesty, never lacks *beaucoup d'importance* either for himself or his business," said he.

"O! well then, let him come."

"Get up, you lazy blockhead," said Castlemaine; "go and sit in your arm-chair — he'll scold you else."

Charles slowly rose from the comfortable low stool, and flung himself into the more appropriate arm-chair.

With a gloomy brow — and good cause had he for gloom — did Clarendon advance and kneel before the King. "Stand up — sit down, my Lord," said he, "I'm confoundedly ill to-day. Well, well, I must be more careful."

"Truly, your Majesty had need," replied Clarendon, sternly.

"Ay, I suppose you know all about it — how I was taken for a roundhead — a Colonel Somebody — now, don't laugh, George, don't, — it might have turned out no laughing matter."

"Truly, your Majesty, it might. I would have given any thing rather than this had happened. Only yesterday evening, I had intelligence that Colonel Sydenham, disguised as an old man, and two other traitors, were in a house in St. John Street, preparing to go beyond seas.

"What! was the Serjeant-at-arms sent for *them*?"

"Yes, your Majesty, and mistook you and your two worthy companions for the three, by which means they got off, and are now upon the high seas."

"O! *that* was the errand the little witch thought we had come upon, George."

"Ay, Rowley — I said she was more like a puritan."

"You did — well, but was not it what she would call a special providence *that* I did not follow her up stairs? Old Colonel Sydenham was one of Noll's own Ironsides, and would have thought as little of sticking me as a sheep. Ah! those Ironsides."

"Made you run, Rowley, from Worcester field — no wonder you hate their memory."

"Ah, George, you'd have run too. But truly I'll maintain it was a special providence that I did not go upstairs. I'll send for precious master Calamy, or Dick Baxter, to exercise upon it."

"It's a special providence *to them*, Rowley; they are singing 'the snare is broken, and we are escaped,' for it's their Restoration day. Well, my good Lord Clarendon, as they are beyond the reach of Tyburn, you must look out for a few others."

"My Lord Buckingham, when I require advice, permit me to choose my own counsellor," said the Chancellor offended.

"Nay, nay, my Lord; be not so angry. Rowley will be a good boy for the future, and do all that his schoolmaster bids him."

"My Lord Duke!"

"Now have you not been a most careful guardian of him? He knows it, don't you, Rowley? but only remember, my good Lord, that all work and no play —"

"Is *this* your Majesty's pleasure!" cried the justly irritated old

man. He said no more, for he saw a scarcely suppressed laugh on the king's face, so he bowed and left the presence. Ere the door had closed, the Duke snatched up a small embroidered cushion: he beckoned Colonel Titus who had just before entered, and who now took up the silver fire-shovel, and holding the cushion for the purse, while Titus preceded him with the shovel on his shoulder as a mace-bearer, Buckingham mimicked the stately walk and stern countenance of that celebrated statesman.* Castlemaine clapped her hands, and laughed aloud with delight; Charles laughed too, while Lord Bristol looked on with a quiet, but malignant smile. "I will impeach him next week," said he.

"The door hastily opened. The Chancellor had one important question to ask the king, but it was no time to ask it. He saw he was made the scoff of profligate courtiers, of a shameless wanton, of an ungrateful king. "Put not your trust in princes," said he bitterly, as he rushed from the door. Alas! for that prince, he had sacrificed the rights of a whole nation!

Brightly shone the sun; merrily bounded the Mayflower over the sparkling waves. And joyfully looking round stood Colonel Sydenham, with his two companions, holding his daughter's hand. "Ay, onward," said he, "with God's own heaven above us, and His good providence over us, what land may be called a place of exile? But cheer up, my child, we may yet again return to England to *free* England. Well, who might have thought that your kindness to that sick old man would have been so wonderfully repaid! Truly, for us, as well as for him, it has been a MAGIC DRAUGHT.

THE RABBI'S VISION.

BEN LEVI sat with his books alone

At the midnight's solemn chime,
And the full orb'd moon through his lattice shone
In the power of Autumn's prime:
It shone on the darkly learned page,
And the snowy locks of the lonely sage;
But he sat and mark'd not its silvery light,
For his thoughts were on other themes that night.

* An historical fact.

Wide was the learned Ben Levi's fame
As the wanderings of his race,
And many a seeker of wisdom came
To his lonely dwelling place.
For he made the darkest symbols clear,
Of ancient doctor and early seer ;
Yet a question asked by a simple maid
He had met that eve in the Linden's shade
Had puzzled his matchless wisdom more
Than all that ever it found before ;
And this it was, " What path of crime
Is darkliest traced on the map of time ?"

The Rabbi ponder'd the question o'er
With a calm and thoughtful mind,
And search'd the depths of the Talmud's lore,
But an answer he could not find ;
Yet a maiden's question might not foil
A sage inured to Wisdom's toil,
And he leant on his hand his aged brow,
For the current of thought ran deeper now :

When, lo, by his side Ben Levi heard
A sound of rustling leaves,
But not like those of the forest stirr'd
By the breath of summer eves,
That comes through the dim and dewy shades
As the golden glow of the sunset fades,
Bringing the odours of hidden flowers
That bloom in the green wood's sacred bowers ;

But the leaves of a luckless volume turn'd
By the swift impatient hand
Of student young, or of critic learn'd
In the lore of the Muse's land.
The Rabbi raised his wondering eyes,
Well might he gaze in mute surprise,
For, opened wide to the moon's cold ray
A ponderous volume before him lay.

Old were the characters and black
 As the soil when seared by the lightning's track,
 But broad and full, that the dimmest sight
 Might clearly read by the moon's pale light ;
 But, oh, 'twas a dark and fearful theme
 That fill'd each crowded page,
 'The gathered records of human crime
 From every race 'and age.

All the blood that the earth had seen
 Since Abel's crimsoned her early green,
 All the vice that had poison'd life
 Since Samech wedded his second wife,
 All the pride that had mock'd the skies
 Since they saw old Babel's wall,
 But the page of the broken promises
 Was the saddest page of all.

It seem'd a fearful mirror made
 For friendship ruin'd and love betray'd,
 For toil that had lost its fruitless pain,
 And hope that had spent its strength in vain ;
 For, all who sorrow'd o'er broken faith,
 Whate'er their fortunes in life or death,
 Were there in one ghastly pageant blent
 With the broken reeds on which they leant.

And foul was many a noble crest,
 By the nations deem'd unstain'd ;
 And deep on brows which the church had bless'd
 The traitor's hand remain'd ;
 For vows in that blackened page had place
 Which time had ne'er reveal'd,
 And many a faded and furrowed face
 By death and dust concealed.
 Eyes that had worn their light away
 In weary watching from day to day,
 And tuneful voices which time had heard
 Grow faint with the sickness of hope deferr'd.

The Rabbi read till his eye grew dim
 With the mist of gathering tears,
 For it woke in his soul the frozen stream
 Which had slumber'd there for years ;
 And he turn'd, to clear his clouded sight
 From that blackened page, to the sky so bright,
 And joyed that the folly, crime, and care
 Of earth could not cast one shadow there.

For the stars had still the same bright look
 That in Eden's youth they wore ;
 And he turn'd again to the ponderous book,
 But the book he found no more.
 Nothing was there but the Moon's pale beam,
 And whence that volume of wonder came,
 Or how it pass'd from his troubled view,
 The sage might marvel but never knew.

Long and well had Ben Levi preached
 Against the sins of men,
 And many a sinner his sermons reached
 By the power of page and pen.
 Childhood's folly, and manhood's vice,
 And age with its boundless avarice,
 All were rebuked, and little ruth
 Had he for the venial sins of youth.

But never again to mortal ears
 Did the Rabbi preach of aught
 But the mystery of trust and tears
 By that wondrous volume taught ;
 And if he met a youth and maid
 Beneath the Linden boughs,
 Oh, never a word Ben Levi said
 But " Beware of Broken Vows.

FRANCES BROWN.

TWO DAYS IN THE ODENWALD.

‘What shall he have who kills the deer?’

“HURRAH!” cried my friend Winterfeld, letting the butt of his rifle fall to the ground, as the roc-buck he had just fired at came bounding down the hill, and fell dead at some hundred and fifty yards from us. “A clean miss with the first barrel, but I take it you could not make a longer shot with your English rifles than that!”

“Bravo! an excellent beginning,” I replied; and as we hastened towards the fallen game, I really began to doubt whether our English guns must not yield the palm to German ones.

“Slap through the forehead, I am sure,” said Winterfeld, as he saw me looking for the wound. But no wound was to be found, although the spine was broken, and the skin completely scraped from the back of the neck. In fact it was evident from the hair which remained sticking to a tree close by, that the creature, in springing over the road, had miscalculated its distance, and coming with all its force against the trunk, had been killed by the violence of the blow.

“Any luck?” inquired Herman, who had strayed some distance from us, but returned on hearing the shots.

“Oh yes! Winterfeld has been proving the superiority of your German rifles. He has frightened a buck to death with the mere report of his.” My friend looked rather crest-fallen, but bore our jokes pretty well, and we commenced climbing the steep hill before us.

We had obtained permission for a few days’ shooting over an extensive chasse in the Odenwald. On arriving in the morning at Katzenbach (the most central point for our operations), we found the keepers were already in the woods. Determined however not to lose time, we slung our rifles over our shoulders, and providing ourselves with climbing sticks, started in search of them. Our success in shooting was not great, though the game abounded, and we saw many herds of deer. But it was seldom that we could get a shot at them. Still it was better than we had a right to anticipate without beaters. I had managed to knock over a deer, and Winterfeld had wounded another, which we traced by the drops of blood.

We started in pursuit, climbing over steep rocks slippery with ice, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and some danger, that, with the aid of our iron-shod sticks, we at length reached the summit of the mountain. Here we caught a glimpse of the wounded animal, which had evidently been hard hit, but it was growing so dark that we were forced to give up the chase till next day. Nothing had been

seen or heard of the keepers; and now that we began to think of returning to Katzenbach, it was discovered that we had lost our way. We were on the highest point of the Odenwald, surrounded by immense woods, and not a habitation of any sort to be seen. The few moments of daylight that remained were lost in consultation, and it became quite dark. To attempt descending the mountain was out of the question, and as the keepers did not seem to hear the report of our rifles, which we discharged from time to time, nothing remained for us but to pass the night in the forest. Luckily we were not far from some stacks of wood which had been newly cut and left to dry, and by the light of a blazing fire, which was speedily kindled, we set to work to construct a hut. The cold was intense, but we kept ourselves warm by collecting large logs for a fire during the night. Our arrangements were soon completed, and as we seated ourselves in our strange dwelling, we had reason to thank the chance that had led us to so convenient a spot.

The game bags were next visited. A bottle of brandy, and loaf of black bread, were all that was left; but Winterfeld's servant, a Tyrolese, accustomed to this sort of adventure, soon suggested the means of supplying our wants. The moon would be up in an hour or so, and he could then fetch the buck we had left in the morning. In the meantime, with the help of some lumps of ice melted in the cup of a pocket flask, he soon procured hot water. A glass of grog put us all in high glee, and lighting our pipes, we managed to while away the time merrily enough.

The moon was now shining brightly, and as Fritz bounded like a chamois down the slippery rocks, I expected every moment to see him dashed to pieces. My friends, however, laughed at my fears, assuring me we should soon see the active Tyrolese return with our supper. He presently made their words good by bringing back the buck, and hungry as true hunters, we set to work to cook it. I never heard of toasted venison as an epicure's dish, but when eaten on the top of a mountain covered with ice and snow, with a glass of brandy to season it, I can recommend it to my sporting readers as a most delicious repast. The dried leaves too, which we collected, gave promise of couches, soft as down, to our tired limbs. As we once more took to our pipes, Fritz beguiled the time by singing some of his native *jagd-lied*, and finishing each verse with the well-known *jodel* (the startling harmony of which none but a Tyrolese can give), the shrill sound was caught and repeated by the echoes around. My companions, to whom a night of this kind was no novelty, seemed to think his melodies just good enough to sooth them to sleep. For my part, I was so well entertained in listening, and watching the picturesque scene before me, that cold and fatigue were equally unfelt. Our place of refuge was only half closed by the logs of which we had hastily constructed our hut, but beyond their limits the moon threw its wintry brightness on the rocks below; the stream of light broken occasionally by the shade of some huge tree, whose bared branches cast a shadow like that of a gigantic skeleton. The flickering light of our fire fell on the sleeping figures of my friends, half-covered by

the leaves we had thrown over them; and a lone traveller, benighted like ourselves, who should have come suddenly upon us, might, at the first view of the guns and large *couteaux de chasse* lying about, have been startled into thinking he had stumbled on a robbers' den. But a glance at the hunting hats of my companions, adorned on the one side with every description of feather, from the kingly eagle's plume to that of the lowly partridge, and varied on the other with half a dozen cockades of fur taken from one particular spot on the neck of the deer, would have re-assured him. It must be confessed that our situation might, in many countries, have exposed us to a disagreeable *rencontre*; but Germany, in modern times, rather produces pilfering rogues than desperate brigands. Knowing, however, that the peasants of the Odenwald passed for among the most savage and uncivilised in the country, I could not help putting a question or two to the only one of our party who, except myself, remained awake. "Well, Fritz, my man!" I said, "here we are, quite at the mercy of a band of robbers, if such inhabit these forests; but I suppose we are not likely to be troubled with any thing of the sort?"

"Not at the top of the Katzenbuckel, *gnädiger herr*," he replied with a smile.

"But the peasants," I continued, "do not stand very high on the score of character?"

"Nor of courage either," returned he. "I do not think a whole village of them would have the pluck to attack four men armed as we are."

"Yet one hears of a desperate murder now and then," I replied.

"*Ja wohl*," replied he. "As to that we are not a hundred leagues from one who is said to have murdered a man of these parts. We shall pass, in the morning, the place where the body was found."

"Indeed! and pray who was the murderer?" I inquired.

Though on the top of a mountain, Fritz, with true German caution, lowered his voice as he answered —

"Weuzel, one of the keepers who is to accompany us to-morrow. Some people are surprised that his highness keeps him in his service; but he is a crack shot, and the dread of all the poachers in the country. Besides, nothing was ever proved, although suspicions were strong against him."

"And the murdered man?"

"Was a schoolmaster of the name of Muller," replied he; and seeing my curiosity excited, he recounted as much of the story as had come to his knowledge; but a remarkable circumstance, which will be presently mentioned, making me afterwards inquire more fully into the particulars, I have put both narratives together.

The German peasants, although they live worse and work harder than the English, are, in many respects, better off. He must be a poor man, indeed, who does not possess his small cottage with its acre or two of land, with the produce of which, aided by a couple of pigs, and generally a cow, he is enabled to rear his family, and even to divide something among them at his death.

Such a one was Heinrich Muller, the uncle of him whose murder I

am about to recount. He was an honest well-meaning man, though somewhat despotic and violent in his disposition and temper. Gretel, his only child, was, by all accounts, a perfect rustic beauty. Tall and well-shaped, her pretty features and fair complexion were shown to peculiar advantage by the little black silk cap, with its silver embroidered crown and long loops of broad black riband pendant behind, below which appeared her luxuriant brown hair, combed into a roll at the back of her neck. Her full plaited petticoats set off a trim waist, and, if rather short, displayed a foot and ankle surprisingly neat for a German. In short, the peasant's dress of the Odenwald, which, on most of its wearers, appears to have been invented merely to add to their natural ugliness, really seemed to give her additional charms. Unfortunately, her disposition did not correspond with her prepossessing exterior. With much of her father's violence of character, she was extremely obstinate and self-willed; and even the fear of old Heinrich Muller himself, would not always turn her from any thing on which she had set her mind. Beauty like hers might well excuse a little vanity. But Gretel was a complete village coquette, and subsequent events proved her something worse. A regular attendant at every dance, seldom did the ball break up without some quarrel among her numerous admirers. But though her conduct was excessively light, she was not supposed to have encouraged any one in particular; when two competitors for her favour appeared, between whom the chance of carrying her off seemed for a time equally balanced. The first of these was her cousin, Frederick Muller, a man of excellent character, respected by his neighbours for his conduct to an orphan brother, whom he had toiled to support. Heinrich Muller warmly seconded his nephews pretensions. He had the greater reason to wish for this marriage, that the jager Weuzel Brandt, Gretel's more favoured lover, was of all her suitors the least eligible. Born in a class superior to that of the peasants among whom he was at present thrown, Brandt had originally possessed a small property, which he had dissipated in gambling and extravagance of various kinds, until at last he found himself reduced to become one of the forest keepers to the Prince von L——. With his character, it was not surprising that he should amuse himself with making love to the prettiest girl in the country; but neither he, nor any one else, ever dreamed of his marrying her.

The attentions of the handsome young huntsman received every encouragement from Gretel, and as Weuzel was not the kind of man with whom the peaceable German peasantry would choose to have a quarrel on so delicate a subject as that of a mistress, his victory would probably have been undisputed, had any but Fritz Muller been his opponent. But the latter wanted neither courage nor perseverance; his love for Gretel amounted to infatuation, and, backed by her father, he would not desist from his pursuit.

Thus things went on some time, when all at once people began to look wise, and to prophesy that the *dénouement* of the piece was one likely to be little favourable to Gretel's reputation. In fact, her's was an often told tale. Not daring to see her lover in public, she had met

him in private, and now found herself in a situation that in a short time would expose her to the pity or derision of all her acquaintance. The only person who remained in complete ignorance of her misconduct was Heinrich Muller himself; but, while his better informed neighbours were speculating as to the manner in which he would receive the news of his daughter's disgrace, to the surprise of all, it was announced that Gretel and her cousin were to be married imme-

It might reasonably have been expected that, in adopting her child and saving her from her father's anger, Muller would have found his reward in the gratitude and good conduct of his wife. But the contrary was the case, and the first few months after the wedding brought out the evil qualities of this wretched woman in a manner most appalling to her unhappy husband. It was soon known that they disagreed, and that the frequent quarrels between them were caused by her persisting in keeping up an intercourse with her former lover. About a year after the ill-assorted marriage had taken place, a circumstance occurred that raised the Mullers to comparative affluence. A brother of the old man, who had long been thought dead, came from America. He did not live long after his return, and Heinrich and his daughter inherited the greater part of his savings. These, for a man in his class of life, were considerable, and Weuzel Brandt, when too late, discovered that, in refusing to marry the woman he had seduced, he had also lost an opportunity of bettering his own ruined fortunes. Gretel, too, whose life with her husband was one of daily dispute, probably cursed with double bitterness the chain she had placed on her own neck. One day Muller was found murdered in the forest some distance from his home. There was much that could not be cleared up in the manner of his death. He was a strong man, and one that might have been thought a match for any single opponent, which led people to suppose that the murderer, whoever he was, had not been unassisted:—nay more, and it was told with horror, at a little distance from the body, a footstep imperfectly traced, but marked with blood, was found, and this footstep, all who saw, declared was a woman's!

Suspicion naturally fell on the wife and her paramour; but, owing probably to the negligence with which such investigations are conducted in this country, nothing could be proved against them, and, after passing some time in prison, they were set at liberty. But the suspicions of their neighbours were not so easily obliterated; and though Weuzel, whose temper had become so fierce and savage that none cared to interfere with him, was left comparatively unmolested, the widow of Muller was eventually forced to leave the country; for she dared not cross the threshold of her own door without being pursued by the execrations of the whole population, who remembered the dreadful spectacle of her husband's bleeding body. "And indeed," said Fritz, in whose words I conclude my tale, "it was a horrid sight. There lay poor Muller, his arm shattered by a blow, and a deep gash in his throat, which nearly severed the head from the shoulders. They say his brother was like to go distracted on beholding him.

He knelt by the body and swore that the man who had done the deed, be he who he might, should not escape his vengeance; and he called down the bitterest curses on himself if he failed to keep his oath; but as it is now nearly two years since it happened, and Hans Muller left the country while the two were in prison, and has never since been heard of, I suppose ——” The report of a distant rifle interrupted our conversation.

Starting to our feet, we stood gazing at each other, when a second shot, which appeared to be much nearer than the first, succeeded by the howl of a dog, roused our sleeping companions. A moment's silence showed the general impression that something was wrong. Winterfeld was the first to recover himself. “Pooh!” said he, “our friends are firing to let us know where they are.”

“Is it customary to shoot dogs on such occasions?” I inquired; “for I am much mistaken if that poor devil has not howled his last.”

“That is true,” said Herman. “But whoever it is, he can put us in our way as well as another. Let us give him a hail.” I joined my friends in hallooing to give notice of our proximity, and, finding this unsuccessful, we tried our guns; but no answer was returned except by the faint echo from the opposite hill. As all our efforts proved fruitless, we again entered our hut, and, after some remarks on the strangeness of the occurrence, Fritz and I took our turn of sleep, while the others kept watch till morning.

On waking at day-break I was agreeably surprised to find myself surrounded by the keepers, who, accompanied by half the village, had come in search of us. They had been mindful of our having passed the night in the woods, and over some hot coffee which they had brought with them we sat down to await the coming of the other sportsmen. The *Bezirksförster*, or head keeper of the forests, was well known to Winterfeld, and on hearing of our arrival had, with great good-nature, dispatched messengers to collect all the sportsmen in the neighbourhood; determined, he said, to show *herr Engländer* some good sport. It was my first attempt at any thing of the sort in Germany; and I confess that, as I sat puffing my cigar, the costumes of the different figures that joined our rendezvous seemed by far more fit for a masquerade than a shooting party. The old *Bezirksförster*, with his long grey mustachoes, and dark green frock coat trailing to his heels, its bright metal buttons shining in the sun, looked uncommonly like a French hussar in his undress. But my attention was soon drawn from him to a new comer, to the oddity of whose appearance no description of mine can do justice. He was a man of some thirty years of age, strongly made, and might have been called good-looking had he not been disfigured by a scar, which, beginning under his left eye, extended, crossing his nose, to the opposite cheek. This was the fruit of one of his student duels. His dress consisted of a grey cloth blouse, with green collar and cuffs. Black tights, with hessian boots, accoutred his nether man. His head was adorned with a wash-leather skull cap fitting close down to his brows, over which came the usual round green felt hat, turned up at one side, and ornamented with such a profusion of feathers and furs, in the style of those

of my friend Winterfeld, that it really had required some ingenuity to find place for them all. His game-bag hanging under the left arm, and embroidered with the likeness of a large dog, paired off with the formidable *couteau de chasse*, shot-belt, and enormous flask, capable of containing at least two pounds of powder, that garnished his right side. Strapped round his waist was a muff, shaped something like a Highlander's pouch, but of much larger dimensions, made of a fox's skin, the head placed in front, the snarling teeth and cunning eyes so naturally imitated, that methought our dogs cast more than one look askant at it, as though doubtful if the fellow were not alive after all. And now, when I have mentioned the massive silver horn with ivory mouth-piece, that dangled as low as the middle of his thigh, I shall have completed the picture of this original, the Baron von B—. But no, I beg pardon, I had nearly omitted the long leathern thong, fastened with a swivel to his game-bag, by which he moderated the ardour of his dog. A strange precaution, but one of which I was afterwards constrained to admit the necessity with German pointers, which, being but half broken, are so unruly that on a shot being fired it is no uncommon thing to see half a dozen dogs start off and scamper through the woods, frightening, of course, all the game their masters come to shoot. Behind the baron came his servant, carrying three rifles on his shoulder, and a climbing stick in his hand, which latter he now fixed in the ground, and screwed a sort of wooden platter upon the top of it. On this his master very gravely seated himself, and, taking out a porcelain pipe with his sixteen quarterings elaborately painted on it, commenced smoking. His example was followed by his jäger, who, disencumbering himself of the rifles, threw himself on the ground at his side.

By this time we numbered some twenty guns, and only waited the arrival of Weuzel (the keeper before alluded to) to commence operations. Still he did not appear, and, after sundry oaths and exclamations from the more impatient of the party, it was concluded to start without him, and take the chance of his joining us later.

The beaters, thirty or forty ragged boys, each with his *orgel* (a flat piece of wood with keys, which, turned by a handle, made a prodigious rattling) hung round his neck, were stationed some ten paces apart, lining three sides of the wood. Keepers stood at certain distances between them, to prevent disorder, and hinder the deer from breaking through. We made a circuit that placed us in front of them; and all being ready, the baron, who was again quietly seated on his stool, put his horn to his mouth and blew a most discordant note. The beaters advanced at the signal, when, standing up with his finger on his lip, he winked to me to be on the alert, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, remained as motionless as a statue. I was too much amused at his proceedings to pay much attention to the sport; but I was recalled to it, as a fine deer sprang across the road, and disappeared among the trees opposite. Two or three distant shots now showed the game was up.

Soon after shouts of "mark" gave notice that some bird was on the wing, and immediately a superb capercaillie came sailing through

the air. I fired, and, as he fell, the baron slipped the thong from his pointer. "*Allez, Perdro!*" said he, "*schön apporté, mein hund;*" and the dog flew to fetch the fallen game. Some minutes passing without his return, we went after him to the spot where I had seen the bird drop, when great was my surprise to find Master Perdro with his prey half eaten, and his mouth filled with blood and feathers. The culprit started off at our approach, and even his master looked a little disconcerted. He assured me, however, as, recovering his composure, he plucked a feather, and with great complacency added it to the trophies in his hat, that such a thing had never happened before. "Perdro," he said, "was an excellent dog, immovable before a hare or partridge, and one that on catching sight of a fox would never stop till he had run him down."

"A curious recommendation, that last, for a pointer," thought I.

The beaters now arrived, bringing the deer we had shot on the previous day; and, leaving it with the result of that morning's work, (three or four hares and as many deer), we began climbing one of the steepest ascents. Half way up, our guide took a path that led to a large open space, where we once more placed ourselves in readiness. The distant rattle of the *orgels* coming over the mountain showed that our allies were approaching, and soon a herd of deer rushed down the opposite hill, now pausing to listen to the noise of their pursuers, then with necks outstretched, and antlers thrown back to their very shoulders, leaping and bounding over every obstacle in their way. A puff of smoke — the report of a rifle — and one of the noble creatures, springing high in the air, came rolling over the almost perpendicular rocks.

Just then a rustling in the wood close by drew my attention. I saw the baron with his rifle levelled at the place whence it proceeded; but after some moments, lowering his gun as the sound seemed to come nearer, he signed to me to shoot. The wood was too thick to make out what kind of animal it was, but knowing he must show himself on the arrival of the beaters, I made sure of a good shot at him. Up they came, and on their approach a fine fox ventured, very unwillingly, out of the cover.

"*Achtung!*" cried the baron, as, waving my hat, I saluted Reynard with the view hollow.

"Why don't you fire?" he continued.

"Shoot a fox! Why, if I were even inclined to such a thing, my English gun would refuse to do its duty."

"Ah, true!" I have heard that in England you do not shoot foxes. But hunting is not allowed here; and we are so overrun with them, that, if not destroyed, they would ruin the best *chasse* in the country."

Satisfied with this explanation, I determined for the future to follow the old proverb, "When in Rome," &c. &c., and shoot whatever came in my way.

Our plan was now to descend into the valley, and beat for hares among the low brush-wood and open fields, and so, taking a wide circuit, to arrive at the end of our day's sport, close to the spot from whence we had started in the morning. I was not sorry to find that we

should have an hour's walking before the next battue commenced, for I was half frozen with remaining so long motionless in the cold.

It had been found necessary to add to the number of our beaters; and the *orgels* being exchanged for sticks, they formed a crescent, the centre of which was certainly a mile and a half from us. Beating the bushes and hallooing as they advanced, they drove a multitude of hares before them; but though a stray shot now and then disabled some unlucky devil that approached too near, the majority managed at first to keep pretty well out of harn's way, till, forced to advance by their ruthless pursuers, they became easy victims to our guns. After some hours thus spent we despatched a cart loaded with upwards of two hundred of them to Katzenbach, and, well pleased with our sport, retraced our steps to the woods.

The next battues were expected to be particularly good. Unfortunately there would not be time for more than one or two, as the sun was already setting. This reminded us that Weuzel, the keeper, who had been expected all day, had never appeared. It was certainly strange, but we had no time to waste in conjectures, and we set to work with a success that exceeded our utmost hopes, killing five deer and four foxes in a very short time. And now the last battue was resolved on. The beaters were sent out to form a circuit; and in high glee we prepared for the crowning effort of the day.

Suddenly we were startled by a shrill whistle, followed by a great confusion of voices. So unusual a circumstance, where silence was indispensable, evidently announced something uncommon. We were not long in suspense, for a messenger came in haste to inform the *Bezirksförster* that Weuzel's dog had been found shot dead. At this news, the absence of the master, combined with the value he was known to set on the animal, gave rise to strange surmises. The discussion recalled to me and my friends the shots we had heard on the previous night, which in the hurry and excitement of the day had been quite forgotten; and as we recounted the circumstance, every one seemed of opinion that some fatal accident must have happened. The chase was given up, and we agreed to search the woods for the missing keeper. It was resolved that we should form a line, and, ascending the *Katzenbuckel*, meet at the hut where we had passed the night.

Two or three of us had already toiled some hundred yards up the hill, when the baron's dog, uttering a long low howl, ran cowering back to his master. We hurried on, and at the foot of a large stone found the body of the huntsman. By this time several of the keepers came up, and to them we committed the charge of transporting the body of their late companion. While they placed it on a litter hastily constructed of branches, I lingered behind to read the inscription on the stone close to which the body had been found. The words cut on it were "*Frederick Muller, 1841:*" and I saw significant looks exchanged between the keepers as they explained to me that it marked the spot where a former murder had been committed.

PEGGY DWYCE:

A TRUE STORY, FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A MUNSTER YEOMAN.

(COMMUNICATED THROUGH MRS. S. C. HALL.)

I HAD often observed Matthew Dwyce; and the forlorn expression of his countenance, and his languid gait, gave the impression that sorrow had struck deeply into his heart; and the manner of the neighbours towards him, and the compassionate way in which they mentioned him, made me feel much interest in such snatches of his history as I could gather from them. I often called at his cottage by the way side, — it had none of the squalid appearance which so often bespeaks the abject poverty of the inmates — it was situated directly opposite the river Mulcahair, which winds so beautifully, and many an ancient willow waved its graceful branches athwart the stream. — High hills — almost mountains closed in the scene behind, and gave it the air of a peaceful nook, a sweet habitation for the humble and comfortable farmer and his family; but the poor man was alone here, save for the little girl, who seemed half friend half servant, and who kept all neat and comfortable about him. “She’s a good child,” said he to me one day; “and sure its well for an ould man like me to have her, who have neither kith nor kin to do a hand’s turn for me. She makes the bit of fire for me, and it’s often by it I sit ponderin’ over the good ould times, and on them that’s gone. I might starve but that she prepares the bit I ate, and she looks after the two acres of ground, and sees the pataties set and dug; nothin’ is too hard for her, so she can keep me alive. Her father married a first cousin of my wife’s sister in law, by the father’s side, so the poor thing consates that she has the right to mind me, and it shan’t be the worse for her, for the penny shall be hers, after I’m gone, I once thought to have laid it by for my own Peggy; but sure she’s better where she is, and it’s only flyin in the face of heaven, to be frettin after her.”

On my inquiring how he lost Peggy, he continued, “It’s a long story, and a sore one; but sure if your honour has a mind to hear it, I will begin at the first of it. Poor Molly and I had fancied aich other a long time before we were married; we were very comfortable together, what the one said the other, never went agin, and we never begrudged to lay out a few shillins, or better than a pound itself, for the good coat, or the warm cloak, or whatever was wantin to make us rispectable; all that went agin us, was that we should be three years married, and no child to lave after us. I was always covetin for a boy to help at the pataties, and to go to the fair with

the pig to make up the rint; but Molly's heart lay more for a daughter, for I often heard her sigh when she was broomin out the floore, and washin the pataties; and she often tould me if she had a girl, it's she id be the illegant help to her.. Well, sure enough, we both had our wish, but I had mine the first; and more betoken he was born on Patrick's day, and that's the raisin we called him Patrick, and a thrivin infant he was; and he was waddlin about the cabin, a fine manly crature of two years ould, when poor Peggy was born. The cabin was now quite another thing, we were so happy and contented with the childer always screechin and bawlin about us, barrin when they were asleep, and thumpin themselves and knockin themselves about, so that it was only the marcy of the Lord, that there was a whole bone in their skin. Well, they went on growin and growin, and they were such pets with me and the mother, that we never could find it in our hearts to hinder them of doin what they pleased.

"It was but natural that we should like to see our boy manly, and when he'd be throwing the stones, we couldn't but laugh to see how strong his little arm was gettin, and how 'cute the little eye was in takin the aim. Peggy was a quiet child, and she was so lovin that all the fondlin only made her better and better, and more willin to please us in every little turn. When Patrick grew up to be a lad of eighteen, he was purty good at the spade, and moreover so smart at book larnin that there wasn't a boy in M'Dearnott's school (where we used to send him) that could come up to him either in readin', or spellin', or pronouncin' dictionary words, as I often heard Mr. M'Dearnott say; moreover he wrote a mighty nate hand, and could compound a letter with any man in the parish; and, what was most surprisinst of all, could make out an account, as if he had been born a dealer. With all the pride we took out of his writin, it was little we thought what trouble it would bring us all into: he was as clane and as likely a lad as ever I seen, and his mother and I used often to take a long look at him and Peggy as they went before us on the road to mass of a Sunday—it was then they used to look most delightful. Many a one said that Peggy put them in mind of a bright May morning; and I thought it was like enough, she was so fresh and so gay. And they'd go frolickin along with all manner of fun and jokes, laughin and skittin till you'd think their very sides would split; for they loved aich other more than the wide world beside, and when they were youngsters the quality used often to stop to look at them, as they were sittin under a hedge, and the tail of Peggy's gown thrown over both their heads, for all the world like a hood, and Pat readin for the bare life, out of some story-book, to please her. Sure they said some gentleman who was making pictures through the country, put them in, and that any one would have thought it was themselves was in it.

"All was very comfortable till great talk began about the government and the likes of that, and great readin of newspapers; and to be sure Pat was such a fine reader, that the men that subscribed for the papers, that same year of the ruction—bad 'cess to it for a '98!—would never be content unless they got him to read every single word

that was in it out loud to them. And when I had nothin to do myself about the ground, I used to be listenin to him till I thought every word that he read come out of his own individual head. 'What do you think, father,' says he one day to me, 'but there goin to have martial law — goin to give us all up to the sodgers, to do whatever is plaisin to them,' says he; 'there won't be many of us left agin this time twelvemonth,' says he; 'and I know what it is; for my part,' says he, 'I'll do like the boys at Slievemorœn, and die with a pike in my hand,' says he. 'Hould your tongue, Pat,' says I; 'do you think that poor woman there and I have reared you to get yourself kilt,' says I, 'and to be after breaking our hearts,' says I; 'for my part, I think,' says I, 'it would be more respectible and more like a dacent boy,' says I, 'not to give the government the satisfaction of takin my life,' says I, 'and ruinin your disolute parents,' says I. — 'Well, father,' says he, very dutiful, 'I won't be goin agin you and my mother, I know; 'and I'll try to keep out of it,' says he; 'but rimimber, father,' says he, 'I don't value my life this brass button,' says he, chuckin off one that was hangin loose to his coat, and flingin it from him; 'and I don't value the sodgers,' says he, 'one snap of my fingers, or one kick of my fut.' With that he snaps his fingers so that it was quite surprisin, and more likin a pistol shot than any thing else, — and he kicks his foot so hard again the dresser that all the trenchers came tumblin down. Poor Molly stood in a corner, wiping her eyes in the end of her apron, and Peggy had stopped washing the pataties at the door, and was lookin up from where she was kneelin over them, and her face all in a blush — then the mother let out a great screech, and Peggy, to be sure, done the same. 'Then,' says the poor woman, 'Patrick, Patrick, I idn't think,' says she, 'to hear you spake so foolish,' says she; 'and sure it would be a wicked and a wilful turn,' says she, 'to be companion with the Slievemorœn boys, that don't care,' says she, 'how they're slashed, and cut, and kilt, and how they get their cabins burned over them; and the father and mother — the poor ould creatures! — turned out on the highway to beg,' says she; 'I don't like such talk at all, at all,' says she; 'and what's more I won't have it, or the likes of it — and this is the first time, Patrick,' says she, 'I ever said agin you.' When the mother stopped, Peggy took up the parable and said so much to him, that I was fairly surprised to hear her discourse so sinsible, and I minded what I heard Father O'Loughlin say when I was a very little boy, when Wat Morony made such a 'cute answer about the cows — 'I never saw such an ould head,' says his riverence, 'upon young shoulthers;' and I thought when I heard Peggy's crabbed talk, that I never had seen such an ould head upon young shoulthers, and a purty head it was too, with all its purty curlin hair about it.

"Well, after this, we seldom had an aisy minute, always some story or another of shootin, or hangin, or burnin; somtimes they said the sodgers were bate, and sometimes they'd say that they were gettin the better of the boys. Pat got very close in himself, and would go in and out very often, and would sometimes stay away late of a night,

and we were afraid he was about no good; but he'd turn us off with a laugh, and we struv to keep off unaisy thoughts, for we thought they'd come soon enough in spite of ourselves. 'Mother,' says he, one day, 'I'm thinkin of goin to the Fair of Knocknapogue that's to be next Thursday,' says he; 'the Gavins will be in it,' says he, 'and we can all go together. I want to buy a nate slate and pincil,' says he, 'for workin out sums; for Bryan's,' says he, 'are no good at all, and its only thro'win away money,' says he, 'to be after buyin the likes; so I think it best to go to the fair,' says he, 'where I may have my pick and choice; besides,' says he, 'we'll have plenty of fun there, if we go to-morrow, that is Wednesday morning; we'll be there,' says he, 'at the first light Thursday, and back again home very airly, Saturday mornin.' At first, neither the mother or I felt willin that he should go, mostly because the times was so unaisy, and the sodgers were harassin up and down through the country, regulatin the whole world as you'd think, after their own fashion — and nothin was to be heard of, but hangins and burnins, and shootin, and the likes of that — and you couldn't hear talk of a town or a village, or even a town land, without being tould of this body or that body bein hanged there; they were the sorrowful times, and troth it was no wonder, that we didn't like to let Pat so far away out of our sight; it wasn't till Molly thought of the illigant flax that was always at Knocknapogue Fair (for she had been of a long time threatenin to spin shirts for Pat); and till I was minded of the box for houldin the tabacy, that we came round to consent to his goin. Well, sure enough, he set off, and long enough the time seemed till Saturday mornin. We sat down to breakfast — Peggy was at the door every minute — Molly and I couldn't help turnin our heads that way too, but no sign of him; there was little ate that mornin. 'He's at Gavin's,' says Peggy, 'and they wont let him away fastin; don't be unaisy, father,' says she, 'take another potaty — if you won't ate, you'll frighten my poor mother, and it's fretted enough, she looks,' says she, 'but we needn't be afraid, for what,' says she, 'could happen?' This was the way poor Peggy went on, strivin to raise our hearts. 'I don't know,' says Molly, 'what it is makes me so frightened like; but hearin of these sodgers powderin about, is very aggravatin; and Patrick's all but too good, and too clever, and too dacent for them to pass by, quiet and aisy,' says she, 'I wisht at any rate,' says she, 'he was come back.'

"I have noticed that the 'time' one's waitin and watchin, and frettin, and timersome, seems mighty long and dull; the minutes seem to go slower and slower, and the faster one wants them away, the longer, by a great dale, they will stay; at any rate, that Saturday was the longest day I consated that ever I remembered. None of the neighbours came in, and every t'ing looked lonesome about the place — but poor Peggy — and she tried to keep up a good heart, though she had turned pale enough — she went bustlin about and keepin us all alive. 'Though he didn't come to his breakfast, or to his dinner,' says she, 'he'll be here for sartain before the pataties is boiled for supper.' With that she wipes down the table, and sets them four chairs round it. —

‘God save all here,’ says Mick Courtney, comin in at the door.—‘God save all here,’—we all jumped up, thinkin to be sure, that he had some news of Patrick. ‘What’s the news,’ says I, almost choakin for the fair want of breath.—‘News—news,’ says he, ‘but where’s Pat?’ ‘He went to the fair of Knocknapogue,’ says I. ‘upon Wednesday mornin.’ ‘It’s I that am proud of that same,’ says Mike, ‘for there’s a dale of bad work at Gurteen, and I was afraid of my life Pat was in it.’ ‘What bad work?’ says we, altogether. ‘A committee of the United Men, with all their papers and all their accounts was sittin settlin business, when who should break in—the blaggards—but the sodgers,’ says Mike, ‘and they went tatterin about, and saised upon all the papers, and what was worse than that same,’ says he, ‘upon all the min too, and they made short work of it, for some,’ says he, ‘they shot on the spot, and others they took off and hung; so there’s martial law for you!’ ‘Oh, my poor Pat,’ says I, ‘I’m glad he wasn’t in it, for they’d have sarved him,’ says I, ‘the same way, though such a dacent well-spoken boy.’—‘And to think,’ says Mick, ‘of poor Barney Gavin bein shot,’ says he, ‘for all the world like a thievin dog.’

“‘Barney Gavin!’ shouted Molly and Peggy and myself all at once. ‘Barney Gavin—sure he went to the fair with Pat.’—‘I’m afraid the boys went,’ says Molly, ‘if they have left him alive,’ and the poor woman could hardly draw the breath as she said the word. ‘I’ll go look for him,’ says I.—Poor Peggy cried out, “No, father, no—you musn’t be in the night air after that bad cold, that’s hardly well yet,” says she; ‘and you wouldn’t go to lave my poor mother in that condition,’ says she, ‘and not know,’ says she, ‘whether you’d find her alive before you when you’d come back,’ says she. ‘Only see her shakin, and tremblin, and breakin her heart cryin—a Turk wouldn’t lave her that way, let alone a Christian and her own lovin husband; she looks,’ says she, ‘as if a breath of wind would knock the life out of her. Father,’ says she, ‘don’t go to lave her. I’ll tell you what it is, father,’ says she, ‘I’ll go myself and find Pat; Mick Courtney will keep me company—and see how beautiful the moon’s shinin—may be I won’t be back soon with Pat!’

I laid poor Molly’s head upon my breast;—I almost thought the life was lavin her; I tried to give her courage, though it was but a small share of it I had myself. Peggy had put her red cloak about her, and, as she jumped out at the doore she turned round and gave a smile at us, and it’s many a long day I’ll remember that same smile;—at any rate, she was always an encouragin’ and loyin’ crature—away she went with Mick Courtney, and off over the style into the fields that lades to Gurteen; though it was full two miles through the grass, and through the wild common she was determined to go the whole way; but Mick Courtney was tired, havin been on the foot all day, and besides lame by raison of a large thorn that was in his heel,—they hadn’t gone above half a mile, when Mick began to complain, and he told her it was impossible for him to go on; but she coaxed him, and coaxed him, and got him on a bit further, till at last he threw himself down on the green sod, and said he couldn’t stir a step

further till he took a good rest if the Pope himself, or Father O'Loughlin was on their bare knees forneant him; so the poor child bid him stretch himself, and wait till she was back with him, and she tould him she'd neither turn or stop till she met Patrick. So away she went, and not one with her: it is a pleasant walk through them fields, the grass is so soft to the feet, and the sound of the strame among the pebbles is so cool and refreshin like, that many a light-hearted one would consave it a pleasant and a purty walk, more betoken if the moon was shinin out bright, as it was shinin when poor Peggy was walkin it all by herself—she that never feared man or spirit—and why should she, for the innocent child had never harmed any one, and bore a good will to all the country round? But for all that Peggy was daunted in herself, though she struv to keep up a good heart;—she walked on, and on, and on, for long and long, till at last she consaved that she saw something swinging in the wind before her—she made for it—what was it but a gibbet—and there was a man on it—and the moon shinin full upon it—and it was Patrick's face she seen!

“The poor mother was ready to faint every moment on my shoulder, and was more like one dead than alive.—The night was passin', and no signs of Peggy—at last Courteney came without her,—we got out of raison frightened,—I went with Courtney to look after her,—and—and—I found her at last, and the poor child was lying senseless,—it was the sore and sorrowful sight. We had to carry her that way to the poor mother.—When she came to herself she was silly like, and we had to watch her like a child, for she was ever more goin to where the cloak hung and wrappin it round her, and stal in out—and she wasted away to nothin after a few months were over; and we could coax her to take but a little morsel.—She used to lie alongside of the mother in bed at night, and the poor woman's heart was fairly broken, cryin and watchin over her,—and troth my own wasn't much better.—Sometimes she'd rest aisy enough,—but more often she'd be romancin in her sleep, and callin out to poor Patrick, consavin sometimes she was takin pleasant walks with him through the green fields, and other times thinkin she was alone on the wild common.

“At the dead hour one night, when there wasn't a glimmering of light in the cabin, Molly called out as if a sudden fright had come over her,—‘did you hear any thing Matthew?’ says she,—‘I did,’ says I, ‘it was three soft knosks at the door,’ says I, ‘but may be it was the wind blowin the branches of the ould thorn-tree—’ ‘May be so,’ says she, as if she didn't think it,—‘let me go to Patrick!—let me go to Patrick!’ says poor Peggy, breaking suddenly up out of her sleep.—I don't know how it was, these words went through me, though it was often she spoke out the same way in her drames.

“We thought she had dropped asleep again, and were afraid to stir in the bed for fear of putting away her sleep, but when daylight came, we saw her layin quite still, and the breath gone out of her—this was the way we parted from our poor Peggy—

“LE F * * * *.”

THE IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

RIGHT HON. T. B. C. SMITH, M. P.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IRELAND AND ITS RULERS."

"Mr. T. B. C. Smith is evidently a man more of letters than literature."
 ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

IF upon an evening in the Spring the reader had been walking up Nassau Street, in Dublin, he might have encountered a very slight gentleman, walking at an exceedingly rapid rate. Pale and sickly, the appearance of his countenance would have seemed to contrast oddly with the jaunty swagger of his rather rollicking gait. "What is he like?" would pass through the reader's mind, as the cadaverous and near-sighted little gentleman would come quite close to him, and, peering through his eye-glass, thrust his withered little visage into his observer's scrutinizing face.

"What is he like? Is he some consumptive curate in straitened circumstances, hoping to recover his health on his marriage with one of the rich and religious devotees in which Dublin is reported to abound? But no! however cynical be his countenance, there nothing clerical in that swaggering mien. It is worth finding out who such an odd-looking mortal can be. With his worn features — his shrivelled figure, and his bouncing mode of walking, he reminds one of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in an atrophy!"

On following him, the reader might probably have observed the little gentleman whisk round the corner of Kildare Street, and make straight for the celebrated Kildare Street Club, famed for the jockeyship and joviality of its gay and dashing members. If the reader by the help of an Asmodeus could have followed, on witnessing the agility with which the apparently consumptive personage would have skipped up stairs, he might have made another false conjecture, and thought to himself, "Ha! this must be one of Lord Howth's gentlemen jocks — he has been evidently sweated to ride a steeple chase — hence, he looks so thin, whilst retaining his activity!" But no! again the reader would have perceived his mistake, on observing the supposed "gentleman jock," holding the newspaper so close to his half-blinded eyes, as to make it clear that the lean little man would be as sure in a steeple chase to see the wrong as the right side of the post, or rather not to see the post at all, until he came bang on it!

If, however, the reader should have visited the Four Courts, he could not have failed to recognize, amongst the Queen's Counsel, the owner

of the withered face, nor could he have found difficulty in ascertaining the name of the unknown gentleman. An attorney would probably have answered his query, with a gaze of wonder at the interrogator's ignorance, and with the truly Irish exclamation, — "Who is that, indeed! Why! I thought every one knew the *great little Alphabet Smith!*"

The great little Alphabet Smith! Let us examine how he is entitled to these curious and contradictory epithets.

Thomas Berry Cusack Smith, is the second son of the late Baron Sir William Cusack Smith, whose singular character has been previously described. From an early period of his life, his attention was concentrated upon the legal profession, in which both his father and grandfather had risen to great eminence. In figure and appearance he was not unlike his distinguished father, all whose physical irritability and little of whose brilliancy he has inherited. Mr. T. B. C. Smith apparently never dreamed of being any thing beyond a mere lawyer. He did not sympathize with the elegant taste, nor did he desire to rival the varied accomplishments which made Baron Smith (in spite of all his oddity) an object of interest to all, and of admiration to the select few who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance. Mr. T. B. C. Smith was called to the Irish Bar in 1819, being then in his twenty-third year, and he was so successful as a legal practitioner, that in little more than ten years he was admitted to the rank of King's Counsel. His rise in his profession was equally rapid and well deserved.

To his professional success his father, it is said, contributed nothing; and it is even believed that the Baron was not on the friendliest terms with his son. Mr. Smith is notoriously indebted to his own merits alone for the station to which he has attained. As family friendship did nothing to assist him on his outset in life, so must it be admitted that politics have done but little to make him Attorney-General for Ireland. Within the first three years after being called to the Bar, he realised the splendid sum of *eight guineas!* — a fact that plainly shows how little he was indebted to his family connections. 'But in his fourth year he quickly sprang into notice — arrested the attention of numerous attorneys, and soon surpassed all his contemporaries in the extent of his business.

His success was attributable to his undoubted legal ability — to his personal energy, and to his strong zeal for his clients' interests. Besides he had a genuine love for his profession. He really enjoyed its quips and quirks — its technicalities and its pedantry; and he had a hearty relish for the obliquity of legal logic, in which he became an eminent proficient. He was undoubtedly a lawyer of unquestionable acquirements even in his early years; and in mere business cases he was, when pleading before a jury, an advocate of no contemptible order. He worked a cause to the very last — raised every point that ingenuity could suggest — and fought it against every disadvantage. He seemed never to know what despair was, and repeatedly gave proofs that while he had not a spark of his father's genius, he had all his nervous energy and excitability of temperament. In short, he was just the

sort of barrister that attorneys delight to honour; and he never was happier than when discussing the important nothings of some trumpery cause, with some zealous member of "the other branch of the profession." His knowledge of cases and familiarity with minute points of law was quite extraordinary; his memory for precedents was "wax to receive, and marble to retain," and the most obscure case in the least-quoted report never escaped the attention of "the great little Alphabet Smith."

It must also be stated to his credit, that no one could be more liberal than Mr. Smith in giving others the benefit of his acquirements. He always lent a ready ear to any young barrister who asked for his advice, and in giving him the advantage of a friendly opinion, never assumed the odious airs of affected condescension. Though he was never a popularity hunter, he was always most easy of access, and there was a gentlemanlike friendliness in his manners towards applicants for his advice (even though personally unknown to him), that cannot be too highly commended. Many a young barrister has figured creditably in a law argument in consequence of getting a few valuable hints, or two or three recondite cases from Mr. Smith—yes! from that very man, whom the venomous tongue of slander has tried to designate as spiteful and ill-natured. Though constitutionally excitable, and physically irritable, he was always a generous and good-natured man.

But the most admirable quality that he exhibited at the Bar was his moral courage. In Ireland the Bar is deplorably servile towards the Bench; for Judges in that country are not subject, as in England, to the wholesome restraint of public opinion; and they oftentimes *put down* a barrister in a fashion that would not be tolerated in Westminster Hall. Nothing can be more dangerous to a professional man in Ireland, than to get into a contest with a judicial personage; and a large practice has often been put in jeopardy by what attorneys would call "the headstrong independence" of its owner. Now Mr. Smith possessed more moral courage than any of his contemporaries at the Bar. Of this trait of character he has given repeated proofs. Some of them it would be painful to allude to; but all the Profession have concurred in ascribing to him that high and rare endowment.

Nicknames often indicate some *caractère* in their objects, and in Ireland it is one of the least pleasing habits of society, even of the better and more refined circles, to adopt the vulgar practice of bestowing them. Few persons there, unless they are perfectly conventional, escape the addition of some soubriquet to their surnames. The Irish ladies have been quizzed enough about "Port, if you please," but it is certainly very desirable that some person would rally them out of their unfeminine habit of using nicknames. At what period the practice became general in Irish society is not easy to ascertain, but it is certain that it is one of the most marked characteristics of social manners, even in the most polished circles of Irish life. All delineators of the country's manners have borne testimony to the universality of this practice. Miss Edgeworth, in drawing one of her most exquisite portraits of an Irish lady of rank, does not fail to introduce her

with the national habit of nicknaming everybody she chanced to meet.*

When even the ladies of Ireland almost universally amuse themselves with nicknames, it is no wonder that at the Bar and in public life, the practice should generally prevail†; especially as there are a number of eccentric and quaint individuals who appear to invite them. Mr. T. B. C. Smith has received his fair share of nicknames. When he was first called "Alphabet Smith" does not appear, nor why he was thus christened. The common supposition is, that when in the Dublin papers his name appeared day after day in all the pomp of its capitals — as "Mr. T. B. C. Smith, Q. C." — some one suggested that he had designs upon the entire alphabet; and, before his death, it is by no means unlikely that, in describing his titular honours, he will really exhaust the alphabet. For, at present, he stands thus:—

T. B. C. Smith, P. C., Q. C., M. P., and P. L. G.

Add to which he aspires to the representation of Dublin University, in his capacity of an "A. M., T. C. D." Whatever doubts may exist as to the intellectual reputation of this diminutive Privy Councillor, there can be none that he may pique himself on having a very great name!

It has been attempted, however, to refer the origin of the *soubriquet* "Alphabet" to the lines in "Four Court Etchings," written many years since.

"The Law Reports little T. B. C.
Knows just as *pat* as his A. B. C."

His more recent appellation of "Pat Smith" may perhaps be as well attributed to the above lines, as to his undeniably Hibernian character.

However, at the Bar, he was generally known as "*Tom* Smith;" and from his bustling energy, his rapid movements, and from his small figure, he looked like one of those smart little fellows that are called "*Tom*," all the world over. "Who's with you?" "*Tom* Smith." "Who will argue the special demurrer?" "*Tom* Smith." "Who raised such a point?" "*Tom* Smith." And so on.

When Sir Michael O'Loughlin entered parliament, most of his business was transferred to Mr. Smith, who, in the years 1835-6-7, was in the receipt of a very large professional income. The amount of his business was excessive, and right well he deserved it, for no man brought more professional zeal to the support of a client's cause; and, in legal talent, he was surpassed only by such men as the Blackburnes and Pennefathers of the Bar. How he got through his enormous mass of business, and how one of so small and feeble-looking *physique* was able to withstand so much exhausting labour, was cause for sur-

* *Vide* the character of Lady Geraldine in *Ennui*.

† Mr. Jonathan Henn, the eminent Queen's counsel, is well known for his love of fishing, and also for his *penchant* for being employed in water cases, arising out of disputed right to mill streams, &c. He is, therefore, commonly called — *Water Hen*!

prise to many persons. But he was feeble in appearance only, and though he seemed like the fading shadow of a man, there was in that attenuated frame a supply of nervous energy, which supported its owner against the attacks of disease, and the feeling of exhaustion.

Like all men who have attained to eminence in any pursuit, Mr. Smith has had many envious rivals; and the feeble talents that could not hope to equal his ability found employment in carping at his character, or censoriously commenting upon his want of eloquence. Though it was impossible to deny his vast erudition, and his exhaustless legal ingenuity, it was said, and with some truth, that he was too "crabbit" in his views — that he was a remarkably clever rather than a decidedly great lawyer, and that there was something contracted in his mode of dealing with a case — in much of which most persons would have concurred. Another class of assailants criticised his inaccurate and inelegant style of speaking; sighing over the fallen honour of the Irish Bar, when such a man could be deemed one of its foremost advocates.

It must be admitted that Mr. Smith has no pretensions to the character of an orator; but it would be unjust to deny, that he was a most effective and even formidable advocate. He had considerable dexterity in arranging the facts of his client's case, and presenting them to the jury with clearness of method. It is very true that his diction was meagre and common-place; but his manner was spirited, and his deportment manly and rather winning. His voice was shrill and monotonous in its chirping tones, "like the importunate chink of a grasshopper;" but then he seldom bored a jury, or tried to stun them into acquiescence with his views, like the roaring school of lawyers. In reply he was quick, cautious, and apprehensive; saw weak points, and pounced upon them; assuming withal a triumphant deportment that carried many a jurymen's convictions by storm. His speech to evidence in the great case of *Malone and O'Connor* was justly admired as an extraordinary *tour de force*. The case had been before the Court for several days, and Mr. Smith spoke to the evidence for the plaintiff in an address which lasted for eight consecutive hours! He commenced by telling the jury that he would go through the whole case from first to last, and examine the evidence of every witness, and he kept his word faithfully. He manifested in that speech great argumentative powers; and though there was no eloquence, yet there was a remarkable display of skill, plausibility, and many of the arts of an advocate. A truly Irish scene followed the termination of his address. Not merely the spectators and the barristers applauded heartily, but the jurymen themselves stood up in their box, and sympathetically joined in the rounds of applause!

Such was the man chosen by Lord de Grey's government as the Attorney-general for Ireland in place of Mr. Blackburne. He was preferred to several lawyers of the foremost rank, many of whom were considerably his seniors in the profession. Amongst them were such men as Warren, Greene, Keatinge, and Henn. His nomination to high office excited no surprise, for every one acknowledged his eminent ability, and there were none found to reproach the government with his appointment.

Ireland was at that time (1842) very quiet, and there was no cause of peculiar importance to call for a display of the Attorney-general's real or supposed talents. He entered parliament for Ripon, and the miserable incompetency that he exhibited at first, astonished his party, disappointed the government, and gratified the political antipathy of Opposition. Persons were so absurd as to expect that the keen and subtle lawyer, would necessarily exhibit in Parliament the fluency of speech, and dexterity in argument, which had distinguished him at the Bar. They greatly mistook the rôle and over-estimated the capacity of "great little Alphabet Smith."



A BAG FOX.

ZEPHYR AND THE VIOLET.

" Violet, prithee, why dost languish
Pensive in this pleasant shade?
Whisper me thy cause of anguish ;"
Thus a passing Zephyr said.

" Gentle Zephyr, if thou bid me,
I must tell the reason why :
'Tis that nature thus has hid me,
Far from each admiring eye."

" Cease," cried he, " sweet fool, thy sorrow :
Let me waft that tear away.
Fade thou must before to-morrow,
If one found thee here to-day."

THE IDLE FAMILY:

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC, BY A. T. R.

WHEN Constantinople was in its zenith as the Turkish Metropolis, there resided, in one of the villages on the banks of the beautiful Bosphorus, a very poor family, the descendants of an Italian soldier who had died there, returning from the Crusades. This family consisted of the man, whose name was Payarotti, his wife Gertrude, and two children, a daughter who was very beautiful, and was called Isabella, and a son named Isbonello. They were all very idle and lazy, so much so that the mother and daughter could not be induced to earn any money, nor even to make their own clothes, but they washed their only dresses each week as they were soiled.

One day as the Sultan was riding through the village, he saw the daughter of Payarotti washing her gown at the door of their house: he was struck with her exceeding beauty, and when he returned to his palace, he sent to her a black Eunuch, with several pieces of silks and satins to make dresses. As the servant gave them to Isabella he said, "Finish sewing them as fast as possible, for the Sultan intends paying you a visit, and if you please him, mayhap, he may make you his wife." "Oh yes," answered she, "a stitch here and a stitch there, and they will soon be done." The Eunuch returned to his master, and told him what she had said.

When a month had passed away, the Eunuch came again to see whether Isabella was ready to receive the Sultan: and to ask whether the clothes were finished? "Oh!" said she, "a stitch here and a stitch there, and they will soon be done." The Sultan allowed another month to elapse, and then he went himself to see whether Isabella was yet fit to become his wife. But, lo! all the fine pieces of silks and satins were heaped up in a corner, uncut and unopened. "How is this," said the Sultan, "why do not you make the dresses?" "Oh!" answered Isabella, "a stitch here and a stitch there, and they will soon be done." The Sultan left the house, vexed with her, and wondering at her indolence; but her exceeding beauty and gentleness of manner made such an impression on his mind that he could not forget her.

When a considerable length of time had gone by, he again rode to the village to see her. Gertrude, Payarotti's wife, saw him coming, and running to the corner, she took one of the pieces of silk and

wrapped it round her person ; Isabella seized a piece of satin and did likewise. The Sultan was quite pleased to see her apparently dressed, for he never remarked that the pieces were neither cut nor sewed, he only thought that the beautiful Italian looked more lovely than ever.

When the Sultan was seated on the divan, he told Gertrude to get him some coffee. She went down and placed the coffeepot on the fire to boil ; while waiting for it, she began saying to herself, " Oh ! what a fool I was to let my child marry ! I have only to fillip my fingers, and if the fillip should strike her little baby's eye, it will be blind, and there will be my grandchild with only one eye." This thought distressed her so much, that she entirely forgot what she had come for, and sitting down she began to weep.

In the mean time the coffee was boiling over, and Gertrude was staying so long that her husband at last came to seek her. " What is the matter with you ?" said he to her. Gertrude repeated to him the afflicting thought : " Too true, too true," said Payarotti, and he began also to grieve and wring his hands.

Another half-hour passed away, and still Gertrude did not appear. Isbonello seeing neither his father or mother returning with the coffee, went to find out what had happened : he discovered them both sitting on the ground crying. " What has happened ?" cried he. " Oh ! your poor sister !" answered Gertrude, I have only to fillip my fingers, " and her little baby will be blind of an eye." " My poor sister, my poor sister," sobbed out Isbonello, sitting down beside them.

Isabella herself, thinking something dreadful must have occurred, went to hear the worst ; but when she found her father, mother, and brother seated on the ground weeping and bemoaning her fate, she also sunk down beside Gertrude, and began grieving and lamenting her unhappy lot.

In the mean time, the Sultan remained alone on the divan, surprised that every member of the family should have left him, and none have returned. He grew impatient, and at last determined to go himself and unravel the mystery. What was his astonishment to see the father, mother, son, and daughter, all sitting in a circle, moaning and weeping, and wringing their hands. " In the name of the Prophet, what has happened to cause this excess of grief ?" demanded he. " What has happened !" said Gertrude ; " Oh ! we have done very, very wrong in giving our daughter in marriage to you, for if I but fillip my finger, and the fillip should fall on her baby's eye, it will be blind, and there will be our poor little grandchild with only one eye." " But where is the child ?" said the Sultan. " It may come, you know ;" answered Gertrude. " You are all foolish," cried the Sultan, angrily ; " I have not yet married your daughter, and yet you are weeping for the fate of her child ; Isabella is very beautiful, but far too foolish for my wife ; good bye, I will have nothing to say to any of you." The sultan then rode away, leaving the whole family in astonishment and real sorrow at their own folly.

A FEW REMARKS ON CONINGSBY.

BY REAL ENGLAND.

EVERY body has read Coningsby :—the edition went off in a week :. since the merry days of Scott or Byron, we have hardly heard of such a thing, except in the case of some books which had better not have been written at all. We, therefore, shall make no extracts and assume that all the world knows what we are writing about.

Coningsby takes a large range of fiction ; it is personal, political, and ideal, and remarkable in all three characters. Literary portrait-painting is no very exalted walk of Art, even when the originals are the greatest men, such as those portrayed by Plutarch and Clarendon ; but when they are persons who have gained a chance and temporary notoriety, from some eccentricity of manner or conduct, from some accident of fashion or qualification of birth, from some eminence of vice or speciality of baseness, the most accurate, humorous, and graceful delineation is at the best a picture of *genre*—a good H.B., Tom Jones, Gil Blas, Wilhelm Meister, represent orders of minds, not particular men. Hence, though we, with the rest of the world, enjoy the castigation of Rigby, as much even as Roderick Random and his schoolfellows relished the flagellation of the unjust and cruel schoolmaster by the vigorous sailor uncle — though we are pleased by the clear strong lines with which such characters as that of the late Marquis of Hertford, with all its sense and sensuality, its love of money and lavishness, its self-command and self-abandonment, are portrayed — though we are amused at recognizing some of our younger friends who no doubt are not displeased at seeing themselves so agreeably drawn—yet writers far inferior to Mr. D'Israeli in power and in fame, can do, and have done, these things just as well. Very soon will these originals be utterly obliterated from the public mind—ere long these malignities and these scandals will be swallowed up in the great gulf—and if Coningsby is *then* to be read, its claims must be quite extraneous to the gratification derived from clever imitation. The scenes in which these characters move are generally handled as well as possible. Nothing can be more lively than the Eton and election pictures ; Etonians, indeed, find out by some little slips that the author was not educated at Eton ; the boys could not have roamed to Maidenhead after school, and could not have had a run with the King's hounds without some very undignified consequences ; but the charming school-boy letter of Oswald Millbank would make up for a thousand incongruities ; we have read it over a dozen times, and have come to believe we wrote it ourselves — how long ago ! There is in it the depth of affectionateness which we remember in the love-letters of Henrietta Temple, (the best we have met

with in modern fiction,) with all the advantage derived from the expression of a feeling in which the coldest worldling can see nothing ridiculous. We could wish that all the boy-life seemed to us equally real, but the very design of the book stands in the way of this. Young England is throughout to be represented as something astonishing, demanding respect and almost reverence, and contrasted in all points with the superficiality of "the old generation." Thus, the boys talk too well, and with a worldly pedantry much more unnatural than the young conceit of knowledge. Coningsby, when introduced to his grandfather at about fourteen, bursts into tears from a true and generous emotion, yet a few hours afterwards is talking at dinner with a dandy pertness which is any thing but attractive. Again, Coningsby, as he is here described, could never have been the hero of a public school. Boys, *en-masse*, are the fiercest of bigots: original ability they neither appreciate nor understand; they admire success in beaten paths, and power shown in matters in which they can themselves compete; and thus we never knew the favorite of a great school who was not essentially common-place, and generally uninteresting.

At Oxford, Coningsby, being too much of a man and of a fine gentleman to join in the hobbledohoyish amusements of the place, and too much of a philosopher to pursue the dull course of university learning, remains buried in other studies. We do not deny that a young man may not derive all kinds of intellectual advantage from a university life, even though he were plucked, or deserved to be so; but an intense and secluded student of general literature at Oxford or Cambridge, we venture to say, was never heard of, and the reason is obvious — a man only arrives at the preliminary knowledge which makes general literature of any value, or confers on it any interest, by an experience of life, such as a boy fresh from school would not have obtained; the only exception that could be made would be in favour of a high poetical temperament, forced into retirement by the absence of sympathy in the outer world, and feeding upon its own thoughts in sorrow and abstraction. Shelley was called mad at Eton, and treated as a criminal at Oxford, because he opposed the "Old England" of his time with a childish heroism, from whose very extravagance men ought to have inferred the latent good and great: whereas neither at school nor at college is Coningsby ever persecuted, or misunderstood; meeting, in fact, with no check till his "Old England" grandfather wants to bring him into parliament; and then he avows his "Young England" principles (which are backed up by a "Young England" passion for the daughter of a radical manufacturer), quarrels with his great protector, is disinherited, becomes a working lawyer with good prospects and plenty of interest, in which degradation however he only remains for a single chapter, and ends the book by marrying a wealthy bride, being brought into parliament in his absence, and recovering all the fortune he had lost by his indiscreet avowal. M. D'Israeli asks us in the last page whether Coningsby, now M. P., will retain his "Young England" principles in their original purity and strength? We rather think not; we find the possession of great wealth and station very incompatible with any thing original, or eminently generous; and we suspect that it would have

been much better for "Young England," if Coningsby had remained a little longer a working lawyer, and seen something more of life and mankind than the miserably narrow circle of great people in which his youth was passed, before he took the lead of a political party.

The political portion of the book includes the history of England from 1832 to the last election — that is to say, what people generally call history; namely, the comings-in and goings-out of governments, the intrigues of mean or foolish men, and other petty machinery of the pompous wheels of state. This is generally allowed to be happily executed, and with unusual fairness to both parties. Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell may receive with interest the judgment of their political characters, so respectfully, and at the same time freely drawn; and even the whippers in, who are themselves so severely lashed, own that the details are described with precision. M. D'Israeli seems, indeed, to doubt whether William the Fourth ever gave the Whigs a distinct promise to create peers to carry the Reform Bill, if necessary; yet it is certain that such a promise was made; and it was the exaction of this promise by the Whigs, at a time when the king's opinion began to undergo some modification, which alienated him from that party; and, while it forced him to the strange step of personally requesting the Tory lords to abandon their opposition and not drive him to this painful alternative, laid the foundation of that favour to the Conservative party which gradually increased to the time of his death.

We now come to the ideal, that is, the essential part of a work, which professes to be something far beyond a clever picture of manners, or an intelligent compilation of annual registers. It calls itself "the New Generation," and is put forward with a quasi-prophetic air of importance. There is too a second great truth which it undertakes to embody, the meaning of the destiny of God's chosen people. Sidonia is an ideal Rothschild — what a Rothschild would be, if he possessed M. D'Israeli's views and faculties; and to us this is the most interesting, as it is certainly the sincerest, delineation in the book. Indeed, its very sincerity (by which term we would not be understood as implying an imputation of intentional deception to any other part of the work) will probably make it appear to many readers very nonsensical. When a man happens to let the world look into the penetralia of his mind (supposing his mind to be a temple at all) he is generally accused of affectation and insincerity, because the generality of readers find something new and strange to them, and which *they* could only have come to display by a difficult process of affectation. But we believe that the wildest parts of this theory are M. D'Israeli's heartiest convictions, and we think only the better of him for that very extravagance. Himself of Hebrew race, he makes no demands on Christian sympathy, he raises no cry of sorrow and exile, but avows his belief in the permanent and prospective truth of the ancient tradition, that to that race and its influences Providence ever entrusts the chief agency in the destinies of mankind. Mohammedanism itself he regards as a form of Judaism, and the Arabs as doing the work of their Syrian brethren. The eight hundred years of Moorish rule in

Spain he holds to be a Jewish conquest, declares that the victories of Napoleon were won by Jewish generals, and illustrates his position by the present power of the great Hebrew capitalists, whose purse strings are the leash that holds or lets slip the dogs of war. Of course it is very easy to scoff at all this, and much of it may be really fanciful; but, with such an historical fact as the "people of miracle" to stand upon, there is something deeply interesting, in our cold sceptical days, in this bold avowal, by one of them, of his faith in their continuous greatness, of his conviction of the truth of the spiritual privileges awarded to that race, which, to use the words of Göthe, "was adopted by God, not as the best or wisest, but as the most perseverant of the families of mankind."

And in truth there is much that is Jewish in Mr. D'Israeli's general view of society, and in the very notion of Young England which he has expounded in these volumes. To this tone of mind we attribute what seems to us his false conceptions of the needs and aspirations of our time—his fallacious hopes as to the quarter to which we are to look for comfort, or, it may be, for regeneration. Mr. D'Israeli, a member of the English House of Commons in 1844, writes of us as might a Hebrew prophet suddenly transported into our state of society. He is shocked with the religious and political infidelity of the age, with the absence of every thing heroic, with the unempassioned, analytical order of thought which now prevails among cultivated men. And how does he propose to remedy this? Just as the social evils of the ancient East were remedied, by the appearance of a great man, in whom other men would believe; or, if you cannot do this, by getting people to believe in the coming of such a man. This is exactly the synthetic, the divine way in which the old world resolved all its difficulties: it always found, or made, a Hero. Ancient history is the succession of Heroes—Heroes in war, Heroes in legislation; as early Christian history is that of the Saints of the Church. What is called Modern History brings about a change in this: a new element appears—the People. By slow degrees the People become something; they establish communities, and have their own heroes, their Rienzi's, Van Artevelde's, and so on, till they become an Estate in themselves, an Order, a House of Peasants, a *Trois-Etat*, a House of Commons. At this point, at the very farthest, Mr. D'Israeli would stop the history of political ideas. He would have a Hero-King, St. Louis or Charles the First,—a Heroic Nobility, Montmorenci's and Boyard's and Sidney's and Howard's,—and a People Heroic too in its way, that is in confidence, affection, and devotion. If we cannot get an heroic sovereign any other way, we must recall the descendants of the Stuarts; if our aristocracy have abandoned their birthright, we must make heroes of the Marshall's, Grey's, Ashworth's, and other worthy mill-owners; if we cannot get the people to adore any thing else, we must encourage them in worshipping Mr. Oastler.

This historical theory seems to us to leave out two tolerably important elements of the problem—the Reformation, and the French Revolution. In the former the People audibly cried, "We are not content with your Saints, we want all to be Saints ourselves;"—in the latter,

“we won’t serve Kings any longer, we all want to be Kings ourselves.” In both objects the People failed at the time, but they gave the impulse upon which the People have been acting ever since. They knocked down holy statues, and cut off a royal head, to make way for the ideas; and if the ideas met again with a similar check, they would probably make a similar resistance; which point it would be well for Young England gravely to consider. Mr. D’Israeli and his friends would make these things be as if they never were; and to do this he attempts to show the utter worthlessness, hollowness, and unreality, of all that has arisen in the place of the old institutions and the old feelings; for which purpose he skilfully leaves out of view the spirit and feeling in which the wisest and most thoughtful men of our time regard the present state of things. It is in vain to think of bringing people back to old feelings and ideas by merely reviving old names. If, as M. D’Israeli desires, he could bring back the old name of Tory to its juster signification, does he think he would quench the fanatic hatred of Popery in Ireland by showing the Orangemen that they were really Whigs? Does he think he could persuade the landlords to give up the corn-laws by making them understand that the restrictions on trade are originally due to Whig policy? Young England, crusading against the unreality of Conservatism, must have some better arms than those of historical etymology to fight with. At least, before they come to the charge, let them ask themselves whether there may not be very earnest realities of somewhat a different nature from those they clamour for so loudly? May not Monarchy be a very real thing, and its worth most intensely felt, as an institution which preserves society from all the perils and confusions of an elected head; filling up in the body politic that dangerous place, whose possession might otherwise be the continual aim of criminal or senseless ambition? May not an Aristocracy be of great public utility, although professing to be nothing more than a body of men commanding an habitual respect from the probability of their good education and high feeling, from the personal merits of some, and the large interests of all in the well-being of the state? We own, ourselves, that we value these institutions quite as much in their present shape, as we ever did in their heroic form; but it is very unimportant whether we do so or not, as we must either be content with them as they are, or be willing to destroy them altogether. Unless the latter alternative is chosen, unless this staid and stable society of ours is shaken to its foundations, we own we see no hopes of any heroes, whether in the shape of Coningsby or any other. In our self-conscious critical state of mind, the notion of a boy-statesman is a phantom: after a Revolution, a youthful Napoléon might spring up; during a Revolution, a youthful government might terrorise; but as long as we go on peaceably, we must prefer the dull guidance of middle-aged mediocrity (if we can get nothing better) to “Young England,” with all its genius and energy. We are all moving, whether we will or not, on the rails of social equality; the poor and the rich are daily getting mixed in the same carriages, made subject to the

same rules, and enjoying the same public convenience. Self-government, the highest merit of individuals, is becoming that of nations; and we will not take these heroes that are offered us, because we see in them nothing more divine than we recognise in ourselves. One Heroism and one only, we still recognise, that of Self-sacrifice — the enduring form of Christian Heroism; and we must get on as well as we can with this, even at the risk of having no other cry than that proposed by Carlyle, as a motto to De Tocqueville's book — "*Vive la platitude!*"

REAL ENGLAND.

[We have received the foregoing remarks from a quarter so fully entitled to a fair and even deferential hearing — as well by intellectual powers and attainments, as by social and political position — that we have deemed it right to let them appear without alteration or comment, although our own views of the subject, both in its æsthetic and social bearings, are on several points directly at variance with those of the author; and in very few respects find in his able diction, either a strictly accurate or an entirely adequate representation. And we feel it the more necessary to guard ourselves against the future inconvenience which might arise from the supposition that we entirely participate the writer's opinions, as the paper, during the temporary and much-lamented illness of our Editor-in-chief, has been inserted on delegated responsibility. — Ed. H. M.]

ELLEN MIDDLETON.

A TALE.*

AN aged clergyman, exercising his sacred office in a cathedral town much resembling Salisbury, notices at evening prayer among his congregation a female in deep mourning, who, though plainly dressed and sitting on the benches generally occupied by the poorest attendants at divine worship, bore about her that indescribable but unmistakeable air, which indicated that she belonged to the higher classes of society. Her attitude and manner betokened a troubled heart; she took her place near a pillar, upon which she laid her head at the commencement of the service; she neither stirred nor looked up during its continuance; she neither knelt nor stood up as others did, and when the prayers were ended she hastily withdrew. The interest of the venerable minister, whose life was passed in binding up the broken-hearted, soothing the sorrowful, and leading wanderers back to the fold, was powerfully excited; but he neither ventured to address the stranger, nor could he succeed in ascertaining from the cathedral attendants any information respecting her. At last a

* Ellen Middleton. A Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 3 vols. Moxon: Dover Street, 1844.

respectable widow, in whose house the interesting stranger had engaged apartments, waited upon the clergyman to consult him about her mysterious lodger, whose manifest misery and declining strength had moved the compassionate landlady's heart. But the stranger repels alike the widow's sympathy and the pastor's offers of spiritual consolation. One day, while the good man was musing how best he might minister to this poor mourner's needs, his eye fell upon some lines faintly written in pencil on the column against which she had been in the habit of leaning during divine service. These lines were painfully expressive of anguish, terror, and despair; but by dexterously introducing and affectionately expatiating on the topics they referred to, in his next discourse, he found an avenue of access to this poor sorrowing creature's heart, and received a written request on the evening of the same day, to bestow upon her a pastoral visit. The minister finds his penitent apparently on the verge of the grave, and to him she imparts her sad story, which our readers will now be prepared to find is that of ELLEN MIDDLETON.

Ellen Middleton was born and educated in the house of an uncle, where her mother, a widow at Ellen's birth, shortly afterward dies. The uncle was, at this time, about forty years of age, unmarried, and a country gentleman in the highest and most respectable acceptance of that noble old English title. His nature was of a grave cast, but his heart was kind, and he adopted the orphan Ellen as his own. "Till the age of six years old," confesses Ellen, "I am not conscious of having loved any human being;" for her uncle, however excellent and exemplary, was not a man to awaken the love of a child in whose pleasures he constitutionally could not take the slightest interest. When Ellen was six years old, Mr. Middleton, the staid bachelor of forty-six, married a person whose qualities and disposition were directly antithetical to those of her sober, practical, and respectable lord. "There was something heavenly in the expression of her countenance — there was something original in every word she uttered; in her gaiety there was a bubbling joyousness, an intense enjoyment, that was irresistibly attractive; and in sorrow or emotion her tears fell unconsciously from her eyes, and would trickle down her cheeks without any of the disfiguring grimaces which usually attend the act of weeping. I loved her from the first instant I saw her, and my childish heart clung to her with all the strength of feeling that had lain dormant in it during the first years of my existence." It is necessary to dwell upon these characteristics developed in Ellen's protectors for the proper appreciation of her speedily coming trials. Ellen and her lovely aunt, to adopt a familiar phrase, "took to each other" instantaneously, and their mutual love was not diminished by the birth of a daughter. Among the familiar visitors at Mr. Middleton's, when Ellen had attained her fifteenth year, were Edward Middleton, a nephew of her uncle, and Henry Lovell, a younger brother of her aunt. These two young men, who had been associates at Eton and at Oxford, had gradually formed a habit of intimacy, though their characters were diametrically opposed to each other, and there was hardly any perceptible bond of sympathy between them. Edward Middleton

partook much of his uncle's stately, rational character; in a girl's eyes he might seem stern, but he had a heart susceptible of pure, permanent, and tender affection, and was unswervingly actuated by the noblest principles. Henry Lovell, on the contrary, was gay, volatile, and vicious, extremely attractive when it pleased his own humour to make himself pleasing to others, but, in reality, the very imperfection of selfishness. Both these young men were several years older than Ellen, but the disparity of age was not enough to prevent her from considering them as companions and friends. With her aunt, too, Ellen associated on the footing of a companion; they read together, they studied and played together, and the aunt loved Ellen better than her own daughter Julia, who was a peevish, fractious, ill-conditioned child. When Julia was six years of age she had an alarming illness, on her recovery from which she one day, in company with Ellen, who was then fifteen, was playing upon a terrace which overhung a precipitous declivity, at the foot of which ran a deep and rapid stream. At one of the ends of this terrace was a rough flight of steps, much overgrown with moss, and dangerous to descend from the slippery nature of the footing they afforded. The wayward Julia would stand upon these slippery steps, though repeatedly warned and entreated by Ellen to leave her dangerous position.

"As she placed her foot on one of the moss-covered steps she called out, 'I'm going down—I'll have my own way now.' I seized her hand, and, drawing her back, exclaimed, 'Don't, Julia,' on which she said, 'You had better not tease me; you are to be sent away if you tease me.'

"I felt as if a viper had stung me; the blood rushed to my head, and I struck her; she reeled under the blow, her foot slipped, and she fell headlong down the stone steps. A voice near me said, 'She has killed her!' There was a plunge in the water below; her white frock rose to the surface—sunk—rose again, and sunk to rise no more. Two men rushed wildly down the bank, and one of them turned and looked up as he passed. I heard a piercing scream, a mother's cry of despair. Nobody said again 'She has killed her.' I did not die—I did not go mad, for I had not an instant's delusion. I never doubted the reality of what had happened; but these words, 'She has killed her!' 'She has killed her!' were written, as with a fiery pencil, on my brain, and day and night they rang in my ears. Who had spoken them? The secret of my fate was in those words."

Upon Ellen's concealment of this hasty unpremeditated act, and the distressing perplexities in which, by this suppression of the truth, she becomes involved, Lady Georgiana Fullerton has constructed a tale of thrilling interest, by which pity and terror are alternately awakened. Many a fair reader will weep over these pathetic pages, but though saddened they will not be sentimentalised thereby. The tale is one of woe; it is at times painfully pathetic, but it is never morbid; and it conveys a wholesome lesson to the ardent and the young, warning them against an undue indulgence of the imagination, and the danger of any departure from the truth. Ellen was a child of sensibility and sincerity, with a heart of gushing tenderness, longing to be loved; but from the hour of this accident,—and so far as the intention of destroying life is concerned, it was nothing more—she is treated by those she loves best as a cold and callous actress; she is

persecuted by the man she would avoid; and distrusted and finally spurned by the man to whom she is tenderly and truly devoted.

"She has killed her!" Who spoke those words? It would destroy the charm of suspense so pleasantly exciting to novel-readers were the fair authoress of the tale before us to answer this question in an early stage of her heroine's career; but it may render our synopsis of the story more intelligible if we at once lift up the veil. The two men who "rushed wildly down the bank" when Julia fell, were Edward Middleton and Henry Lovell, and the one who "turned and looked up as he passed," saw Ellen deal the blow, and at once felt persuaded that it was an unpremeditated act. But not so the other spectator, who uttered the words "She has killed her." These words, so fatal to Ellen's peace, were spoken by a woman who had been a nurse in the Middleton family, and who no sooner saw the transaction than she believed that Ellen purposely sought Julia's life, because she would become a rich heiress by her death. Vulgar-minded and headstrong people are ever prone to put uncharitable constructions upon another's conduct, and to impute the worst motives instantaneously and without examination; and they are obstinately tenacious of the opinions thus hastily adopted. To this class belonged the odious woman who charged, in her own mind, poor Ellen with murder; but was prevented from declaring her belief to the family by the influence of Henry Lovell, who saw Ellen's agency in the calamitous occurrence, and immediately determined to conceal the real state of the case for purposes revealed in the course of the story.

Ellen's first emotion on seeing Julia fall into the river, and hearing the dreadful words which instantaneously but permanently bewildered her brain, was one of pure terror; a horrible fear crept over her of being charged with murder, and in her excited fancy she heard the feet of the ministers of justice hurrying her to execution. At first she simply dares not tell the whole truth, and presently she determines that she will not, lest her stern uncle and affectionate aunt, whose love she feels unable to forego, should turn from her with loathing and horror. Julia is buried; Edward Middleton shortly afterwards goes abroad; and Ellen is made to believe that he is the depository of her fatal secret; that he flies from her because he can no longer brook the presence of a murderess; and in compassion refrains from denouncing her. The artifices by which Ellen is brought to this belief are devised and perpetrated by Henry Lovell, with the cool malignity of a fiend, though in pursuance of a fiery passion for Ellen, who really loves Edward Middleton, who again on his part secretly returns her affection. A series of painful and embarrassing positions is thus produced. Ellen, in a wild wish to free herself from unavailing regret for the fatal consequences of a single act of impetuosity, which has however entailed upon her the remorse incident to deliberate crime, permits the attentions of the clever, lively, and amusing, but heartless Henry Lovell, and her uncle and aunt believe that a mutual attachment has taken place between them. The aunt loves her brother, and naturally exults in the prospect of his union with such a partner as Ellen; but the uncle has fixed his wishes upon her marriage with

Edward Middleton, and is determined to settle his whole property upon them on that event. Henry makes fierce love to Ellen, who resolutely rejects his offers, for in her heart of hearts she loves the absent Edward, though she feels she can never now be his. "How could I ever stand in the place of that wretched child, whose image would rise between me and the altar if ever I ventured to approach it as my uncle's heiress, as Edward's bride? *His* bride! The very sight of me had rendered his beloved uncle's home insupportable to him; the knowledge of my guilt (for guilty I was, though guiltless of the dreadful consequences of my ungovernable impetuosity) had driven him from England. Was he not Julia's cousin? Was not Julia's death the work of my hand? And had not Henry said that her death had been an advantage to me? He had; and then he spoke of bringing me down upon my knees before him to implore his pity; he poisoned his weapon, and then dealt the blow."

Henry winds up a series of persecutions, artifices, and manœuvres, designed to coax or compel Ellen to accept him, by a frantic effort to force her into a secret marriage, using mysterious threats of some fatal consequences to unknown victims in the event of her refusal. The tortured girl, however, does refuse him; and the selfish profligate goes forthwith and marries his nurse's grand-daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen, in fulfilment of a contract he had some time before entered into with that crafty crone, who had redeemed him from the alternative of public exposure as a thief, or suicide, by the advance of a large sum of money. But Henry's marriage does not terminate poor Ellen's sufferings; it merely alters the phasis of her persecutions and perplexities, and brings Edward back upon the stage. The aunt is angry with Ellen on account of her brother's *mésalliance*, and attributes it entirely to his disappointment at his rejected addresses; while the uncle rejoices in the opening for the fulfilment of his cherished project — Ellen's union with Edward. That secretly beloved one hastens to England, which he had quitted solely because he fancied Henry was the favoured suitor, and in complete ignorance of the share Ellen had in causing Julia's death, for he did not, like Henry, see the act which occasioned her fall. To the amazement of Edward, who believed that Henry's marriage had removed the only obstacle, Ellen refuses his offer. Why? The web of mystery is widened. The uncle upbraids her as a flirting coquette, the aunt expostulates and implores explanation, and the world suspects a guilty passion for Henry Lovell.

Poor, poor, tortured thing! From what a terrible turmoil would a frank confession have released her; but, under the torture of the cruel Henry's continued threats, she hides her single secret in her own agonised bosom. The base man first tells her, that after so prolonged a concealment no one will believe her innocent of wilful murder; then, altering the form of his persecution, declares that Edward does not know her secret, a discovery which she herself had partially made. "When Edward learns, not from me, but from one who shares with me the secret of Julia's death, the details of that catastrophe, you may then seek for consolation and tenderness at his hands." The miscreant extorts

from the miserable Ellen a promise never to marry Edward, nor communicate to him the facts of Julia's death; but at the same time evokes this passionate declaration of her unalterable, devoted love: — "No, I shall never be Edward's wife: I never will bring sorrow and disgrace upon him. I have stooped to deceit; I am entangled in falsehood; I must wade through the mire; I must drink of the poisoned cup which you hold to my lips; but with you at least I shall be true. Since there are to be no secrets between us, Henry Lovell, I will tell you what I have never told any human being; and that is, I love Edward with all the powers of my soul—with all the passion, and all the tenderness which out-lives hope, and feeds upon despair."

Ellen, while taking a solitary walk, near a friend's house where she was visiting, was in danger of being attacked by a mad dog; she is rescued by Edward, who is bitten by the rabid animal. Ellen saw the injury, seized upon his arm, and performed the part of Queen Eleanor, by sucking the poisoned blood from the wound. A passionate scene ensues; and in a moment when their whole souls are absorbed in deep, boundless, inexpressible love, the agitated pair exchange unalterable vows.

From this delicious dream, Ellen too speedily returns to a consciousness of the difficulties of her position, now that she is, almost involuntarily on her part, but irretrievably, engaged to Edward. How was she to extricate herself from the maze in which misfortune, the guilt of others, and her own weakness had entangled her? She adopts a dangerous course; she writes a long and passionate appeal to Henry, stating the circumstances under which the disclosure of her love to Edward was made, and imploring him to release her from her mad vow, and protect her from the terrible woman whose vengeance Henry had taught her to expect in the event of a marriage with Edward. She receives a plausible answer not unmingled with threats. "I will be guarded, prudent, and considerate," writes the subtle scoundrel, "so long as you show me unlimited confidence. I cannot answer for myself, if caprice or unjust apprehensions should estrange you from me."

Amidst doubts, and fears, and forebodings, with a heart burning with love for Edward, but with a brain mystified and half maddened with incomprehensible terrors, for Henry's threatenings of the future were artfully vague, Ellen marries, passing the night preceding her bridal day in dreams of horror.

At the time of his marriage, Edward was engaged as a candidate in a contested election; a few days after that crisis of weal or woe, he was returned to parliament, and his bride insists upon going to the town-hall to hear her adored husband address his constituents. As Ellen bowed in return to the cheers which greeted her at once as a bride and the wife of the successful candidate; as she looked from the gallery in which she was seated upon the dense mass of human beings, who were all vociferating the name she loved, and invoking health, happiness, and long life for him whom she adored with her whole soul's devotion; misery and mystery were for the moment forgotten, and Ellen the bride was happy. Alas! the instability of

human happiness. Is not the shadow of a shade an image too substantial to represent its transient evanescent nature? Scarcely had Edward concluded an eloquent harangue, when a voice from the crowd rose audible, amidst the hum of many sounds—"Ay, that's fine speaking for the husband of she as killed the child, and got the property."

Ellen did not die upon the spot; she did not fall down upon her face and call on the hills to cover her; but as she was hurried through the rushing sounds of the crowded hall, she felt as if she "must eternally wander, and hear again and again those words which had curdled her blood, and sickened her heart."

Edward, whom we have already described as partaking of his uncle's cool matter-of-fact character, regards poor Ellen's frenzy as the result of nervous irritability, induced by an over-indulgence of her imaginative faculties. "Ellen," he said, "listen to me, and mark my words. Either a morbid sensibility which I despise, or a mawkish affectation which I detest, injures the tone of your mind, and the truth of your character. Never let me hear again of wounded spirits, and self-reproaches, and poetic sufferings. When you were a girl you almost frightened away my love for you by these mysterious exclamations, and I hate the very sound of them." "You are severe," was poor Ellen's reply; "your wife should indeed be perfect, for it is evident that her faults would meet with no mercy from you." The pride, the sternness of Edward's character acted injuriously, fatally, upon a nature like that of his wretched, deeply-tried wife. One hour's indulgence, one moment's confidence, might have brought her to his feet to confess, not a crime, but a fact which was indeed "a covering to her eyes all the days of her life," an accident which in an hour of childish weakness she concealed—an accident which threw her into the power of those who, in hatred like Mrs. Tracy, the vile old nurse, or under the impulse of a guilty passion like Henry Lovell, sought to blight her peace and ruin her virtue. But, alas! in place of confiding in her husband, as her better angel suggested to her soul, she listened to her besetting demon (for over every human soul two angelic powers hover and struggle for their prey or prize,) and resorted to Henry Lovell for assistance and advice. That wretched man employed every art which cunning could devise to entangle, and bind his destined victim; he forced her to endure his presence, to tolerate the expression of a passion against which her heart revolted, but which she dared not peremptorily to repel. What wonder that a censorious world imputed guilt to Ellen? What reader is not prepared for the catastrophe—her ignominious expulsion from her husband's house as an adulteress. And yet was this poor tortured creature all love and truth to her high principled but stern and unbending husband, from the hour she pledged her faith to him at the altar to that in which he surprised her prostrate at Henry's feet, imploring her tormentor to let her reveal the truth to her husband. "Henry, I cling to your feet! I implore your mercy!—Was it the angel of death? Was it the vision of judgment that passed before me? Was it Edward I saw? And did I live over that hour? I must have seen him, for never since that day,

in dreams or in thought, have I beheld him without that dreadful expression which haunts and pursues me. It deprived me of my senses then; it has been killing me ever since." When Helen recovers her senses, she finds herself in her own room, with all the women of the house about her looking frightened and curious, and on inquiry finds her husband departed—for ever. Behold his last letter from the Clarendon Hotel:—

"This is the last communication I shall ever make to you. I shall not return to my house till you have left it. I will never see you again, or hear your name pronounced, as long as I live. Your own fortune, and any allowance you may desire out of mine, will be remitted to you by my solicitors in the manner you will direct. Should you address any letters to me, they will be returned to you unopened."

Poor thing! Poor thing!

We introduced Ellen Middleton as a forlorn, prayerless stranger in the house of prayer; we left her languishing on the couch, a despairing penitent on the eve of confession; we have recited the heads of that confession; let us now look upon her as an absolved penitent; and those who can gaze upon her tranquil departure from earth with eyes undimmed by tears are made of sterner stuff than we are. The good clergyman whose pious efforts restored poor Ellen Middleton to hope and peace, wrote to Alice, the injured wife of the wretched Henry Lovell, whose pure character we wish we had space to draw from Lady Georgiana Fullerton's exquisite portraiture, and informed her that she who had been mourned by her friends as dead, not without a horrible suspicion of self-murder, was yet alive, though her life was passing away like the morning cloud.

In His name who never broke the bruised reed, the good man asks Alice to smooth Ellen's pillow, and to bring peace and pardon to her weary spirit. It required no persuasion to bring the gentle, holy Alice to the death-bed of her martyred friend. Edward the husband is more hardly moved, but upon his mind a conviction of his wife's innocence and truth is forced at last. He was a calm and a stern man, and in truth the evidence against Ellen of a guilty connection with Henry was so strong, that no husband could well resist its force in the shape it was presented to the agonised eyes of Edward; but after he had read Ellen's confession, and the solemn declaration of her entire faithfulness to her husband, in defiance of temptation and torture, addressed to himself by Henry Lovell on the evening before his death, which he knew was approaching, Edward's doubts were dispelled. But who can tell what this firm man endured, during this fearful communing with his own heart? Was he still? No! terrible bursts of passion shook his frame, awful curses upon the heads of his wife's murderers burst from his lips, and fierce was the anger which burned within him. But the morning found him calm, and witnessed his departure for the cathedral town where his Ellen was dying.

"It was on a mild day, as the sun was shining brightly on the leafless groves of Hillscombe, its slanting rays gilding the lawn on which the house stood, that a carriage drove slowly up the avenue. When it stopped at the door, and the step was let down, Edward Middleton sprang out, lifted his wife in his arms, and carried her into the library. Once before, a few months ago, he had led her into that room his bride — his idol — his flower of beauty — the pride of his soul. Now, he had brought her back to die — for there was death in that marble forehead; death in those painfully bright eyes; in that hollow voice, which murmured, as he laid that weak frame and weary head on the pillowed couch, 'Home, home once more!' He had sought her — he had found her dying — he had taken her in his arms — he had pressed upon her fevered lips such kisses as their hours of hope and of joy had never known — he had hoped against hope. When she had clasped her thin weak arms round his neck, and whispered, 'Take me home, Edward, to die,' he had answered in the words of Scripture, 'Thou shalt not die, but live!' And verily in her deep love's excess, she found a short renewal of life. She gathered strength to rise from her bed of weakness and of pain, and with her head on his bosom, and her hand in his, to breathe again the free air of Heaven, and gaze with a languid eye on those beauties of earth and sky, which have such a deep meaning, such a strange effect upon those who are about to die. For she must die! she feels it — she knows it, but not as once she thought to die — unreconciled to God, unforgiven by man. Her weary pilgrimage is drawing to a close; but the light of Heaven dawns upon it now."

Ellen's remaining days were spent in a long and deep farewell; she felt that she must die, and spoke of death as having lost its sting. Edward, the strong, the self-reliant, suffered infinitely more than his resigned wife.

"Life, which to her appeared short, seemed to him so long; the path he was to tread so lonely; the hope he was to cherish so distant; the world, as it is, so dreary; the world to come so mysterious. One day that she seemed a little better, a shade stronger than usual, he passionately kissed her pale cheek and whispered, 'You will not leave me, Ellen; you will not die?'

"*'I cannot live,'* she answered; 'Edward, dearest, I ought not to live. I have suffered too much, too acutely, to raise my head again, and meet what all must meet with in this world of sin and of sorrow. Believe me, Edward, my lot has been wisely ordered. I bless God, who, in his boundless mercy, has gently laid me down to die here at your side, your hand in mine, your words of love in my ears; they will follow me to the last, and when

'My failing lips grow dumb'
When thought and memory flee,

the consciousness that you are near me will remain, and I shall die as I have lived; no, no, not as I have lived — my life has been dreadful, but my death is not.'

"She hid her eyes with her thin transparent hands, and a slight contraction for an instant wrinkled her brow. The vision of past sufferings had risen up before her; she remembered what she had gone through, and trembled. But as she turned towards Edward, the expression of mute anguish in his face affected her suddenly and deeply. She threw her arms round his neck, and cried, 'I would stay if I could, Edward, but it is too late; the spring is broken, the light is quenched; we must part for awhile.'

"Two days later, she murmured in his ear, as he was supporting her head against his breast, 'Read the prayers for the dying.' He read with a swelling heart and unsteady voice, and at the end of each she faintly said, *Amen*. When he came to the last, no *Amen* was uttered on earth; the soul had fled: he was alone."

We have sketched an outline of Lady Georgiana's tale rather than composed, after the manner of some reviewers, an elaborate essay upon novel-writing in general. We wish to recommend a good book

to our readers, and advise all those who would contemplate a picture of piety without puritanism, religion without cant, scenes in high life without affectation, and traits of passion without impurity, to peruse the volumes before us. The young may thence draw this pregnant moral — “*The concealment of an early indiscretion may peradventure involve them in consequences as fatal as those of deliberate crime.*”

THE ECHO.

It is with feelings of the deepest concern that we acquaint our subscribers and the public with the circumstances that have, during the past month, deprived this Magazine of the invaluable services of its Editor. A severe attack of the disorder to which he has long been subject — hemorrhage from the lungs, occasioned by enlargement of the heart (itself brought on by the wearing excitement of ceaseless and excessive literary toil) — has, in the course of a few weeks, reduced Mr. Hood to a state of such extreme debility and exhaustion, that during several days fears were entertained for his life. Nevertheless, up to Thursday the 23d, he did not relinquish the hope that he should have strength to continue, in the present number, the Novel which he began in the last; and he even directed his intention to be announced in the advertisements which were sent out, on that day, to the Saturday journals. On the same evening, sitting up in bed, he tried to invent and sketch a few comic designs; but even this effort exceeded his strength, and was followed by the wandering delirium of utter nervous exhaustion. Next morning his medical attendants declared that the repetition of any such attempt, at that critical period of his illness, might cost him his life. We trust that this brief explanation will obtain for Mr. Hood the sympathy and kind indulgence of our subscribers; and, especially, that it will satisfy them of the perfect *bona fides* with which the promise of a contribution from his pen was advertised in the Saturday papers. Mr. Hood, we are happy to say, is now gradually recovering strength; and there is every reason to expect that he will be able, in the next number, to give the promised new chapter and illustrations, at present of necessity deferred.

Conscious of his enfeebled powers and uncertain hand, Mr. Hood threw aside the above-mentioned sketches, as too insignificant for

publication. But it has been thought that the contrast of their sprightly humour with the pain and prostration in the midst of which they were produced, might give them a peculiar interest, independent of any merit of their own : suggesting, perhaps, the reflection (never too trite to be repeated, so long as it is too true to be denied) by what harassing efforts the food of careless mirth is furnished ; and how often the pleasure of the Many costs bitter endurance to One.

Disobeying, therefore, for once, the direction of our chief, we have preserved two of these 'sick-room fancies,' which will enable us to convey, in his own quaint picture-language, to the readers of



HOOD'S MAG,



THE EDITOR'S APOLOGIES.

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